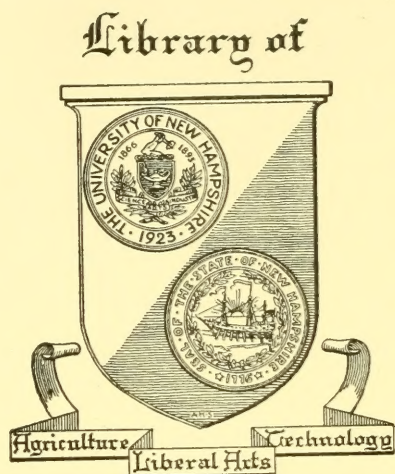


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GRANITE MONTHLY

New Hampshire State Magazine

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ERRATA

Page 103, for "May," read "June."

Page 360, insert after sixth line, "R. French and the mother of."

Page 390, eighth line from last, read "Lovisa" for "Louisa."

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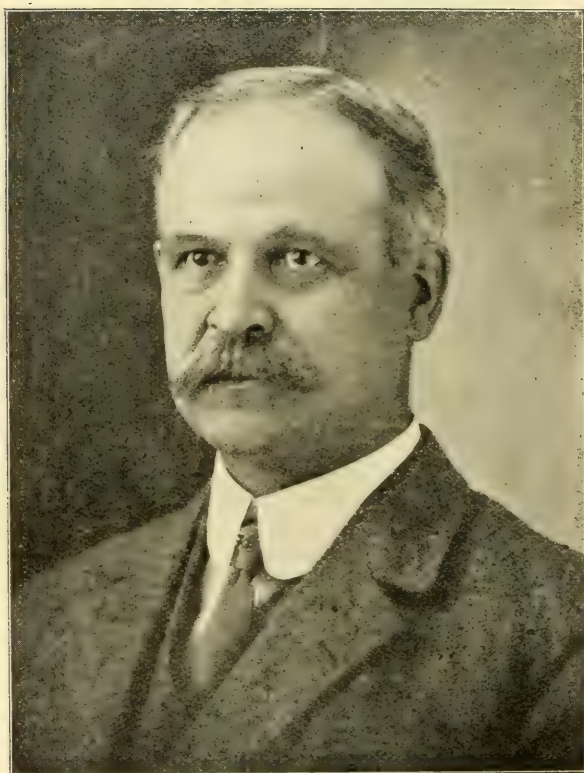
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No. 1

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

George Franklin Morris of Lancaster, the new judge of the United States District Court for the District of New Hampshire, is seventh in the line of that honorable and distinguished succession, the office having but four occupants between 1804 and 1921. The first judge, appointed by President Washington September 26, 1789, was General John Sullivan of Durham, hero of the Revolution and one of the most interesting figures in the early history of New Hampshire. He was a brilliant lawyer, as well as a gallant soldier and courtly gentleman, and was attorney general of the state before accepting the place on the bench which he filled until his death, January 23, 1795.

His successor was John Pickering of Portsmouth, whose life story is one of the tragic pages in the history of the New Hampshire bench and bar. Native of Newington, Harvard graduate, eminent lawyer, useful patriot, one of the framers of the state constitution, chief justice of the supreme court, attorney general, he was in failing health when he received his appointment to the federal court and a few years later became insane. His removal from office, effected by the harsh expedient of his impeachment for "high crimes and misdemeanors," became not only a celebrated case, but a national political issue.

In his place was appointed John Samuel Sherburne of Portsmouth, who had been the first United States district attorney for this district. He was a preacher turned lawyer, Revolutionary soldier, legislative leader and congressman, and served as

judge until 1830. After him came Matthew Harvey, the only man who ever resigned the office of governor of New Hampshire; which he did to accept the appointment to the federal bench. Born in Sutton, educated at Dartmouth, he was a lawyer in Hopkinton until his removal to Concord in 1850, where he died in 1866, having held office, state or federal, continuously for 52 years. His name appears in the list of our executive councilors, speakers of the House, presidents of the Senate and United States Senators, as well as in those of governors and judges.

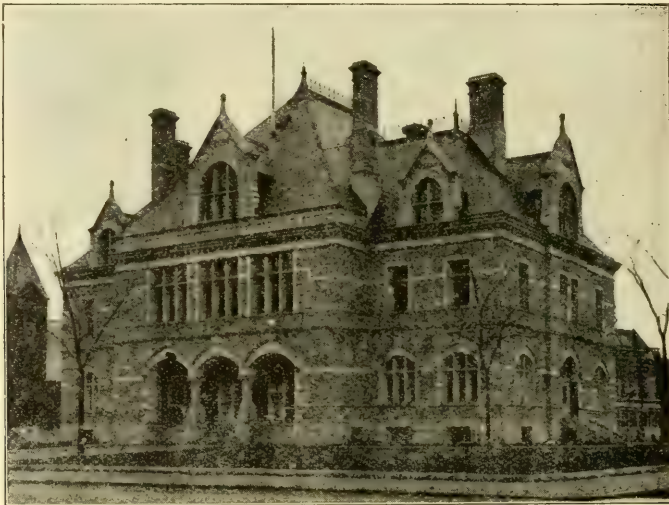
Daniel Clark of Manchester, the next district judge, also resigned what some might consider a more important office to go upon the bench; for he was United States Senator when he accepted the judicial appointment and qualified July 27, 1866. This action, however, was not unique, like that of Governor Harvey, for in the early days of the Republic Samuel Livermore, James Sheafe and Nahum Parker resigned the office of United States Senator from New Hampshire, as did, somewhat later, those more famous sons of the state, Levi Woodbury and Franklin Pierce.

Judge Clark was a native of Stratham, a graduate of Dartmouth and for two years during his service in the Senate president of that body. Upon his death in 1891 the choice for his successor fell upon Edgar Aldrich of Littleton, native of Pittsburg, graduate of the University of Michigan, speaker of the New Hampshire House, whose distinguished career as lawyer and jur-

ist and eminent public services are still fresh in the public mind. It was his lamented death on Sept. 15, 1921, which caused the vacancy now so well filled by the appointment of Judge Morris.

George F. Morris was born in Vershire, Vt., April 13, 1866, the son of Josiah S. and Lucina C. (Merrill) Morris, and attended the schools of Corinth and Randolph, Vt. For some years he was a successful school teacher, at the same time reading law, and was admitted

representatives of 1905, when the important standing committee on ways and means was first appointed, he was made its chairman, although a new member, and in that capacity rendered valuable service. Both at Lisbon and Lancaster he served on the school board. He has been a member of the state board of bar examiners since 1914 and in 1917 was president of the state bar association. Despite his devotion to his profession he has many outside interests, including an extensive



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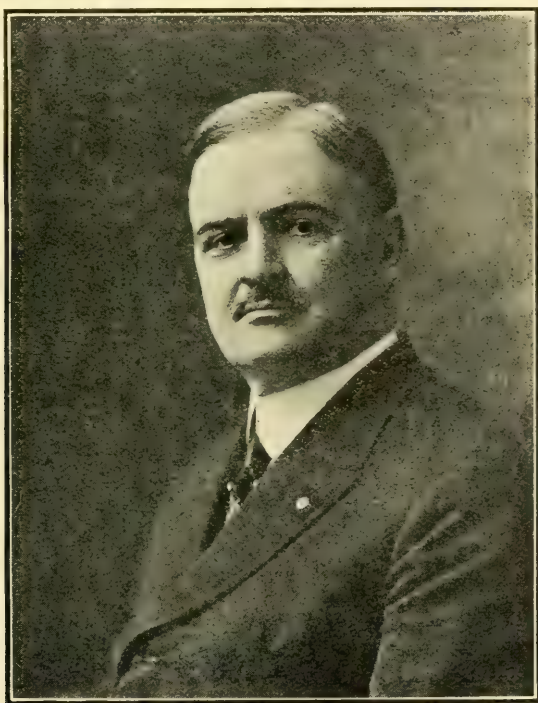
to the bar in 1891. He practised at Lisbon until 1906, when he removed to Lancaster and became a member of the firm of Drew, Jordan Shurtleff & Morris, headed by U. S. Senator Irving W. Drew and the late Governor Chester B. Jordan, the most important law partnership in Northern New Hampshire. In this connection he has had a very wide and successful professional experience. While at Lisbon he represented the town in the legislature and constitutional convention and was for four years solicitor of Grafton county. In the House of Rep-

farm, and has been president of the Coos County Farm Bureau. He is an authority on the early history of Northern New England as well as upon its flora, of which he has a large collection. Judge Morris married May 16, 1894, Lula J. daughter of Charles and Persis (Hall) Aldrich, of Lisbon, widely known as a clubwoman and as past grand matron of the Eastern Star. They have one son, Robert Hall Morris.

Judge Morris counts himself fortunate in having the experienced and expert assistance in his new

duties of another North Country lawyer, Burns P. Hodgman, formerly of Littleton, who has been clerk of the district court since August 1, 1900. He is the 12th occupant of the position, his predecessors having been Jonathan Steele of Durham, 1789—1804; Richard Cutts Shannon of Portsmouth, 1804—1814; George Washington Prescott of Portsmouth, 1814—1817; Peyton Randolph Free-

Mayor Fred H. Brown of Somersworth has been United States district attorney since 1914, being the 26th in a distinguished succession which includes such names as Jeremiah Smith, John P. Hale and Franklin Pierce. Thomas B. Donnelly of Manchester took office this year as United States marshal in this district, an office in which he has had 21 predecessors.



HON. GEORGE E. TRUDEL,
Mayor of Manchester.

man of Portsmouth, 1817—1820; William Claggett of Portsmouth, 1820—1825; Samuel Cushman of Portsmouth, 1825—1826; Charles W. Cutter of Portsmouth, 1826—1841; John L. Hayes of Portsmouth, 1841—1847; Charles H. Bartlett of Manchester, 1847—1883; Benjamin F. Clark of Manchester, 1883—1891; Fremont E. Shurtleff of Concord, 1891—1900.

Sessions of the district court are held in Portsmouth and Littleton as well as in Concord, but the permanent offices of the clerk and marshal are in the federal building at Concord.

While 1921 was the "off year" in New Hampshire as regards state elections, the people of several cities went to the polls in November and

December to choose members of their city governments, and some interesting contests resulted. This was particularly the case in our metropolis, Manchester, where Hon. George E. Trudel, Republican, member of Governor Albert O. Brown's executive council from the third district, defeated John L. Barry, Democrat, president of the State Federation of Labor. Mayor Trudel is a native of Canada, of French descent, but has lived in Manchester since childhood. Throughout the State he has a wide circle of friends, gained during many years



HON. F. W. HARTFORD,
Mayor of Portsmouth.

"on the road" as a commercial traveller and is now prosperously engaged in business for himself. His candidacy for the council was his first political experience, but he now holds the record of having, within thirteen months, "redeemed" both his city and his councilor district from the opposing party. An issue in this election was the legislation regarding Manchester enacted by the general court of 1921, which was favored by Councilor Trudel and his supporters and denounced by their opponents.

It was a somewhat singular circumstance that in every case where a mayor was a candidate for reelection he was successful. Major Orville E. Cain, mayor of Keene, and William K. Kimball, mayor of Rochester, had no opposition. In Concord, Mayor Henry E. Chamberlin was given a second term over Alderman Arthur F. Sturtevant. At Portsmouth, Mayor Fernando W. Hartford, editor and publicist, was elected for a second term, his opponent being ex-Mayor Daniel W. Badger, member of Governor Samuel D. Felker's executive council. Henri A. Burke was re-elected mayor of Nashua by 4,343 votes to 1,873 for Alderman John W. Broderick. The chief election day surprises were in Dover and Franklin. In the former city, Charles G. Waldron, Democrat, defeated Alonzo G. Willand, Republican, for mayor, although the latter party carried four of the five wards for other offices. Mayor-elect Waldron has chosen a "cabinet," or board of advisors, of eight Republicans and four Democrats with whom he says he will take counsel as to the financial and other policies of the city. In Franklin the strike of paper mill workers was made an issue in the election and the labor candidate, Louis H. Douphinette, Democrat, beat Clarence P. Stevens, Republican. Mr. Douphinette, like Mr. Waldron, was a member of the legislature of 1919 and is president of the Central Labor Union of his city.

Several women were elected to the school boards of their respective cities, Mrs. Ida Benfield in Portsmouth; Mrs. Della Alton in Nashua; Miss Annie Wallace and Mrs. Sarah E. Kendall in Rochester; while in Keene one woman councilman was chosen from each of the five wards: Mrs. Maude S. Putney, Miss Grace A. Richardson, Mrs. Annie L. Holbrook, Mrs. Katherine E. Faulkner and Mrs. Lulu F. Lesure.

HOW NEW HAMPSHIRE RAISED HER ARMIES FOR THE REVOLUTION.

By Jonathan Smith

In the three great Wars which this country has waged, namely, the Revolution, the Civil and the World War, the nation has raised its armies in three different ways: by the militia system, the volunteer method and by conscription. In the Revolutionary struggle, under the so-called militia system, the men were drawn from State Militia regiments already organized, through voluntary enlistment or by draft. Its distinguishing feature was a short term of service, and was the sole method of raising the armies in the war for independence. Under the volunteer plan the men are recruited from civil life, and are usually enlisted for one, two or three years, as may be named in the call for men. This was the leading method of raising the armies during the Rebellion, although during the last three years a conscription law was in force. In the World War the reliance was on the draft. Still a large number also volunteered for service. Each plan has its advantages and its disadvantages.

The Legislation of New Hampshire and Massachusetts was generally alike in the Revolutionary war, and in its details varied only in minor particulars. The two States often consulted together through Committees, not only in answering the calls for men, but also in general war legislation. Both met with the same difficulties in filling their quotas. The men were called for substantially the same length of time, given about the same pay, and each state was compelled to fix penalties on both officers and civil authorities for negligence in performance of their duties imposed under many of the calls. The meth-

ods pursued by both, and their experiences in recruiting men for the armies, were probably similar to those of every other colony.

There was no standing army when the conflict opened, but all men were already enrolled in companies and regiments. New Hampshire had twelve, and when it re-organized its militia in May, 1775, created the same number. When it again re-organized its militia in 1777, it made eighteen regiments. The size of these regiments varied from two or three hundred to seven hundred and fifty men each. All male inhabitants were divided into two classes, one called the active list, which included those between the ages of sixteen and fifty, and the alarm list, embracing all between sixteen and sixty-five, not enrolled in the active list. Many of the official classes were exempted from both groups. The State appointed the general officers of Divisions and Brigades, and also the Colonels and Field officers of the several regiments. Each Company elected its own officers. The men on the active list were required to meet for drill and instruction eight times a year, and those on the alarm list, twice a year. These encampments lasted from three days to a week each. They were scenes of hilarity and dissipation, and were nothing but picnics on a large scale. As schools for instruction in the serious duties of the soldier, they were of no account. Each man had to furnish his own gun, accoutrements, and ammunition while serving in the militia. There was no prescribed uniform. If a man was unable to provide himself with his arms and other military implements,

the selectmen or State furnished them for him. In the first years of the war the calls were from the active list, but later the alarm list was also included and no distinction was made between the two. It was from this force, so organized, that the armies of the Revolution were drawn.

The men were called for service in this way. If they were wanted to protect the sea coast or critical points within the State, the demand originated in the Legislature, Council or Committee of Safety, which passed Acts or issued orders to raise so many men to guard certain points named in the Law, and the Colonels of the militia regiments were ordered to recruit them out of their commands. The men called for State service were enlisted generally for longer terms, varying from three months to a year; while if they were to serve without the State, the Governors of neighboring commonwealths, General Washington, or the Continental Congress, would call upon the Governor or Legislature to furnish so many men for such and such a duty. The Legislature would forthwith enact a law, or the Council or Committee of Safety issue orders, addressed to the General commanding the militia or to the Regimental Colonels to recruit the number of men required. The General would divide the quota among the State regiments, and direct the Colonels commanding to recruit or draft the men called for. The Colonels would apportion the men among the towns represented in his command, and order his Captains to execute the law. No town was required to furnish more than its proportionate share under a call. The orders were given more frequently direct to the Colonels of the regiments. The law enforcing the call frequently stated the number

of men each town was to furnish as its quota.

Officers to command the men thus called out were not the same as those of the original militia regiments, but were specially appointed by the State for each battalion, and company officers were selected by the companies. The Field officers were often drawn from the primitive organizations, but not always, while the companies elected entirely new officers. They were original organizations, except that the men were taken out of the old order.

An enumeration of the laws passed for filling the armies, and a brief outline in some detail of the terms and conditions under which the men served, is necessary to appreciate fully how the system worked as a way of recruiting for the army. It is briefly sketched in the following pages, and explains, in part, why the struggle was so long, and makes plain in its results some of the reasons why the people suffered so intensely during the struggle. It will be appreciated by those who are familiar with the methods of raising armies.

The armies of 1775 were entirely volunteers, and were recruited in part out of the men who went to Cambridge, after the Lexington alarm. They came from all sections of Massachusetts and central and southern New Hampshire. The historian of a New Hampshire town has left on record a description of how they started for Cambridge. The alarm reached the Captain of the militia company of the place about daylight on April 19th. He immediately sent out his hired man to notify the members, and by ten o'clock all had assembled. "We all set out," to quote the words of an actor in the drama, "with such weapons as we could get, going like a flock of wild geese we hardly knew why or whither" and in two hours from the time of getting notice he was on his way to the place of assembly with his

son and hired man, they on foot and he on horseback, carrying a bag with pork in one end of it and a large baking pan of bread just taken from the oven, in the other. The company was ready to march at 10 o'clock; some had fire arms with a meager supply of powder and ball; some of the guns were the old heavy, clumsy Queen's arm; some were light French pieces called fusees. Many of the guns had seen hard usage in the French war. Some of the men had pitchforks, some shillelahs and one ardent patriot was armed with his grain flail. The men were of all ages, untrained in the soldier's art, and their uniforms of homespun were as various in cut and color as the personality of the wearers. This would be a fair description of many of the men when they got to Cambridge. This company started for Cambridge and had got as far as Groton when they heard the result of the Concord fight, and half of them, including their Captain, turned back home. The rest kept on to their destination. At Cambridge, all was confusion and chaos; some of the men were under their regular officers; many of them were mere detachments of their companies, while a large portion were without any officers or semblance of a Commander or organization.

But the authorities of Massachusetts immediately set themselves to work to bring order out of this confusion.

Boston of course was the center of military operations, and the people of Massachusetts felt the crisis more keenly than those of any other State, but New Hampshire was not idle. In May, 1775, the Fourth Provincial Congress voted to raise two thousand men for the cause, dividing them into three regiments. The regiments under Stark and Reed were largely recruited from

the New Hampshire men present at Cambridge between April 20th and June 1st. The third regiment, under Colonel Poor, was first designed for the protection of the New Hampshire sea coast, but after the battle of Bunker Hill was also ordered to Cambridge and there remained until the following January. These men were enlisted to serve until the last day of the next December, and their pay was forty shillings a month.

They were volunteers and there was no suggestion of a draft by either State. The men were to furnish their arms and equipment, the same as in the original militia. An allowance of a penny a mile was made for travel and four dollars was allowed for an over-coat.

September 1st, 1775, the Fourth Provincial Congress voted to raise four regiments of Minute Men out of the Militia regiments to be ready for immediate duty on call; to serve for four months and at the end of that time to be re-enlisted and keep being re-enlisted until further orders. When called to duty they were to be allowed the same pay and emoluments as the men in active service. How many of these Minute Men actually entered active service afterwards does not appear, but probably most, if not all, of them did. Aside from these men there came a call the first of December from Generals Washington and Sullivan upon the two States for five thousand men to take the place of the Connecticut militia, which had taken a miff at some fancied grievance, and refusing to serve longer, had marched off home. New Hampshire recruited thirty-one companies, eighteen hundred men, and Massachusetts contributed the balance. These men were to serve six weeks, and at the end of that time were discharged. Besides the men so furnished New Hampshire

also raised three companies for service in Canada, and one or two companies to guard the coast about Portsmouth.

The year 1776 was a busy one in raising men for the army. The colonies had come to realize the character of the struggle before them. The Declaration of Independence gave them a new incentive and had also emphasized the intensity of the war on the part of Great Britain. On January 20th, 1776, the Legislature voted to raise two regiments of 780 men each for two months. One of these was intended for General Schuyler and its term of service was later extended to one year. The other was to reinforce General Sullivan and its term was two months. Two months' pay in advance was offered. In March of this year New Hampshire voted to raise a regiment of seven hundred and twenty-five men, besides three hundred additional, to serve for nine months, as a guard for the sea coast, and seven hundred and sixty men for service in the Continental army in Canada. Their pay was to be the same as in the preceding year. Again in July the State decided to raise seven hundred and fifty more men for service until the 1st of the next December to serve in Canada. The Colonels of the several militia regiments were to recruit the men out of their commands. A bounty of seven pounds for equipment and one month's pay of 40 shillings in advance was offered, while their regular pay was the same as formerly. After the defeat at Long Island in August, in response to urgent calls from General Washington and the Continental Congress, it was decided to raise one thousand men for duty in New York to serve until December 1st, offering a bounty of six pounds and advanced pay, as in the preceding case. All these men were to be raised by voluntary enlistment

—but in December the State ordered a draft of five hundred men out of the militia for service in northern New York to serve until the first of the next March. Their pay was three pounds a month. General Carleton had invaded that State and captured Crown Point, thus creating an emergency which required prompt action. The fore part of the year it was determined to raise eight companies to reinforce General Schuyler, and to serve in Canada until the first of the following January. These companies were a part of the one thousand men called in July. Two months' wages in advance was offered. In September a regiment of militia was raised to serve for four months at Portsmouth.

By the Act of September 12th of this year, every soldier was to furnish his own gun, ramrod, worm, procuring wire and brush, a bayonet, cutting sword, or tomahawk or hatchet, a pouch containing a cartridge box holding fifteen rounds, one hundred buck shot, a jackknife, tow for wadding, six flints, one pound of powder and forty balls. If unable to supply them the Selectmen were to furnish them for him. Men refusing to obey the call were to be fined not less than 20 shillings nor more than three pounds. In all subsequent calls the men were required to furnish these equipments. This year, the State, besides the three regiments in the American army, had one in Canada, another in Portsmouth, and had also furnished five regiments of militia besides several companies recruited to guard certain points within the State.

By the middle of the year, the colonial leaders had seen the folly of trying to carry on the war under the methods hitherto employed. Washington had denounced the militia as unreliable and that the short terms of its enlistment made it a worthless force with which to oppose the trained veterans of Eng-

land. In September, 1776, Congress voted to raise about sixty-six thousand men—the men to be enlisted for the war. This was modified later to make the term three years or during the war. These battalions were apportioned to the several States, three being assigned to New Hampshire. Congress offered a bounty of twenty pounds, a suit of clothes, consisting of two linen hunting shirts, two pairs of overalls, a leathern or woollen waistcoat with sleeves, a pair of breeches, a hat or leathern cap, two shirts, two pairs of hose, and two



JUDGE JONATHAN SMITH.

pairs of shoes, all of the value of twenty dollars, and one hundred acres of land to each man.

The States agreed to pay twenty shillings a month, wages; the soldier was to be allowed a blanket and one penny a mile for travel. When the request for the battalions came, the Assemblies appointed Commissioners to go to the armies and enlist out of the militia of their own State there serving, as many men as possible into the battalions. The State offered a bounty of twenty pounds

in addition to that of Congress, and in 1779, increased the travel to six shillings a mile, and the bounty to three hundred dollars. On March 20th, 1777, a peremptory order was issued to General Folsom, Commander of the State Militia, directing him to order the Colonels of the regiments to command the Captains of their companies to raise the required number of men for the battalions forthwith and to recruit these from both the active and alarm lists. In 1778, it was voted to appoint a suitable person in each militia regiment to enlist 700 men to fill up the three battalions on or before March 18. The cost for getting the men was to be assessed upon the towns short on their quotas and the militia officers and others of the delinquent places were admonished in the strongest terms to complete their number, and they were authorized to hire the men anywhere within the State. In November, 1779, the Council and Committees of Safety voted that the 3 battalions be filled up; that a committee of two be sent to headquarters to re-enlist the men whose terms were expiring and to offer them instead of a bounty, 100 acres of land or such sum of money as may be given by Massachusetts and other States. The men re-enlisting were also to be assured that they should be paid the same for depreciation of money as those enlisting were entitled to be paid under existing laws. In December, 1779, General Folsom was ordered to fill up three battalions immediately. On March 3rd, 1780, recruiting officers for the three battalions were allowed 30 pounds for each man they secured. On June 8th, it was voted to draft, for service until the last day of the next December, to fill up the battalions. By the act of March 19th, 1780, the State amended its militia laws providing that the Colonels

and subordinate officers neglecting or refusing to enlist or draft men called for, were to be cashiered; and the law gave the Colonels power to draft the men. If the conscript did not go he was ordered to be fined 15 pounds to be collected by a warrant of distress; in case of no goods his body was to be taken. If he failed to appear when ordered and did not furnish a reasonable excuse or furnish a substitute he was fined 150 pounds; and officers refusing or neglecting to collect fines from the delinquents were assessed 250 pounds. On June 16th, 1780, the militia officers were ordered to enlist or draft six hundred men to fill up the three battalions of the State. Every conscript was made subject to a fine of five hundred dollars for failure to march or furnish a substitute within twenty-four hours. The pay was to be forty shillings a month, reckoned in corn at four shillings a bushel, sole leather at one shilling, six pence a pound and grassed beef at three pence a pound. If the man served until the last day of December, 1781, he was to have one suit of clothes and if he served until the last day of December, 1782, he was to be entitled to a suit of clothes annually. In January, 1781, thirteen hundred and fifty-four men were called for to fill the State's three battalions. The terms of the men enlisting in 1776 and 1777, were expiring and these men were called to keep the battalions full. The towns were permitted to divide their inhabitants into groups, as many groups as the quota called for, each group to be responsible for one man. Towns were allowed to offer a bounty of twenty pounds, reckoned in corn, etc., at the above prices. Classes were to furnish their men for three years before February 20th. If they (the classes) refused or neglected to do so then the town was to furnish them and assess the cost upon the classes

or individuals responsible for the failure. If the towns themselves failed to make the assessments then the towns were to be penalized to double the amount it cost to hire a recruit, if the men were not furnished by March 3rd. Later in June, it was enacted that if the towns found it impracticable to raise the men under the January law, then they were to recruit them to serve till the 31st of the next December. If the towns neglected or refused to get them, the men were to be hired and the cost to be assessed on the delinquent towns. In March, 1782, the State was still short in its quota by six hundred and fifty men, and delinquent towns were peremptorily ordered to complete their quotas before the 15th of May. In 1781, the officers were ordered to hire men wherever they could be found, but these measures did not fill the quota for at the end of the war the State was still short by more than 550 men.

This recital is a suggestive description of the difficulties of the colonies in getting soldiers, particularly for the 88 battalions. The men were loth to enlist for anything but short terms. As the war went on their ardor and patriotism, so manifest in 1775 and 1776, abated, and only by large bounties, increased pay and by threats of conscription could they be induced to enter the service at all, and even by draft with heavy penalties upon both men and civil and military authorities for negligence or disobedience, could soldiers be obtained, and then in insufficient numbers.

The battalions suffered severely from sickness, deaths and desertion. During the last years of the struggle, as in the case of the Civil war, towns fell into the habit of hiring men to fill their quotas, paying what was necessary for the purpose. These hired recruits were younger in years than many of those serving

in the earlier part of the struggle.

General Knox reported to the First Congress in 1790 all available data for the men furnished by the two States for the eighty-eight battalions. According to this report New Hampshire never had more than twelve hundred and eighty-two men in the Continental line, and in 1781 had only seven hundred. Massachusetts' highest number was seven thousand, eight hundred and sixteen in 1777, and in 1781 had only three thousand, seven hundred and fifty-two. The total number of the Continental line in Washington's army was at its highest in 1777, when, according to General Knox, it numbered thirty-four thousand eight hundred and twenty men, which in 1781 had shrunk to thirteen thousand, eight hundred and ninety-two.

The year 1777 was one of great anxiety to the New England States. The British plan was for General Burgoyne to invade northern New York with an army of ten thousand men; General Howe to march up the Hudson river with his army from New York City and St. Leger to advance down the Mohawk valley from Fort Niagara. These forces were to unite at Albany, crush General Schuyler's troops, and then to invade, over-run and subdue the Eastern States. St. Leger's army was beaten and dispersed at Oriskany; General Howe went off on a campaign into Pennsylvania, but Burgoyne faithfully tried to carry out his part of the plan with an army of seven thousand regulars and a large force of Indians and Tories. Calls upon the militia of the two States were many and came often to resist the invasion. Burgoyne reached northern New York early in the season, and in May, on a report that Ticonderoga was in danger, the New Hampshire Assembly ordered the militia Colonels to send all the force they could muster

as soon as possible, to the point of danger. Four hundred and thirty-four men were called, but before they reached Ticonderoga, word came that the enemy had fallen back, and the men were ordered home and discharged, after a little over a month's service. A few days later another alarm came that Ticonderoga was again in danger, and the militia were once more sent out, but after marching part way it was reported that the fort had fallen and the men returned home after a service of from four to fourteen days.

In January of this year the State enacted a law that when an order came for men to the Generals of the militia, the Captains were to call their companies together and if a sufficient number did not volunteer, to draft the balance of the quota. If the conscript failed to appear and did not pay a fine of ten pounds, afterwards increased to fifty, he was then to be held and treated as a soldier. If he failed or refused to march when ordered he was to be fined twelve pounds, which was later increased to sixty pounds.

On June 5th. a regiment of 720 men was voted to be raised for service in New England for a term of six months. Three hundred of these men were sent to Rhode Island. As stated before the men were to be paid a bounty of thirty shillings when they enlisted and a further bounty of four pounds, ten shillings when they were accepted, with the same monthly pay as the year before. Officers were allowed six shillings for every soldier they obtained.

On July 18th, the State Assembly reorganized its militia, into two brigades of nine regiments each, and on the same day ordered a draft of one-fourth of the militia of the second brigade and three regiments of the first for a service of two months.

Their pay was four pounds and ten shillings a month. The whole draft was placed under the command of General Stark. It was these troops, with the Massachusetts militia from Hampshire and Berkshire counties, that fought the battle of Bennington and afterwards joined General Gates at Stillwater. Their term expired on the very day of the battle of Bemis Heights and they marched home a few days later.

A contemporary has left on record a description of one company of these men that marched out of New Hampshire on the 19th day of July to join General Stark, as follows:

To a man they wore small clothes, coming down and fastening just below the knee, and long stockings with cow-hide shoes ornamented with large buckles, while not a pair of boots graced the company. The coats and waist-coats were loose and of huge dimensions with colors as various as the barks of oak, sumack and other trees of our hills and swamps could make them, and their shirts were all flax and like every other part of the dress, were homespun. On their heads was worn a large round-top and broad-brimmed hat. Their arms were as various as their costumes; here an old soldier carried a heavy King's-arm, with which he had done service at the conquest of Canada twenty years before; while at his side walked a stripling boy with a Spanish fusee not half its weight or calibre, which his grandfather may have taken at the siege of Havana, while not a few had old French pieces that dated back to the reduction of Louisiana.

Instead of a cartridge box a large powder horn was slung under the arm, and occasionally a bayonet might be seen bristling in the ranks. Some of the swords of the officers had been made by province blacksmiths, perhaps from some farming

utensils. They looked serviceable but heavy and uncouth. Such was the appearance of the Continentals to whom a well appointed army was soon to lay down its arms. After a little exercising on the Old Common, and performing the then popular exploit of whipping the snake, they briskly filed off on the road by the foot of Kidder Mountain and through the Spofford gap towards Peterborough; to the tune of "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Let no one smile at this description. These men were the raw material out of which the very best soldiers in the world could be made by training and discipline, and it was their descendants that eighty-seven years later crushed the charge of Pickett at Gettysburg and in 1918 cleared the Belleau Wood and the Argonne forest of the German enemy.

Early in September the State ordered one-sixth of the militia to join General Gates at Saratoga, and it was in service for only a month or six weeks. On the 17th of the same month a large number of volunteers out of the militia were also called and sent forward to the army at Saratoga. How many men were furnished out of this last call does not appear for many of the military rolls are missing. Some of them were in service six weeks, and some served as long as two months. Besides these men sent to the army in New York, the Assembly in June in response to a call from the Governor of Rhode Island, voted to raise a force of three hundred men for six months in that State. A bounty of six pounds was offered them and their pay was two pounds a month. Four companies of two hundred men were also raised to guard the western and northern frontiers to serve till January 1st. They were to be paid ten dollars a month and one month's pay in advance. Besides these troops two

companies were also recruited for guards at Portsmouth.

In 1778, the attention of both States was largely directed to Rhode Island and most of the men recruited, except for local service, were sent there. Early in the year New Hampshire voted to raise two hundred men for one year, and later added one hundred more, for duty in Rhode Island or elsewhere in New England or New York. They were offered fifteen dollars a month with one month's pay in advance and a bounty of six pounds. The Committee of Safety afterwards increased that bounty to ten pounds. Enlistments for this service were slow, and on the last day of May the Assembly voted to draft the men necessary to fill the call, who were to serve until the end of the year. They were offered a bounty of six pounds; and four pounds, ten shillings a month for pay. In August the same State voted to raise a brigade of five regiments, two thousand men, for one month's service in Rhode Island. They were paid five pounds a month, and were in service less than thirty days. The State also raised a regiment for the defense of the Connecticut River and offered the men the same wages, namely six pounds a month. Besides these calls 420 men were ordered to be drafted; their wages to be thirty dollars a month, for one month's service; to guard the sea coast and different points within the State. Their terms were to expire the first of the following January. In 1779, the State voted three hundred men for the defense of Rhode Island to serve for the term of six months. They were offered a bounty of thirty dollars and twelve pounds a month. The State also raised twelve companies and one regiment for local defense.

In June 1780, the Assembly voted to enlist or draft nine hundred and forty-five men for the defense of the

United States for three months' duty. The soldiers were to be paid forty shillings per month, and said money to be equalled to Indian corn at four shillings a bushel, sole leather at one shilling, six pence per pound, and grassed beef at three pence per pound. If a man served until the last day of December, 1781, he was to receive in addition a suit of clothes. If he served until the last day of December, 1782, he was to receive an additional suit. Under the same Statute 180 men were called for three months' service on the frontier and at Portsmouth Harbor. This year the State also raised four companies of rangers for duty on the northern border, for a term of three months, and two companies to guard Portsmouth Harbor for nine months. In November it was enacted that all men drafted for three or six months who did not march or pay their fine should be arrested and committed to jail. The following year, 1781, two companies were raised for a term of six months for local defense. In the last days of June it was agreed to raise by enlistment or draft, a regiment of six hundred and fifty men for the Continental army. The number of men each militia regiment was to furnish under this call was stated in the Act. If the drafted man refused to march at once, he was to be fined thirty pounds. In the following August the quota not being full, the towns were ordered to hire the number of men required to fill the quota, and the officers were to pay them in specie or the equivalent in produce. The pay was to be forty shillings per month, and the cost of hiring the men was to be assessed proportionally on the towns deficient in their quota.

The number of militia furnished by the two States cannot be accurately stated, owing to the loss of many of the military rolls. During the first two years, up to 1777, the

quotas called for were, in all probability, substantially filled, but after January of that year, many were never fully answered. With one or two exceptions and excluding men for the Continental line, the militia officers were, up to that date, directed to enlist the men; later they were directed to enlist or draft; and in the last years of the struggle were ordered peremptorily to draft or detach, which is the same thing. In truth the men were beginning to weary of the war. The calls for soldiers came every month, sometimes three or four in a month. Usually the demand was for voluntary enlistment but after the beginning of 1777 a threat of conscription was attached to the call accompanied by heavy penalties, not only upon men disobeying but also upon officers, civil authorities, and towns for neglect or refusal to carry out the law. The effect of all this was discouraging. By 1778 most of the men had had a taste of military service, and many of them did not like it. Large numbers of the militia were men of mature years, owning farms and having dependent families. The calls often came in the busiest season, planting or harvesting time, when their presence at home was absolutely necessary to keep their wives and children from want. One of General Stark's most trusted officers and one who commanded the escort of the Burgoyne prisoners to Boston, was obliged to go without leave to New Hampshire to save his crops. He states in his excuse to the authorities that his family was then sick; that his fields lay exposed to ruin; and that it was impossible to hire a person capable of taking care of his sick family and crops, though he used his utmost endeavor so to do. This is probably a fair statement of the situation with many of the men called to service. The laws, especially those relating to the recruiting of the eighty-eight bat-

talions, were very severe. Every man drafted had to go or furnish a substitute within twenty-four hours, or pay a penalty of ten pounds or more. These harsh terms did not increase the popularity of the service.

Under all these conditions men were slow to enlist and if they did so, it was to avoid conscription. When their terms were out they insisted on immediate discharge, regardless of what the military situation was at the time. "I have had my term," the man would say. "I have fought bravely. Let my neighbor do likewise." Perhaps the neighbor, from patriotic motives and anxious for a chance to fight the enemy, enlisted, but the battle he enlisted to fight did not come off in a month, two months, or three months. His ardor cooled; he grew homesick to see his wife and children. Then he would be sent to the hospital. From this the road to desertion was broad and straight, and he often took it.

Washington repeatedly urged upon Congress the futility of relying on the militia. "The soldier being told of the greatness of the cause he was engaged in replied that it was of no more importance to him than to others; that his pay would not support him and he could not ruin himself and his family." "Men," Washington continued, "just dragged from the tender scenes of domestic life, were not accustomed to the din of arms and every kind of military skill. When opposed by veteran troops they were ready to fly from their own shadows. The soldier's change in manner of living and lodging brought sickness to many, and impatience to all, and such unconquerable desires as to produce shameful and scandalous desertion among themselves, that inspired the same spirit in others. Men accustomed to unbounded freedom and no control, cannot stand the restraint necessary to good disci-

pline. If I were called upon to declare on oath whether the militia had been most serviceable or most harmful, I should subscribe to the latter."

And then too, both militia officers and the Selectmen and Committees of towns were not only slow but negligent in filling the calls. The State passed Statutes remonstrating with them, and demanding that they complete their quotas forthwith. In some cases heavy penalties were imposed upon towns and officers if they neglected to fill their call within a certain date, and fines were assessed upon them for each soldier deficient in the number required to fill the quota. Desertion was a terrible evil and the army suffered severely on account of it. The militia would sometimes march off home in squads and companies without leave or license.

The currency condition intensified the difficulty. The pay of the soldiers was originally fixed in 1775 and 1776 when paper money was on a par with silver. In January, 1777, it took one and one-fourth in bills to equal one in silver. January, 1778, the ratio was four to one. It steadily declined till 1780, when for a few months, it stood sixty to one, and in November of the same year, one hundred to one. In May, 1781, the currency had become entirely worthless and ceased to circulate. It is hard now to imagine the chaos which ensued and the dissatisfaction, varying from bitter remonstrance to open mutiny, which this bred in the army. Men who had early enlisted into the Continental line, in the earlier years of the war deserted in numbers; went home and re-enlisted on the quota of some other town for the sake of the large bounties offered. From the close of 1778, the men were virtually serving without pay and all the while as they well knew, their families were in danger of destitution. They

were compelled to run heavily in debt. The State struggled with the problem the best it was able, but could not afford much relief. Things eventually came to such a condition in consequence, that open riots and blood-shed occurred in New Hampshire; and in Massachusetts the troubles developed into Shay's rebellion.

During the last years of the war it will be observed the State heavily increased the pay and bounties offered the men. While in part, this was due to the depreciation of the currency, still in part the increase was offered to stimulate enlistments; yet it failed to bring the hoped-for results, and did not attract men to the army. These things, well known to everyone familiar with the history of the war, bring into clear relief the defects of the militia system as a method to fight a great war.

The weakness of the militia as a fighting force, hardly needs restating. It will fight bravely behind breastworks. General Putnam said of it at Bunker Hill that "the Americans are not afraid of their heads but only think of their legs." It will also stand for a time against an enemy in front, but it cannot be depended upon under a flank or rear movement of the enemy. When it breaks it generally throws away its arms and accoutrements and cannot be relied upon to take further part in the action. While a well disciplined regiment will often break under a prolonged or overwhelming front fire, or by an attack upon its flank or rear, yet it can be rallied again and brought back into the battle; its organization is never lost. This was demonstrated on many fields during the Revolutionary and the Civil wars. At Bunker Hill, Saratoga and Bennington the militia fought creditably, but it was either behind breastworks or the foe was in front of it. Yet at Camden

and in many other battles it broke at the first fire and was not again an effective force on that field.

Why the colonies should have continued to employ such a feeble instrument is not far to seek. The dread of a standing army was ingrained in the very nature of the people. They not only feared it, but would not adopt any policy which looked towards its establishment. The Continental Congress had no authority over the States. Each colony was not only independent but jealous of it. While Congress could recommend and express a desire, the States would fill their quota in their own way and on terms of pay and length of service to suit their own convenience. The men of the Continental line which was enlisted for three years or the war, were the backbone of the army and Washington's main support throughout the conflict. It was the staying force in every battle, and always gave a good account of itself. It fought the veteran soldiers of England as bravely as men could, and showed all the courage and stubborn qualities of the best American troops, exemplified so many times in the battles of the Civil war, and in the recent struggle in France.

In the Civil war the main reliance for the first year and a half was on the volunteer system, but after the autumn of 1862, when patriotic enthusiasm had somewhat cooled, it was found necessary that a resort should be had to some other method. The Conscription Act of that year was designed to supplement the volunteer policy. As a matter of fact, while it was vigorously enforced in the summer of 1863, in later years it was little employed. When calls for men were issued and the quotas assigned to the different towns, men were hired to fill the quotas. Citizens, both those liable

to draft and many also beyond military age, would engage a substitute to take their places in the army. If there was still a deficiency the towns would hire men enough to complete their quotas, so that conscription was not necessary. The men hired by the citizens were often from the vicinity, but usually were obtained through bounty brokers. The towns generally went to these brokers for recruits. These so furnished were the very scum and off-scourings of our large cities. The brokers would hire them for what they were willing to accept, and the brokers got the bounty offered by the National Government, by the State and by the town. The substitutes themselves were professional bounty jumpers and usually deserted at the first opportunity. As soon as they could get away, they would go to some other town, enlist under another name, and so continue to do as long as they could find brokers to hire them, until the war closed. Very few of them ever did any military duty, and the custom was the great scandal and disgrace of the war. It was not so during the Revolution because that class of men did not exist; and while during the last years of the conflict the towns filled their quotas by hiring recruits, they were men from the vicinity, and were as good material for soldiers as could be found. The experience of the United States in the three great wars in which it has taken part, has justified the policy adopted in the World war of raising men by draft under a well-considered and carefully guarded conscription act. It is the most equitable and most democratic method to fill the armies of a Republic. It is very unlikely that in any future war the country will raise its armies by any other method.

ULYSSES, RETURNED

By Carolyn Hillman

I, Ulysses,
have finished wandering.
Nevermore, ah nevermore
for me
the bright blue of the waters,
frothing into white about the Islands.
Nevermore the Islands,
warm and brown,
rising like sardonyx stones
from the turquoise sea.

Nevermore the tawny beaches,
hot in the noon sunshine,
where the traders landed
from the Tyrian ships
throw down long bales
which loosed from their
encircling cords,
spill yellow amber,
ivories and sweet smelling musk,
rich silks in shimmering folds
of violet and rose,
of saffron and pearl.

Nevermore, O Iacchus
to grasp thy robe,
as through the dark cedars
thou passest, illusive, alone,
here with me for one
mad moment divine,
then gone,
lost in the shadows.

And Thebes,
seven-gated Thebes!
Nevermore the pale, low-lying moon
will light for me the dark ways,
the throngs tumultuous,
the faces of maidens,
wan in the torch flare.

Nevermore Circe,
to drink with thee
from the violet veined marble,
the dark seeded wine
with the vine-leaves twining
about the bowl's brim.

Nevermore will I, Ulysses,
drain the hot wine of passion,
of love, of wandering.
Now for me the tame days
the long nights unbroken
except by the cry
of the lost Philomela,
whose agony rings
again, ah ever again,
in my ears!

Nevermore on Pelion
to see the centaurs
race madly;
gallop on swift hooves
with necks arched,
cutting the wind
like ships that sail
with white sheets
and snapping halyards,
sweeping through a jacinth sea.

Nevermore to see the rocks of Delos
nor Daulis,
where the mountain ash
trails its red berries
in the green flowing brook,
flowing forever to the salt seas.

Nevermore, ah nevermore
will I, Ulysses, wander
careless, like the south wind,
by waters Aroanian,
by the deep streams,
where the singing fish leap,
where the lofty Cylene
sleeps in deep snows.

The Gods will see me no more
on land and sea, a wanderer,
Now will the sweet lavender
and the blossoming oleander,
the yew and the myrtle,
the white and purple irises
flower and fade,
fade and flower
while I, Ulysses,
keep my home,
wither, grow old,
and at last lay me down to die.
Then the Dark River——

LILAC SHADOWS*By Louise Piper Wemple*

I wandered thro the countryside
One sparkling day in Spring,
I heard the robin's early call
Blend with the brook's low murmuring;
Pink petals drifted down from flowering trees,
And in my path, dew drenched the violets lay,
All Nature to triumphant life awoke
Beneath the quickening touch of early May.

At last beside a grassy, wind swept knoll,
Weary I sat me down to rest
Upon a wide, low granite stone,
By purple lilac blooms caressed;
And 'mid the riot of growing things,
By time its edges smoothed away,
The rough hewn doorstep only now remained
Of the old home of earlier day.

For but a yawning cavern showed
Where once had stood the ancient dwelling place,
And here and there a few rough stones
Of the strong foundation could I trace;
Among the scattered stones, rank weeds and grasses grew,
And blue green sage and tawny tansy cast
Dim shadows, where a sluggish adder slow uncoiled,
Rustling the grasses as he passed.

Then as I sat there, dreaming in the sun,
Vanished all signs of ruin and decay,
I saw again the old time home restored,
With time just tinting it to mellow gray;
I saw the spreading eaves, where snowy pigeons cooed,
The latticed stoop, where woodbine's banners hung,
And lilacs bloomed beside the wide stone step
And to the breeze their fragrance flung.

The vision passed, but in its sunken bed,
Half hidden 'neath the riotous bloom of May
A monument to days well-nigh forgot,
The time worn granite door stone lay;
Where once resounded tread of eager feet,
And where had echoed lilting voices call,
Where past the stir of fervid human life,
But shadows of the lilacs fall.

BY THE VEERY'S NEST

By Caroline Stetson Allen

Continued from December issue.

CHAPTER III.

Louisa

In an early morning of February in the following winter, the two girls were sitting together in Alicia's room. It was a pretty room, the prevailing color primrose yellow, but Louisa thought that the brown sweater thrown over a chair should have been in a drawer, and that the floor was hardly the place for her friend's work-basket.

"I wanted to bring the letter over to you last night, it's so exciting," said Alicia, "but I couldn't because some boring old callers came."

"Oh, Alicia," said Louisa reprovingly. "Wasn't it the minister?"

"Yes and his sister. They talked two hours about Roman excavations. I saw Father yawn three times."

Louisa had her own opinion about *that*, but she kept silence.

"Here's the letter,—at least I *thought* it was here," said Alicia, rummaging recklessly in her top drawer. "I guess I left it downstairs. Wait a minute."

She soon returned, an elegant looking missive in her hand. The paper was thick and white, with monogram in gold.

"It's from Elsie Redpath."

Alicia read the letter aloud rapidly. It contained an invitation to both girls to visit Elsie for the next fortnight in New York, and Mr. Redpath wished to make all expenses of the trip his care.

"Oh, won't it be too delicious!" cried Alicia.

"We can't decide right off so," said Louisa. "Perhaps Mother can't spare me." She had, however, fully determined to go. It certainly would be

the height of folly to miss such an opportunity.

"You just *must* go! It won't be for long. Mother said right off I could. Can't Miss Hadley come over and stay with your mother?"

"Perhaps so," replied Louisa. "I'll ask her. She would be a good one."

"Yes, she would. She's always so careful about things. Oh, Louisa, we'll have the time of our lives! If only my clothes will do!" her face sobering suddenly.

"I shall fix over my best green," said Louisa thoughtfully, "and it's time I had a new hat anyway. I'll buy it in New York as soon as we're there. My old dark blue will do to travel in."

"I didn't get much this winter," said Alicia, "Father seemed so hard up. Anyway, Elsie won't care a rap. Hurrah for New York!" And she began to waltz about the room.

When Louisa reached home she joined her mother to talk the matter over. Mrs. Acton at once saw the advantages to her daughter of this little peep into the world, and agreed, too, that it would be a sensible plan to ask Miss Hadley to take Louisa's place during the visit. As Mrs. Dale was equally alive to what the New York stay would mean for Alicia, the girls entered with zest into their preparations, after each sending an enthusiastic acceptance to Elsie Redpath.

Then, the day before they were to start, Mrs. Gray fell severely ill with inflammatory rheumatism. Every attempt to secure a nurse proved unavailing, and Mr. Gray, in his alarm and anxiety, appealed finally to Louisa, as the elder of the two girls. Louisa saw him coming up the path, and went to the door.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray," she said, "I hope Aunt Helen is better?"

"No, I'm afraid she isn't so well," replied Mr. Gray. "I can't stop, but I won't keep you in the cold,"—and he stepped into the warm hall. Louisa brought him a chair, and seated herself near.

"I've searched high and low," said Mr. Gray, "and so has Dr. Bond. Nurses seem to have slipped out of existence,—the country is void of them. My dear Louisa"—his eyes fixed anxiously on her calm and pretty face—"would it be a possible thing—I know all I'm asking—to come to us, and do what you can for my poor wife for a week? Dr. Bond has got in touch with a Miss Kent who may be free by that time." He hastily added, as he saw Louisa was about to reply, "You won't have to do any lifting,—I can do that myself. And it would be perfectly possible, if you wished, for you to go home nights."

Louisa's face expressed the sympathy and regret she felt.

"I'm so *very* sorry, Mr. Gray, I have a positive engagement in New York, beginning tomorrow. I don't believe you knew about, though I think Aunt Helen did. Alicia and I are going to visit the Redpaths there. I am so very sorry! Do let me know if there is anything I can get for Aunt Helen, and send from New York."

"I don't at this moment call anything to mind," said Mr. Gray, in a tone of deep dejection, and rising, "Well my dear, I see how it is. I mustn't stop."

"He might have wished me a good time," thought Louisa, as she watched him walk quickly down the road.

Mr. Gray, hurrying to rejoin his wife, took the short cut through the little patch of home woods, now lightly covered with snow. And here, by the long-deserted veery's nest, he came upon Alicia, taking an idle stroll.

"Good morning, Mr. Gray!" said she. "I had a letter from Bob this

morning. I'll bring it over to Aunt Helen by-and-by."

"I fear she isn't quite able today," said Mr. Gray. "The boy's well, is he?—She became much worse in the night. She's in great pain."

"Oh, Mr. Gray! I had no idea. Have you a good nurse?" The tears stood in Alicia's eyes.

"That's the trouble. We can't find one."

"Dear Aunt Helen!—Could I be of any use? I helped nurse Father once, when he had sciatica. He *was* sick, too! Let me come right over and try. I'll stay till you get somebody better. Let me!" Pleaded Alicia.

Her old friend could see the sincerity of her desire, and his face brightened a little.

"But your visit," he said, remembering. "Louisa tells me you leave tomorrow for New York."

Alicia placed a brown-mitted hand upon his arm. "Little Old New York may be a cunning little town in its way," said she, "but it isn't *Aunt Helen*. How could I enjoy frivolling around if I knew all the time she was suffering so here? I just *couldn't*! So don't go and think it any sacrifice."

"But," began Mr. Gray in perplexity.—"There isn't any 'but,'" said Alicia. "It's all settled,—that is, if you like to have me." Alicia surely knew how to make her voice irresistible.

"It would, I admit, take a great load off my mind," said Mr. Gray, "but are you sure your mother will deem it wise?"

"Mummy? Good gracious! do you think she hasn't a heart?" said Alicia. "Expect me in an hour." And she turned, and ran back through the woods toward her own home, unheeding a last remonstrance called after her by Mr. Gray.

Alicia was as good as her word.

Her little straw suitcase, in which she tossed the few necessary changes would not have passed an examination on skilful packing, but everything needful was there, even to three long white aprons.

"I'll send Maggie over every day, to see if there's anything you want," said her mother, "and you can send back by her anything for the wash."

Louisa didn't accept easily her friend's decision, and was astonished that Alicia, usually so ready to follow her lead could be so "obstinate."

"You're acting *very* foolishly," she said. "Rheumatism isn't a *dangerous* thing. And of course a doctor, if he is any good at all, must be able to find a nurse, besides," as Alicia was about to speak, "this is a very unusual opportunity for us. It is our *duty* to broaden ourselves when we can."

"I'd rather stay narrow, when it's a question of Aunt Helen's comfort," said Alicia. "Give my love to Elsie, and tell her I'm sorry."

"She'll think it queer," said Louisa. "It isn't likely she'll invite you again."

Alicia looked troubled. She was fond of Elsie. But she didn't waver.

"Alicia's changing, I think," said Louisa later to her mother. She's growing self-willed and opinionated. I'm sorry, chiefly for her own sake."

CHAPTER IV

ALICIA

Mrs. Gray knew that her husband had gone to get Louisa to come, if possible, for some days. No sooner had he left the house, however, than she began nervously to wish that she had not consented to his doing so. An exaggerated vision arose in her mind of the kind of nurse Louisa would be. "She'd have a time set by the clock for me to turn over in bed," she said to herself, "and she'd put my books in an even pile, so I'd want to fire them across the room."

She tossed and turned; and when, at last, Mr. Gray came upstairs, stepping with gingerly tread lest he wake her, she could hardly wait for him to appear in the doorway.

"Did you get her?" she asked quickly. "Yes, my dear," replied her husband in a satisfied tone. "She is more than willing to come,—*more* than willing," he repeated.

Mrs. Gray half groaned, and turned her head to the wall.

"I thought it was your own wish," said Mr. Gray, slightly crestfallen. "Alicia's *young* to be sure, but,—"

... "*Alicia!*" came in a different voice from the bed.

"Yes, Oh, we *did* think first of Louisa, I know. She would have been glad to come, but she goes to New York just at this time. On a visit to a young friend, I believe."

"So it's *Alicia!* Charles, tell Bridget to get out the new quilt, and put it on the blue-room bed. And Charles," as he was about to obey, "take the little stand from the corner here, and put it in the blue room. Let me see— Well, go along, and I'll think what next."

Charles went along. He was accustomed to follow any suggestion of his wife's, and his mind was immensely relieved to find that the younger of the two girls was evidently more to her mind than the probably more competent elder.

Alicia came. Why she was just such a success was a mystery to the doctor, to Aunt Lizzie (to whom they wrote in her distant home), and to the neighbors in general. She made her first entrance by tripping and falling into the invalid's room. She promptly forgot two of a list of directions given her by the doctor. And a curious slow-passing neighbor distinctly heard her laugh. But Mrs. Gray declared herself perfectly suited.

"She's good and wholesome to look at," she said to her husband. "And she isn't nailed to her own way."

She's first-rate company, and makes me forget my pain half the time. Yes, Charles, whoever asks, you tell them Alicia's a nurse worth having."

"But she forgot Dr. Bond's mixture," said Mr. Gray.

"Drat the mixture!" said his wife. "It's bitter as gall. I'm only too thankful I missed one dose of it."

Alicia won high praise from Bridget. "She never asks for wan thing for herself," was her verdict. "She'd take her coffee cold, and any scrap I put before her. But she'll *not* take take her coffee cold! It's a trate to do for her, if 'tis only to see the purty smile av her!"

If Alicia felt a little disconsolate when she read the letters that came from Louisa, with their accounts of gaieties and sight-seeing, she was careful to shake off any least trace of such regrets before she regained her charge. It was always a bright-faced nurse that sat beside Mrs. Gray, and read to her the long letters from Robert to his mother, or from a magazine or book. When Mrs. Gray's pain was severe, Alicia's touch was gentleness itself, and before long the whole household relied on her explicitly. "Ask Alicia," — — "Alicia will know," were words often heard.

When the girl felt sure that Mrs. Gray was asleep and free from pain, she would change her dress of white linen for one of dark woolen, get into a heavy cloak, slip out of the house, and on snowshoes make her way to the veery's nest. She seldom stayed more than ten or fifteen minutes, but it rested her to be in the different sort of quiet one finds in the woods,—a quiet thrilling with strong growing life, and devoid of fussy insignificant noises.

Here she brought her own letters from Robert to read over. He was a faithful correspondent, and in the half-year's letters to her had said more of his serious interests than he ever had when they were together. Alicia

thought herself a poor letter-writer, but in her few letters she accomplished what Louisa's carefully composed letters did not,—she made herself present; each expression was her very own. The brief letter might be misspelled—it often was—but it breathed the charm of naturalness and brought to a rather homesick young man the very air of his native mountains.

There was more than one reason for her not staying long by the veery's nest. The weather was now intensely cold. Louisa had barely left for New York, when there came a sudden drop of many degrees in the mercury. The cold relentlessly increased, and was followed by a heavy snow-fall. Outlying roads became most of them, impassable, and the nurse finally secured, who was to take Alicia's place that the girl might have the tail-end of the New York visit, was hopelessly snowbound in a remote town still further north.

Alicia's disappointment was lessened by the evident relief of Mrs. Gray in keeping her on. Mr. Gray, too, in somewhat cumbersome language, expressed his gratification.

Alicia's job called for patience, in spite of her whole-hearted gladness to be of help. Mrs. Gray had hardly in all her life known what actual illness was, and the pain she now had to endure—at times severe—made her often irritable and unlike her usually well-balanced self. Mr. Gray was kindness itself, but his efforts were somewhat clumsy and wanting in tact. He was apt to appear at inopportune moments. Alicia,—well, as Bridget put it to Timothy, the man-of-all-work. "'Tis the swateness of her!" Alicia's sunshine held out for the family through what would otherwise have been a totally dreary period.

Toward the middle of the second week, Mrs. Gray began to gain more decidedly. The pain no longer was severe, and she could sleep through

the night, and enjoy Alicia's companionship through the day. So finally came the day when Louisa was to leave New York, and Alicia return to her own home.

Alicia woke early on the last morning, a glow of happiness at her heart. She had been a comfort. Little had been said, but there was something in the way in which Mrs. Gray had last night taken the girl's two hands in hers, and held them close for one moment, that was better than words.

When Alicia parted her blue curtains to look out on an early morning world, it was a sort of fairyland that met her eyes. For after all the snow, the weather had the day before moderated, and a slight rain fallen, turning before morning to ice. Every twig on every branch glittered in its bath of sunbeams. Alicia caught her breath at the beauty of it.

Across the tip of Moat drifted a fleecy scarf of mist, and far in the distance Washington reared majestic in white shining robes. The air was as clear as a bell, and again penetratingly cold, and the girl's healthy young blood tingled responsively as she took her icy bath and got quickly into her clothes. Her room was unheated except by the warmth that came from the hall when she left her door open.

Peeping into Mrs. Gray's room as she passed through the upper hall, and finding her sound asleep, Alicia took a hasty bite in the pantry, and was soon outdoors and had strapped on her snowshoes.

As she made her way toward the veery's nest through the gleaming pines and fir balsams, an icy twig snapped here and there with a tinkling sound, musical, as if the elves of the wood were playing their chimes to greet the early day. And here was the veery's nest, lined with silver, and folded about with a napkin of snow. Alicia knelt, and touched her lips to the cup's rim "To Robert!"

she whispered, as if the elves might hear. "And Aunt Helen. Let her keep well for him."

She started at a sudden sound. It was only a rabbit within a stone's throw, eyeing her alertly, and ready to vanish if she stirred. He made such a charming picture that Alicia kept as still as she could, and longed for her camera. A moment or two, and he was away. She must go back. But first she drew from her pocket a letter from Robert to Louisa, which the latter had forwarded within one of her own. "Dear Louisa," it ran. "So you and Alicia are going to disport yourselves in the big city. I wouldn't mind very much being there at the same time. It seems about two years since I saw you all. How is Alicia? Tell her she doesn't keep up her end of correspondence. Does she seem older, or changed any? How about Hurry? Of course Alicia can ride him whenever she likes. What have you both been up to? ****" An account of his own doings followed, of ranch life that evidently appealed to him strongly, and then he wound up his letter with a few more questions. Alicia was all right, wasn't she? She must be, he knew, but the letters he had got from her so far wouldn't fill the veery's nest. ****. Did Alicia play on his piano? He surely hoped so. Tell her that Dad and Mother would like it if she did.

"This letter seems to be more for you than me," Louisa had penciled on the margin. "You needn't return it."

Alicia's cheeks felt burning. She took up a handful of snow and rubbed them till they glowed like wild roses.

CHAPTER V

Louisa.

New York, February 14, 1896

Dear Alicia,

It is not a week yet since I

left North Conway, but I feel as if it were much longer. Not that the time has dragged in the least, but it has been full of so many new experiences. I feel myself such a different person, and would not for the world have missed this broadening and enlarging experience. I'm afraid Mrs. Redpath won't ask you next year, as you thought possible, for she seems a little offended, I think, at your lightly refusing so generous an offer. You are too impulsive, I am afraid, for certainly you must by this time be regretting your mistake.

Mr. Redpath's tastes are quite literary, and many most interesting people come to the house. Already I have met and talked with two well-known authors—Mrs. C—and Mr. R. I have been twice to the theatre, and tonight is Grand Opera.

You asked if Elsie is as pretty as ever. How much you always think of *looks*, Alicia! Yes, I believe she is called very pretty, though I myself prefer the blonde type. She has a good many men callers, and two in particular rather haunt the house. A Mr. Islington, said to be fabulously rich, is bright, tall, and I must admit the finest looking man I have ever seen. He sat next me at dinner last night. I will tell you more about him later, for I saw more of him than of anyone else during the evening. He wants to come to North Conway next summer, for he has never seen the White Mountains. The other man is Mr. Brown, who supports two elderly sisters, and has hardly a penny to his name. What the Redpaths see in him it is hard for me to understand. He has nothing to say for himself, and is bald and very stout. Yet his intimacy with Elsie seems to be encouraged. I cannot understand it.

Well, it is time for me to dress for dinner and opera. I shall wear light green and rosebuds. A box of them has just come from Mr. Isling-

ton. How charming of him! I haven't any proper opera cloak, but Elsie has lent me one of hers, a beauty of dark green velvet trimmed with swansdown.

I thought Elsie seemed a little jealous about the rosebuds. She has known Mr. Islington a long time. If there is one fault above another I dislike, and have always tried to avoid, it is jealousy. Now I think of it, Elsie has more than once shown signs of it since I came. If Mr. Islington finds it interesting to sit by me and talk with me the greater part of the evening, surely he has a right to do so, since he and Elsie are not engaged. If they *were*, that would be an entirely different matter. I naturally took an interest in him, as she had told me a great deal about his being such a fine character. Now I must dress, or I shall be late. Love to Aunt Helen.

Affectionately,

LOUISA

New York, February 18, 1896

Dear Alicia,

What a difference a few days can make in one's estimate of persons! I find that my first impressions of Mr. Brown and Mr. Islington were very superficial. On closer acquaintance I find Mr. Brown possesses a certain stability and dignity that has won my high esteem. He is not so *very* bald, and his eyes are a beautiful shade of blue. As to Mr. Islington,—it was unusually stupid of me,—*he* is the penniless one with the two old sisters. It seems to me that he himself might have made that clear to me, since Elsie did not. If there is one fault above another I find it hard to forgive, it is duplicity. On after reflection it struck me as in poor taste, Mr. Islington's sending me the rosebuds. There were at least two dozen of them, and he is far from being in a position to squander money on flowers, or on anything else. Elsie

quite fired up when I said so to her, and implied, quite unjustly, that I had "led him on."

I shall certainly not encourage that silly notion of his about coming to North Conway. It would look very marked, and I am not one to give encouragement indiscreetly. For that reason I think I shall, from now on, not write so frequently to Robert, and I would advise you not to. Come to think of it, you haven't sent him many letters. Probably you haven't thought of him as a possible lover for either of us.

You don't know how much more able I feel, from this visit to New York, to take the wide view of things. One admires Robert certainly, but what prospect is there of his ever having much of an income? It looks to me as if he meant to settle out at the ends of the earth on one of those ranches. What sort of a life would that be for either of us?

They say Mr. Brown is immensely rich. He inherited two enormous fortunes. Yet he keeps at his business all the time, which is admirable, I think. He is just coming to go with me over the Metropolitan Museum, so good-bye for now. Love to Aunt Helen.

In haste,
LOUISA.

New York, February 23, 1896

Dear Alicia,

Mr. Brown took me to see The School for Scandal last evening, and I had the most delightful time! You see what you are missing. I could stay here contentedly for weeks, but—this is private—for some utterly incomprehensible reason Mrs. Redpath doesn't seem quite as cordial as she did at first. I can't think of any possible reason for this, unless it is, what friends of Elsie tell me, that Mr. Brown

was very attentive to her before I came. I suspect that all Mrs. Redpath attaches value to is the fact of his wealth, for it is perfectly evident that Elsie is madly in love with Mr. Islington. If there is one fault I despise more than another it is worldliness. What I care about myself in Mr. Brown is his dignity and real worth.

There was something else I meant to tell you, but I can't now recall what it was. Mr. Brown is coming to call at five, and it is quarter of now. I must do a little to my hair. He says it is the prettiest he ever saw. Love to Aunt Helen. I shall be home soon, and then she will see me often. New York is altogether delightful, but nothing now would induce me to prolong the visit, for I am sure Aunt Helen needs me. *This* is the important time to be with her, when she is convalescing and really able to *care* who is near her.

Affectionately,
LOUISA.

P. S. Mr. Brown has offered himself, and I have accepted. I am coming home directly, and will tell you everything then. I am so sorry I haven't had time to buy the scarf you wrote about. You can see how every instant of my time has been filled. And the shopping district is so far down. And really, Alicia, those scarfs are *very* expensive, and if I were you I should think twice before deciding to buy one. You may have my last year's gray one if you like. We shall marry in May, and I mean to come on in April and get all my trousseau in New York.

CHAPTER VI

Alicia.

June! And Robert was coming tomorrow. Alicia wished the day

had wings, and she kept restlessly busy from one task to another that the hours might hurry by. But by the middle of the afternoon there seemed to be nothing left undone in the little house, now in a state of unwonted tidiness, and Alicia decided to carry over a basket of wild strawberries to Mrs. Gray. She chose a pretty Indian basket, and heaped it with the spicy fruit, which grew near by. She added a deep-pink wild rose, from the clusters that peered over the Dale's green gate.

Arrived at Tanglewild, she found Mrs. Gray putting some finishing touches to Robert's room. The green and white curtains had been freshly laundered, and a vase of mountain laurel stood upon the bureau.

"I'm so glad you've come over, dear," said Mrs. Gray. "You've saved me some steps, for I was just going over to see if you would drive with me over to Stepping Stones. I want to get a pair of chickens, and some eggs, and cream."

"I see your young man is to have a royal welcome!" said Alicia. "Yes, I'd just love to go. I'll just run back for my jacket."

"Oh, don't trouble to do that. Take my plaid shawl. I engaged the carriage for four o'clock, and it ought to be here soon."

A few minutes more, and it came, and Mrs. Gray and Alicia had settled themselves comfortably on the wide seat, and were on their way.

Stepping Stones was a farm on the edge of Bartlett, and Alicia, who had always delighted in any excursion to this region, was often Mrs. Gray's companion thither. Their way, for the latter part, lay beside the Saco River, and its gleaming, rippling waters were glimpsed between the trees that grew thickly along its banks. The river wound

about with a leisurely grace, and lay a wide blue scarf upon the dreaming light green meadows.

"Do let's drive very slowly for awhile," said Alicia. "It is so lovely!"

"Get out for a minute or two if you want to," said Mrs. Gray. "We've time enough for that. Run down to the river." She checked the horse as she spoke.

Alicia made her way to the shore. How still it was, except for the swaying of some branches of weeping-willow! As she stooped and made a hollow of her hand to drink from the clear water, she saw, close to her on the ground, perhaps thirty butterflies, with folded wings. And now they rose, and fluttered together over the river, a shining, widening golden cloud.

"I want to live in North Conway," said Alicia as she stepped back into the buggy, "because I always *have* lived there, and I love it, but if I ever chose to move it would be to Bartlett. There is an indescribable charm about the place."

"There is," assented Mrs. Gray. "I always took to Bartlett."

And it suddenly entered the older woman's mind that the charm of that peaceful village was not unlike that of the girl herself in her quieter moods. Bartlett was unfinished, it had some inharmonious houses, but in the main there was about it a natural restful beauty, with unexpected delights for those who cared to wander among its fields and woods.

They reached the hospitable farm, with its many outlying buildings, and while Mrs. Gray enjoyed a gossip with the farmer's wife, Mrs. Deane, Alicia strolled about and went finally into the great fragrant barn to watch the milking of the Jersey cows.

Edith Dabney, a North Conway child visiting at the farm, ran into the barn, and came to a stand by Alicia's side. She was eleven years old,

strong and tall for her age, with a piquant face and curly light brown hair which she shook about a good deal.

"Why is this place named 'Stepping Stones'?" asked Alicia.

"You see that brook over there, Stones'?" replied the little girl. "No. I guess you can't see it from here, but you can *hear* it. It makes noise enough! It cuts right across the farm. And in the widest part there's a lot of stepping-stones. We children all like the brook the best of any part of the farm, 'cause we like sailing chips there, and going across the stones. It's awful tippy! So we young ones got to saying, when we were coming here, that we were coming to Stepping Stones. Then Mrs. Deane's folks began to call it that, and everybody else."

"It's a pretty name," said Alicia. Mrs. Gray and Alicia made no stop on their homeward road. Alicia hardly spoke. Her thoughts were of tomorrow, and of Robert coming. She wondered if he would be changed. She felt a queer unfamiliar shyness at the idea of meeting him. She knew one thing,—she was going to be very dignified, and entirely grown-up. If she hadn't been quite that when they parted last year, she certainly was so now. Very likely he had thought her a silly thing! Oh, she would be cordial of course, but reserved. How she lamented her former childishness!

"You must go to bed early," said Mrs. Gray, glancing at the girl's dreamy face. "We must be our brightest for Robert tomorrow."

"I shan't be over tomorrow, Aunt Helen, dear," said Alicia, rousing herself. "Robert can very well wait till the next day to see me."

"You're always welcome, Alicia," said Mrs. Gray. "You know that, I hope."

"You always make me feel so, but I'll come the next day. I'd really

rather. Or Robert can run over to see us. I've got some sewing for Mother I must finish."

Mrs. Gray dropped Alicia at her own house. Supper would be late for them both. Alicia was very hungry after the long drive, and it was nearly eight o'clock when she had cleared away the remnants of food and washed the few dishes. She stepped out into the front garden where her father and mother were strolling.

The air was deliciously cool and fragrant with near-by balsam and the roses that grew in profusion and were Alicia's pride. There were several varieties, and perhaps the kind Alicia loved best was the bush of soft-petaled old-fashioned white ones. She took one of these from the bush, and fastened it in the belt of her blue gown.

"I think I'll go and look at the veery's nest," she said, "else the mother-veery will think I'm offended, it's so long since I made her a real call."

There had been a drenching rain two days ago, and the woods were at their freshest. Every leaf glistened, and the mosses and ferns were softly green under the light that filtered through the branches. A patch of wild strawberries busied Alicia's hands for a few moments. Seeing a strip of birch bark that lay upon the ground, she picked it up and formed it into a little basket for the berries.

Through an opening among the pines she could just make out the "white horse" upon Humphrey's Ledge.

In all Alicia's after-life the recollection of what next happened had power to thrill her afresh. She had been so absorbed in her own thoughts that she did not hear quick steps coming over the pine carpet. Then Robert was before her, Robert more stalwart than ever, and deeply tanned.

His face wore a look of eager joy, At that moment, clear and vibrating-
 and he opened his arms wide. ly sweet, close over them, came the
 flew into them, and her brown head matchless song of the veery.
 was on his breast. THE END.

MY ARCADY

(To former pupils, after reading Wordsworth's
 Ode on Immortality)

By Eugene R. Musgrove

Again I take the great Ode from its place
 And yield myself to its majestic sway.
 Across the page the same old glories play,
 And "trailing clouds of glory" I retrace
 The gifts that glorify the commonplace;
 For tho we all like sheep have gone astray,
 Still Faith's unerring finger points the way
 With clearness that our doubts can not efface.

But lo! today new "clouds of glory" come,
 Transfigured by the light of memory:
 In letters that would strike Belshazzar dumb
 Your names are flashed—with joy, with joy I see,
 And in my Arcady I count the sum
 Of all the nameless things you are to me.

EDITORIALS

The editor of the Granite Monthly was gratified to receive, recently, a letter from Mr. Brookes More in which the generous donor of the \$50 prize for the best poem published in the magazine during 1921 expressed his satisfaction with the results of the contest; said that his check was ready for the winner when announced to him by the judges; and expressed his willingness to continue the competition through 1922 under slightly changed conditions. It is needless to say that the Granite Monthly was pleased to accept Mr. More's suggestions and is glad to announce that he will award the same sum, \$50, to the author of the best poem printed in the Granite Monthly during the year 1922. It is Mr. More's opinion, in which we coincide, that the best interests of the magazine and of the competition will be served by the adoption of the following two rules: No "free verse" will be eligible for the prize and those who desire to enter the contest must become subscribers for the Granite Monthly. It is hoped to be able to secure the services of the same board of able judges as for 1921; and it is also hoped that their decision of the prize winner for last year may be announced in the February number.

Kind words for the Granite Monthly in the state press are frequently seen and highly appreciated. Says the Rochester Courier editorially: "The literary merit of the magazine has never been on so high a plane, and, with its devotion to the interests of New Hampshire, it is a distinct asset to the state. Long may it continue to flourish and prosper under its present management." The Claremont Eagle expresses pleasure that the continuance of the magazine for another year is assured and says: "Since

1878 it has been published and has never failed to live up to its mission as the 'New Hampshire State Magazine.' It should have a more generous support with its advancing years."

In accordance with the terms of a concurrent resolution adopted by the legislature of 1921 a committee composed of former State Senator Elmer E. Woodbury of Woodstock, Admiral Joseph B. Murdock of Hill and Major John G. Winant of Concord is engaged in securing by patriotic contributions the necessary funds for placing in the New Hampshire capitol a worthy portrait in oils of Abraham Lincoln. An appeal will be made especially to the school children of the state during the second week of January and ten cents from each child would provide the sum thought necessary for the purpose. Contributions from other sources will be welcome, however.

The beautiful classic poem, "Ulysses," in this issue, is contributed by a member of the Boston Transcript's literary department whose reviews over the signature of "C. K. H." have been widely appreciated and quoted. Friendship for the magazine, manifested by sending us so brilliant a poem as Mrs. Hillman's, is, indeed, appreciated.

Mr. Charles Knowles Bolton, librarian of the Boston Athenaeum and a member of the Massachusetts Historical Society, is at work upon a third volume of his "Portraits of the Founders." He would like to hear of portraits of persons born abroad who came to the American colonies before the year 1701.

We shall begin in the February Granite Monthly the publication of "Homespun Yarns from the Red Barn Farm" partly fact and partly fiction, but in both respects giving as true a picture of rural New Hampshire 70 years ago as ever was printed, in our

opinion. The author, Mrs. Zillah George Dexter, of Franconia, draws upon the experiences of her own girlhood among the mountains for much of her manuscript and the results seem to us most interesting and enjoyable.

THE RESURRECTION OF THE SHIPS

By Reignold Kent Marvin

The tides of Rivermouth at God's behest
Sweep clean New Hampshire's seaport day by day
And like good servants let no refuse stay,
But broom it far to sea, now east, now west.
So deep the thresh of tides, there is no rest
For sunken skeletons of ships and men
That ever grind in restless graves and then
Moan low for quiet beds of bones more blest.
But when at last the sea gives up its dead,—
A risen fleet well manned by ghostly crew,
The Spanish galleon and East Indian bark,
A phantom argosy by Nereus led,—
Will set worn sails the voyage to renew
To sunset harbors gleaming through the dark.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Anthologies of Magazine Verse for 1920 and 1921. Edited by William Stanley Braithwaite. Boston: Small, Maynard and Co.

These two years, William Stanley Braithwaite has more than maintained his position as the nation's most brilliant critic of poetry. He has "discovered" many American poets that otherwise might have still been singing in obscurity, he knows the field of modern poetical endeavor as no other man on this side of the water, his appraisals and reviews are just, his opinions well founded, his annual collections of magazine verse quite unequalled among all modern anthologies. And in making these selections from the year's output of periodical verse, Mr. Braithwaite renders double service, on the one hand bringing the poets to the public, on the other bringing the public to the poets. His selections will curry favor with no particular group of stylists, will please no one cult. The are, in their way, well nigh universal. Conceivably, no one will enjoy every bit of verse in the anthology, but agree or disagree, it must be admitted that rarely have there been made selections so excellently impartial. To collect the best in magazine verse year by year can be no small task, yet for his part, Mr. Braithwaite is quite equal to it. His former anthologies are accurate mirrors of the poetic trend of those times, in fact the student of American poetical progress in the Twentieth Century can do no better than read them through. They will teach him much that the ordinary book cannot.

Even two such closely linked years as those of 1920 and 1921 offer interesting comparison. Some of the voices of last year are silent; others take their place. David Morton on the one hand and Edna St. Vincent Millay on the other, seem the two finest youthful lutanists of the day,

Hazel Hall continues her even way, Elinor Wylie springs from nowhere to add no small bit to the output of '21. Sara Teasdale, Katharine Lee Bates, John Gould Fletcher, Mrs. Richard Aldington, Robert Frost, John Hall Wheelock, Edgar Lee Masters, Amy Lowell, Scudder Middleton, Gamaliel Bradford, Edward O'Brien, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Clement Wood, Christopher Morley and Charles Wharton Stock appear and reappear through the two years. Amanda Benjamin Hall, Agnes Lee and Djuna Barnes, all promising figures of 1920, have nearly dropped from sight; to take their places come Miss Wylie, John V. A. Weaver, and Adul Tima, claiming first brilliance this year, perhaps to be forgotten the next.

Moreover, in the back of the Anthology lurk yet new poets of the future, not a few of them identified with the Granite Monthly prize contest, perhaps making their first public appearance therein. Many of them, it seems, will go far. Next year will undoubtedly see some few honored on Mr. Braithwaite's pages.

Of the output of 1920, Mrs. Aldington's "The Islands," Miss A. B. Hall's "Dancer," Mr. Morton's "Garden Wall," Louis Ginsberg's "April," Miss Millay's lyrics and Sara Teasdale's, Conrad Aiken's "Asphalt," Margaret Adelaide Wilson's "Babylon," Mr. Masters' "A Republic," Miss Lee's "Old Lizette," Mr. Untermyer's "Auction," and Miss Barnes "Dead Favorite," seemed the best. The pattern of 1921 is entirely different; of them all, Miss Millay, Miss Teasdale, Mr. Morton alone may match their excellences of the former year. The pick of the new collection seems Maxwell Anderson's "St Agnes' Morning," Katharine Lee Bates' "Brief Life," H. D.'s fragments of

Ancient Greece; Louise Ayres Garnett's dialect verse, Mr. Morton's two new sonnets, Adul Tima's "Wild Plum," Sara Teasdale's "The Dark Cup," Elinor Wylie's "Bronze Trumpets and Sea Water." Of especial interest to New Englanders are Miss Millay's lyrics, H. C. Gauss's "Salem,"

Robert Frost's four poems of New Hampshire, Winifred Virginia Jackson's stern picturings of Maine, E. A. Robinson's "Monadnock Through the Trees" and Harold Vinal's sonnet.

GORDON HILLMAN.

REAL ROYALTY

By Edward H. Richards

At times I think I'd like to be
A king or some celebrity;
A jeweled crown I'd like to wear
A bard I'd be or genius rare;
A knight, with purpose bold and high;
An aviator in the sky;
Such men as these appeal to me
And any one I'd like to be
Except myself, a common man,
Who has to work and save and plan.
But I have health and I have love;
The sun shines gladly up above;
My life is clean; I fear no foe,
I play my part as best I know,
I eat, I sleep, I smile, I sing;
By Jove, why am I not a King?

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HON. FRANK D. CURRIER

Frank Dunklee Currier was born at Canaan Street, October 30, 1853, the elder son and one of five children of Horace and Emma (Plastridge) Currier, and died November 25 at his home in Canaan. He had been an invalid since stricken with a shock of paralysis in Washington 10 years ago.

Mr. Currier attended as a boy the Canaan schools and later the Concord High school, Kimball Union academy at Meriden and Hixon academy at Lowell, Mass. Studying law with the late U. S. Senator Austin F. Pike at Franklin, he was admitted to the bar in 1874 and opened a law office in his native town.

In 1879 he represented Canaan in the legislature; was clerk of the state senate in 1883 and 1885; and being elected a member of that body for the session of 1887, was chosen its president. From 1890 he was for four years naval officer of the port of Boston. In 1899 he returned to the state house of representatives and was chosen its speaker.

In 1900 he received his first election to the National House from the Second New Hampshire District and there served for 12 years, making a brilliant record as a parliamentarian, committee chairman and party leader. His close friend, Speaker Joseph G. Cannon, frequently called upon him to preside over the house; he was a member of its all important committee on rules; and was chairman of the Republican caucus. As chairman of the standing committee on Patents he secured the passage in 1909 of a new copyright law which was characterized by President Roosevelt as the session's best piece of legislation and which has stood admirably the test of time. To his patience, watchfulness, good generalship and untiring labors was largely due the establishment of the White Mountain Forest Reserve.

Congressman Currier was an ardent and devoted Republican throughout the political career which occupied so great a part of his life. In addition to the offices previously mentioned, he was secretary of the Republican state committee from 1882 to 1890; and delegate to the national convention of 1884. He was for a brief period judge of the Canaan police court and for many year moderator of its town meeting, never failing to make the trip from Washington when necessary in order to discharge the duties of the position.

Mr. Currier received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Dartmouth College in 1901. He was a member of the

Masonic fraternity. In 1890 he married Adelaide K. Sargent of Grafton, whose death preceded his five years to a day. He is survived by two sisters, Mrs. Jennie Pratt of Concord and Miss Maud Currier.

By the terms of his will the town of Canaan receives \$25,000 for the construction of the Currier Memorial Library and \$3,000 for the encouragement of public speaking among the pupils of the schools.

REV. HENRY FARRAR.

Rev. Henry Farrar, born in Lancaster, November 20 1831, died upon his 90th birthday in Yarmouth, Me.. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1856 and after teaching for a few years entered the Bangor theological seminary from which he graduated in 1862. He served Congregational parishes in Maine and New Hampshire until 1887, when he retired.

DR. L. M. FARRINGTON.

Leander Morton Farrington, M. D., born in Conway, Jan. 8, 1872, the son of Jeremiah and Ellen (Morton) Farrington, died suddenly in his office at Manchester, December 10. He was educated at the Portsmouth High school and the Harvard Medical school, from which he graduated in 1893, the youngest man in his class. For a number of years he practiced in Boston and then located in Manchester, where he served on the medical advisory board during the recent war; was a member of the staff of Notre Dame hospital, of city, county and state medical societies, of the Masonic order and of the Calumet club and the Y. M. C. A. He is survived by his widow, two daughters, a brother and two sisters.

FRANK P. FISK.

Frank Parker Fisk, member of the legislature of 1919 from the town of Milford, died there suddenly Dec. 2. He was born in Dublin, May 31, 1858, son of Levi and Sarah (White) Fisk, and as a young man was a school teacher. He was prominent in the Grange, having been master of both Cheshire and Hillsborough Pomonas, and in the I. O. O. F., where he was a past district deputy. He was a Republican in politics and a trustee of the Unitarian church. He is survived by his wife, who was Hannah Spofford of Peterborough, and by one son, Charles.



Union Church, early called the "English Church," at Claremont, New Hampshire

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The Oldest Church in New Hampshire and a Masque Portraying Its Early History.

By George B. Upham

The first parish of the Church of England in western New Hampshire was organized in Claremont in 1771. Its church is the oldest still standing in the state. It was built in 1773, on "the Plain," within the shadow of Twistback, a little south of Sugar River, and a little more than a mile from the Connecticut. The plans were sent from Portsmouth by that gracious Royal Governor, John Wentworth. It is designated on early maps as the "English Church."

More than a century ago water power on Sugar River, two miles to the eastward, gradually attracted the settlers away from this vicinity. Few of the old houses and none of the workshops that formerly clustered around the church now remain. ⁽¹⁾ Today it stands almost alone, near its old burying ground under the pines. Services are, however, held here every Sunday, except in the severest months of winter.

Many recollections of the writer's childhood center around this church, especially of the going there on Christmas Eve; the swift-moving sleighs; the crunch of the snow under the horses' hoofs; the jingling sleigh-bells; the snow-laden pines. The church comes into view, its many paned windows brilliant with points

of light from row upon row of long, home-made tallow candles.

Within the church a small forest of young pines and hemlocks line the walls and mark the old square pews. Long festoons of evergreen cross and recross overhead. The candles shining through the green, and on the wonderful Christmas tree are seemingly increased a hundredfold. This fairyland, with the peals of the little wooden-piped organ—it was hand-made within a stone's throw of the church door—⁽²⁾ the Christmas carols, and the beautiful service of the Church of England all contribute to a child's impressions still unfaded; impressions more dear and lasting than any of later years, even those of really wonderful Christmas services in great cathedrals many centuries old.

An affection inspired by such memories led to the writing of a Masque, portraying something of the early history of this old church, so unique a monument among the hills. The characters are as follows:

Ranna Cossit, first pastor of the parish, born in Granby, Connecticut, December 29, 1744. He was educated for his profession at the cost of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, ⁽³⁾ and ordained in London in December 1772.

(1) The last of these was a wheelwright's shop which stood on the west side of the road and north of the burying ground. It was last used in the early sixties.

(2) An advertisement appearing in the *Claremont Spectator* of September 19, 1823, reads as follows: "Organs, The Subscriber would inform the publick that he has engaged in Manufacturing Organs, a few rods north of Union Church in Claremont, where Church and Chamber Organs will be furnished on as good terms as can be obtained elsewhere, and as short notice as the complication of the work will admit. Will soon be completed an Organ well cased with *Real Gilt Pipes in Front* adapted to the use of a *Church or Meeting-house*. Stephen Rice."

The "Subscriber" was the son of Ebenezer Rice, Master Carpenter of the Church, and builder of the interesting pre-Revolutionary house for many years the home of the Rice Family, and later that of the Bancrofts. It was probably in one of their buildings, now used as a barn, that the organs were made. No power was available, so the work must have been done wholly by hand.

(3) This Society was founded in 1701. Under the great seal of England it was created a corporation with this name. There were then probably not twenty clergymen of the Church of England in foreign parts. Its work, educational and ecclesiastical, in "spiritually waste places" of the earth has been extensive almost beyond belief, and still continues.

He came to Claremont in the Spring of 1773 ⁽⁴⁾ and remained until 1786. His house, which within the writer's recollection remained standing, was spacious and interesting; its second story overhung the walls below. Traces of the cellar, and old apple-trees of the garden, or what were sprouts from the original stock, may still be seen south of the road leading to the Upham homestead on Town Hill. The brook, a little to the west, at the foot of the terrace, is still called Cossit Brook.

Ranna Cossit was a strong character, a persistent Tory. He made no effort to conceal convictions, on the contrary seized every opportunity to make them known. At his examination by the Committee of Safety he asserted that the colonies were "altogether in the wrong;" that "the King and Parliament have a right to make laws and lay taxes as they please on America;" and that "the British troops will overcome (the rebellion) by the greatness of their power and the justice of their cause." In public services throughout the war he read the prayer for the safety of the King and Royal Family, also that for the welfare of "the High Court of Parliament." ⁽⁵⁾ Notwithstanding all this, and the fact that Cossit's preaching and influence had held several prominent parishioners loyal to the Crown, the Committee of

Safety restricted his movements merely to the Town boundaries—unless he should be called beyond them "to officiate in his ministerial office." ⁽⁶⁾

We learn from his letter dated New York, January 6, 1779, that he was provided with "a flag," and under its protection visited loyalist friends in New York while that city was still in the possession of British troops.

It appears, on the whole, that, officially at least, he was treated with consideration, and that his "confinement," "trials" and "persecutions" have been grossly exaggerated. ⁽⁷⁾

In 1786, at the instance and cost of the Society, he removed to Sydney, Cape Breton Island, to become rector to St. George's church, also "Missionary to the Island." In 1788 he returned to Claremont to bring his family to this new abode.

Deprived by the Revolution of assistance from his patron Society—which by charter was restricted to using its funds in British Dominions—and with a large family to support, it is doubtful whether Cossit could have remained in Claremont had he desired to do so. He died at Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, in 1815. A few of his letters have been preserved in the archives of the Society in London. Some of their language is used in the Masque.

Asa Jones was a young farmer, patriot and member of the church.

(4) Cossit was appointed by the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel a missionary to Haverhill, New Hampshire, on March 19, 1773, and to Claremont at about the same time, for he arrived there some weeks, or months, before July 5, 1773. Until 1775 he "officiated at Claremont half this time, and half at Haverhill." See *Journal of the Society*, Vol. 19, pp. 399, 472. Vol. 20, p. 123.

(5) See a statement to this effect in Cossit's letter to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, dated New York, January 6, 1779, but in a letter dated January 10, 1781, as condensed in the Society's *Journal*, Cossit reported "That he is sorry to acquaint the Society that, upon some occasions, when his church has been frequented by people from the Dissenting parishes in the neighborhood, who have been very inimical and have threatened his life, he has been necessitated to omit the prayers for the King in the Liturgy; but when his own Parishioners only are present, he uses the whole Liturgy. He hopes the Society will not be displeased with this prudent step, by means of which alone he apprehends the Church of England has any existence in New England." *Journal of the Society*, Vol. 22, p. 269.

(6) On December 26, 1774, Cossit wrote to the Society describing "the doings of the Liberty Men at Haverhill—he managed to escape from them to Claremont, where he has been ever since, 'with forty armed men'." *Journal of the Society*, Vol. 20, pp. 349-351. In his letter dated New York, January 6, 1779, Cossit wrote, "I have been by the Committee confined as a Prisoner in the Town of Claremont ever since the 12th of April, 1775"; a day just one week before the fight at Concord and Lexington, S.P.G. M.S.S. B. 3, No. 352.

(7) Notably in the letter of Col. John Peters to his brother, the Rev. Samuel Peters, in London, dated Quebec, July 20, 1778. See Waite's *History of Claremont*, pp. 97, 98.

As one of the Committee of Safety for the Town, he took part in the examination of Ranna Cossit and of other alleged Tories. As Lieutenant in Captain Oliver Ashley's company he marched to Ticonderoga in May, 1777. Most of the men in this company—their names not given—fought at Saratoga in September of that year. ⁽⁸⁾ Jones' farm was then on Town Hill, the place known from 1784 to 1815 as the "Ralston Tavern," and later as the "Way Place."

Benjamin Tyler walked from Farmington, Connecticut, to Claremont in 1767. The next year he built a sawmill on Sugar River just east of the northerly end of the present West Claremont highway bridge; here the boards for the church were sawed. Tyler also built a forge and slitting-mill ⁽⁹⁾ at a small water power a few rods above the site of the present "High Bridge." These supplied the iron and nails used in building the church. The iron was reduced from bog deposits found in "Charlestown, Number Four." The frame of the forge building was moved to the Upham homestead, nearly a century ago, and used for a barn. This has ever since been called "the forge barn."

Between 1770 and the end of the century Tyler built saw and grist mills for many miles around; he shaped mill stones from biotite-granite which he quarried on the southeastern slopes of Ascutney, sending them to nearly all parts of New England, New York and Canada. He invented and patented improvements in water-wheels, also a process for dressing flax. He called himself a millwright. He was, in fact, a highly competent, self-educated, mechanical engineer.

Tousa. Tradition is to the effect that the sole Indian living in Claremont when the settlers arrived, came to the raising of the church, and objected to the erection of so large a building on his hunting grounds. Its size certainly presaged the coming of many more white men. ⁽¹⁰⁾ Tousa, so named by the settlers, finished with the threat that he would kill any white man who came near his wigwam on the north side of Sugar River. This challenge was accepted by one **Timothy Atkins**, hunter and trapper of local fame. Tousa was seen no more. A skeleton, pronounced to be that of an Indian, was dug up near the supposed site of his wigwam three quarters of a century later.

Dr. Meiggs. Abner Meiggs was the first of the medical profession to come to Claremont. This was in 1773 or earlier. He was a member of this church, and practiced his profession in Claremont for more than twenty years.

Goody Cole is an imaginary character, but might have been the sister, cousin or aunt of Samuel Cole, the first schoolmaster in the town.

The Hermit of the Mountain is, manifestly, an imaginary character, created to supplement the scant dramatic material to be found in the early years of a sparsely settled, frontier town.

* * * *

In 1794 the church was incorporated with the name "Union Church." At that time it had been proposed to form a union with the Congregationalists, the pastor of that church receiving Episcopal ordination. This proposal came to nought, but the name remained. The service has always been, as it began, that of the Church of England, after the Revolution call-

(8) See Waite's History of Claremont, p. 236.

(9) A mill in which iron was hammered or rolled into plates and then slit into rods. These were cut into desired lengths, headed and pointed, by hand labor, to make nails. This was commonly winter's evening work for the settlers.

(10) James Truslow Adams in his excellent recent work, "The Founding of New England," page 39, estimates that one Indian required to sustain his life approximately as many square miles as the English settler, with his domestic animals, needed acres.

ed the Protestant Episcopal Church. Some difficulty was encountered in spelling the new name. On the records of a Meeting of the Town Proprietors held in May, 1784, it is described as "The Apescopol Church, Commonly called the Church of England."

Precursors of the Revolution

A Historical Masque

Performed at the Hundred and Fiftieth Anniversary of the Parish at Claremont, New Hampshire, July 27, 1921.

THE PEOPLE

Ranna Cossit, pastor of the parish,
William Augustus Whitney
Asa Jones, a young patriot
William Edwards Kinney
Benjamin Tyler, a millwright
Hiram Patterson
Tousa, an Indian, Seth Newton Gage
Timothy Atkins, a hunter and trapper,
Elmer Kenyon
Abner Meiggs, a physician
Leonard Jarvis
Goody Cole, given to interruption....
Mabel Alvord Freeman
A Hermit of the Mountain
George Baxter Upham
Children of the Valley
George Upham Sargent and Francis
Porter Sargent
Parishioners

THE PLACE

On the Green in front of the Church.

THE TIME

Summer of 1774.

The people come out of the church and stand talking on the Green. They are soon followed by their pastor in his surplice, who, standing on the platform at the church door, addresses his parishioners in a somewhat pompous manner.

Ranna Cossit: Members of the Church of England in the Parish of Claremont and Royal Province of

New Hampshire. I would have a word with you pertaining not to things spiritual, but to affairs of state.

Your pastor has been pained to learn that some of his parishioners have, of late, spoken disrespectfully of our Blessed Sovereign, King George the Third, and have raised objections to certain laws which the Great Parliament in London has, in



William Augustus Whitney, as Ranna Cossit, first pastor of the parish.

its wisdom, seen fit to promulgate for the regulation and welfare of these colonies.

This I conceive to be the result of ignorance, not of malice, for it is inconceivable that any of you could bear malice toward your King, or, in seriousness, attempt to criticise the Acts of Parliament, or the British Constitution, which is the Wisdom of

God, and the Glory of the whole Earth.

I feel it to be my duty to God, and to you, to warn you against using language disrespectful to his Majesty, or cavilling at the wise enactments of Parliament; for whosoever so offend will be called to account and made to suffer; unless, forsooth, they separate themselves from their misdemaneors, and henceforth speak lovingly, yea, reverentially of their Sovereign, and strictly obey every letter of the laws provided for the regulation of their conduct and affairs.

Asa Jones: Ranna Cossit—

Cossit: It would be more respectful, Asa Jones, were you to address your pastor as Reverend Sir.

Jones: I yield to no man in respect for the clergy when it speaks of matters spiritual or of affairs of the church, but when one of that profession attempts to meddle with affairs of state he is to me as any other citizen of the colony.

I am a plain farmer, but a member of the Church of England which I love and revere. That being as I have said, is it any reason why I should love and respect a King who has done us grievous harm, or a Parliament which has done us grievous wrong? Never would the Stamp Act have been repealed had we failed to make it clear that it could never be enforced. Other laws made by Parliament will be resisted. For, Taxation without representation is Tyranny—

Goody Cole: (interrupting) What do you know about Taxation, Asa Jones? Much as you know 'bout the stars, which is nothing. But I know *now* why you made your scarecrow look, 's much as you could, like Parson Cossit—you don't like him. Well, I must say, I'm sometimes skeered of him myself when he tells us what's likely to be coming to us hereafter.

Cossit: Be silent, Goody Cole. You should not interrupt your betters.

Goody Cole: He ain't no better'n I be.

Benjamin Tyler: Now to my way of thinking, Taxation ain't the worst of it—

Cossit: And *you*, Benjamin Tyler, Iron Master, you *too*, disloyal to the Crown? I mistrust you have disobeyed the law, for, as you know, Parliament has provided that no iron is to be made, forged or manufactured in the colonies, but all is to be brought from England.

Tyler: I'm no Iron Master; I'm just a plain millwright, who has to make his own iron or go without. I'm loyal to the King and always have been, but, in truth, I can't be loyal to his fool Parliament.

You say I've disobeyed the law. That's right, I have, but if I hadn't whence would have come the mill-cranks and saws to saw the boards for this church building? If it weren't for my slitting-mill whence would have come the nails to fasten those boards to the frame?

Your wise Parliament may know much about some things, but it seems not to know that we, here in America, have few roads, except'n horse tracks, and that we can't pack a mill crank or a barrel of nails like a lady on a pillion.

Those gentlemen of England don't *know* how we have to toil in the bogs to get the mud for our iron ore, or how it often takes more'n a bushel of burnt mud to make the iron for three or four nails.

There's lots of things those gentlemen in Parliament don't know; and for all his Harvard College education and travels over seas, there's lots of things our Governor, John Wentworth, don't know—

Goody Cole: (interrupting) I jes' won't stan' here and listen to no slurs on our good Governor, John Wentworth. I saw him when I was down to Portsmouth, and he's jes' the hand-somest man I ever saw—not except'n

you, Ben Tyler. An' I heer'd him a speakin to the peepul an' he had jes' the nicest voice you ever heer'd—and he says, "Good day" to me—to *me*, *Goody Cole*, which is more'n some folks roun' here say, that's civil, in a whole year. An' I saw the ships

they're ignorant, just *ignorant* and don't know how we, over here, have to struggle for everything we get. Why, if I'd obeyed the law, you wouldn't have had even a pair of hinges to hang your church door.

Goody Cole: Oh, I say, Ben Tyler,



Seth Newton Gage, as Touse.

down there to Portsmouth, ships that had sailed all the way from England, which is more'n some of these clodhoppers standin' roun' here have *ever* seen.

Tyler: If you've finished, Goody Cole, I will say a few words more, which is, that I don't blame the King; I don't much blame Parliament, for

what do *you* know about hinges? Those big ones you hammered out for my cabin door creak like an ox-cart.

Tyler: They wouldn't if they were half as well greased as your tongue.

Cossit: Oh, my parishioners! Little do you know what a bitter draught to your pastor are the words

he has heard spoken here today, but you *ought* to know, for you are aware that I have lived long in England; that I was educated and took holy orders there, in beautiful, glorious England, the garden of all the earth. You know that my education was at the cost of the great Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, which Society has been so greatly aided by grants from the Parliament you so glibly decry; you are aware that this very parish was organized, and that its pastor is in large part paid by the munificence of this great Society.

Oh, such ingratitude! It's sharper than the serpent's tooth. And then—(Cossit is here interrupted by the approach in front of Tousa, an Indian, emitting grunts and guttural sounds.)

Cossit: Good day to you, Tousa. We hope you have good luck hunting and fishing 'these beautiful summer days. (Tousa emits more grunts and guttural sounds) What would you say to us, Tousa?

Tousa: Umph—Ugh—Heap big wigwam, white man make—Ugh—Umph—Manitou wigwam—Umph—Great Spirit no like big wigwam. Tousa no like—Deer no like—Umph—Ugh—*Here* Tousa's hunting-ground—Ugh. White man scare deer, kill beaver. Tyler make big mill, make big noise at fish place.

White man have much land 'cross big water—Umph—white man go 'way—much far off—leave Tousa 'lone—all 'lone. Tousa like more be 'lone—Umph—Ugh. Tousa say, white man no come 'cross little sweet-water river. Tousa say, white man come, Tousa kill.

Timothy Atkins: (interrupting) Don't you, Parson Cossit, be wastin' none o' your time listenin' to such as him. Leave him to me. *I'll* take care of *him*, an' any more like him that come loafin' roun' these parts.

Goody Cole: I suspic' Tousa's

one of the foxes that steals my chickens—

Cossit: Timothy Atkins, this Indian is entitled to the full protection of the law. I warn you against any violence not compelled in self defence.

(Meanwhile Tousa, scowling at Timothy Atkins and Goody Cole, slowly withdraws, disappearing behind the pines.

An old man with long, gray hair and beard, a child on one shoulder, leading another by the hand, is seen approaching from the background.)

Cossit: (addressing his parishioners) A stranger approaches—(turning to the stranger) What is your name, good stranger?

Stranger: I have no name.

Cossit: Whence do you come, good stranger?

Stranger: From yonder mountain the Indians call Ascutney.

Cossit: And what do you there?

Stranger: I study omens—I study the thunder and the lightning, the rains and mists. I study beasts and fowl and growing things. I play with little children of the valley when the sun is getting low.

Cossit: What more do you, good stranger?

Stranger: I ponder upon the past and look *far* into the future.

Cossit: (aside to his parishioners) This poor man must be demented, but let us learn what weird fancies fill his distraught brain, (turning to the stranger.) The past we know; what, good sir, can you tell us of the future?

Stranger: (shades his eyes with uplifted hand, gazes into the distance, and says, very slowly at first) I see great wars—I see great ships come filled with fighting men—I see great battles—I see this land made free, free to make its own laws, good or bad, for which the people will have only themselves to praise or blame.

I see these people spreading from

the great ocean on the east to the greater ocean on the west—I see growth—growth—growth.

I see dissension, rebellion and civil strife. The people of the North in

combat with the people of the South. I see the wound healed; and many millions of people united into the greatest nation on his fair earth.

I see times when men who work



The Author, as the Hermit of the Mountain,
with his two grandsons as Children of the Valley.

and save and use their brains will prosper as men had never done before,—knowing comforts that even kings now know not of.

Times when men will master the very elements, make fire and water do the work now done by toil that draws the sweat from their brows. They will harness the lightning to light great cities, unloosing it at will. They will talk long distances with those who are many miles away, and send messages across broad oceans with lightning speed.

Goody Cole: He's madder than a March hare.

Atkins: He's crazier than any loon.

Stranger: In the far distance I see a tragedy greater than any this world had ever seen before. A great war growing out of lust for power, into which all the nations of the earth are drawn. A war in which millions of men, women and children will perish. A war fought on land and sea, under the sea, and in the air; for men will then build great machines to fly higher and swifter than the swiftest bird can fly.

Goody Cole: Dr. Meiggs, Dr. Meiggs! Bleed him—bleed him. Do something to relieve the pressure on his poor brain.

(Dr. Meiggs hastily gets his instruments, rusty saws and knives out of a clumsy box and approaches the stranger, who, with folded arms, looks calmly on.)

Stranger: Nay, good doctor—stay

your hand. In time of which I tell men of your profession will do all to save every drop of good red blood and naught to spill it.

(Dr. Meiggs withdraws, the stranger continues.)

Beyond all this I see a time when the British Empire and the Great Republic of the West will join in might invincible to make peace, justice and good-will prevail throughout the world.

Of that which I foresee no man shapes the end, but a Power greater than any of us can understand. Great laws of growth and change will work as they have ever worked since time began.

Man's intellect can no more comprehend than can the meadow mouse that scampers at his approach.

Fare thee well, Reverend Sir—

Fare thee well, Good People—I return to the mountain whence I came. (withdraws)

Jones: Of the far future, of which the stranger tells, I know not; but this I know: That soon, as he predicts, this country will be free—*our own*. Not by merely wishing for it, but by *fighting* for it.

It will be long, hard, bloody work, but I, for one, stand ready.

(A stir among the people)

Voices: And I, and I, and I.

Cossit: (covers his eyes with his hand, then raises his arms to heaven, saying) From battle and murder, and from sudden death, Good Lord, deliver us.

THE PILGRIM WOMAN

By Mary Richardson

On a bleak, rocky hillside of New England,
I stood, beneath gray clouds, and listened, lonely,
To the deep silence. The wind's mournful sighing,
A distant whippoorwill's sad call, these only
Broke the vast stillness, like a faint voice calling
From the dim past, upon my spirit falling.

I raised my eyes and saw a woman standing,
The Mother of our present, strong and fair
Gazing before her with undaunted courage,
She turned away from the dear past, and there
She faced the future, dim and terrifying;
The toilsome living and the lonely dying.

But with the eyes of faith she saw the future;—
A race of freemen rising from this soil!
She turned and spoke to him who stood beside her:
"Go, fell the trees, and count it blessed toil;
Give me four walls, a hearthstone and a door,
And I will make a home in this new shore."

Surely I saw her, when the house was built,
Lift up her eyes and call on God to bless
Her new made home, and all that it should shelter;
And then she gathered, in the wilderness,
Fagots, and, kneeling, to give God the praise,
She lit the fire that warms us with its rays.

The twilight deepened and the vision faded;
Out of the dusk glimmered the evening star;
But in my heart I heard the Pilgrim Woman
Speak softly, in a voice faint and far;
"Daughter, this fire I gave so much to light
Must never fail, for you must keep it bright!"

HOME SPUN YARNS FROM THE RED BARN FARM

By Zilla George Dexter.

I

AN ALL DAY VISIT.

"Watch the risin', Liddy. I wouldn't have that bread sourin' on my hands t'day for all the world, seein' the minister and his new wife is comin' to help eat it. I like dreadful well to show the Elder that Mandy Bowles can cook, if she can't talk in prayer-meetin' like some folks."

It was Mother's anxious voice penetrating to the big, sunny kitchen from the cool depths of the summer dairy.

"Don't worry no more about the bread, Mother, it's all in the tins and set to risin' ag'in; about as harnsum a batch as you ever see." Liddy appeared at the open door. Softly closing it behind her, she came down the worn steps and stood with her mother upon the cool flag-stones that paved the milk-room floor.

"What under the sun's the marter now? What's come over ye to make ye look and act so worritid, child?" gasped the house-wife, startled by her daughter's unusual air of mystery.

"I wanted to ask you somethin' I didn't want sister Ploomy to be hearin'," whispered Liddy.

"Well," in a tone of relief, "you no need to sca't me so. But fust, let me git this cream inter the churn so'st I can be churnin' whil'st you'r talkin'; it's took so everlastin' long this mornin' to git that cheese out o' press and set up another curd."

"O Mother, don't touch that now for I want you to be listenin' to me." Liddy had laid a restraining hand on her mother's arm, already outstretched to lift the jar of cream from off its shelf.

The woman turned with a rebuke upon her lips but meeting the eyes of

her daughter, always somber, now both determined and appealing, she snapped tartly, "Well, why don't ye talk then, I'm listenin' ain't I? Be spry though, for the square-room ain't dustid yit."

"I've rolled up the curt'ins in the square-room and h'isted all the winders and shook all the rugs and laid 'em, and now I thought perhaps," the girl's voice faltered slightly, "I thought perhaps, maybe you'd let Ploomy do the rest of the dustin'. I've did all the heft of it and jest left them pretty things on the mantletree and round; such things as she used to love to take care on. 'Twill do her sights o' good and can't noways hurt her. It's goin' to be such a day o' happenin's, too. You know Ploomy hain't never seen the minister's wife, yit."

The mother's face paled and her voice shook as she answered the eager petitioner. "I'll finish the dustin' and do all the rest what's got to be done, and sha'n't call on my sick and dyin' daughter to help me nuther. And you, Liddy Bowles, layin' your impudent hands on your mother and tellin' her what not to do, you stiver right up charmbber and stay there. I don't need ye. I'm shamed on ye'."

With a face even whiter than her mother's, the girl started to obey, but stopped and steadily confronted that already relenting parent. "I'm goin' to mind you Mother," she said, "same as I've always did and I'm sorry if I sassed ye. But it's sufferin' cruel to talk as tho'f I ain't bein' lovin' to my sister Ploomy. Nobuddy could love her more than me, ever sence you put her in my arms, a warm, cud'lin' little thing. And that's how I dar'st to hinder you today.

I've got somethin' to say and I'm goin' to say it before I go. I seem to have to."

Her mother making no remonstrance, Liddy continued, "I'm certain, Marm, that our Ploomy don't need to fade away and die as she is doin, seein' she hain't got none of them symtums, Prissy Emmons died of. Our Ploomy begun to fail right arfter you sent Alic Stinson off, no-buddy knows where."

"Liddy Bowles, you'r going' too fur now," her mother interrupted sharply.

"I didn't exactly want to speak his name," stammered the girl, "but it was then that Ploomy used to wake me up, cryin' in the night. Sometimes she'd say it was about Prissy's layin' all alone up there in the old grave-yard, and tell me she was growin' cold just like her. Then I'd cuddle her up to me, her the hull time shakin' like a popple leaf. Now you are givin' 'er lotions and 'arb-drinks' she is more quieter but she don't git no better. It seems as tho'f we was lettin' her go on dyin' of somethin' she hain't got. Stop it, Marm, do. You can do most anythin' you set out to," dry sobs choked the pleading voice.

"Be ye through talkin', Liddy?" asked her mother, "cause if you be, I want to say somethin'. I'm sorry I was so hash to ye. I ought not to ben. I'm mindid, myself, how'st I felt jest so about your aunt Ploomy, she that our Ploomy was named arfter, when she was took the same way, she died."

"Liddy, Liddy Bowles, where be you? Where's Mother?" Janey's bird-like voice (a blessed interruption) rang through kitchen and pantry. The child swung wide the milk-room door and stood perilously swinging a basket heaped with fresh-laid eggs. "See," she shouted, "I found two new nests, and where old Spot hid her kittens. Now I'm going blackber'in' with the Bean children,

over round Birch Knoll; I may, mayn't I, Mother? You said I might, some day. And, Liddy, put a lot of bread and butter in my pail; I am hungry now."

"Liddy, do go 'long and take care of them aigs 'fore that young-one smashes 'em." Mrs. Bowles' voice had regained its usual brisk and pleasant tone. "I'm thinkin, Janey, you'll find slim pickin', it's ben so dreadful droughty all summer; but I should love to s'prise the Elder with one of my blackb'ry short-cakes for supper. Git the child a pail, Liddy, and put 'nough o' your good cookies in it for the Bean children, too. They'll like 'em; their own mother was a marster good cook." With squeals of delight Janey fled the kitchen, leaving sunshine behind her.

When at last the hour approached for the expected guests to arrive, there was nothing left to betray the morning's unusual activities save the spicy aroma of plum-cake and caraway cookies that still pervaded the pantry. Even the shining kitchen stove looked cool and innocent of unduly heated transactions.

No less guiltless of bustling anxiety looked good Mrs. Bowles and her daughter Liddy, when, dressed in their seven-breadth gingham and snowy aprons, they met their visitors under a canopy of woodbine that riot-ed lawlessly over the front door of the farm-house. Mrs. Bowles' greeting was noisy and voluble; no other would she have deemed sufficiently cordial.

"Good mornin', good mornin', Brother'n Sister Norris. We are dreadful glad to see ye. Looked for ye more'n an hour ago. That's right, Elder, take your little wife right out the waggin and we'll see to her whilst you put up your hoss. She's a harnsom critter ain't she? Your hoss I mean. But you'll have to unhitch, yourself, Elder, for the men-folks is all down in the field reapin'

or pretendin' to. This terrible drouth has about sp'iled the harvist. But the Lord'll take care on us, as Siah says." Here the good woman indulged in an audible sigh of which the minister took speedy advantage.

"Good morning, Sister Bowles, and Liddy, too," he said in a pleasant and rather boyish voice, extending a hand to each in turn. "I'm glad to leave Mrs. Norris in excellent hands while I care for my horse and with your permission, Mrs. Bowles, look for those busy men in the field."

After lifting his wife from the carriage to the door-stone, he turned to lead his impatient horse to the shelter of the hospitable old Red Barn; not, however, before catching a humorous gleam of protest from a pair of very blue eyes, together with a last word from Mandy, "Be sure you don't hinder them men-folks, Elder, if you should chance to find 'em workin'."

With a chuckle the hostess turned to her remaining guest. After a feeble hand-shake Liddy had vanished, leaving Mrs. Norris to be volubly ushered by Mrs. Bowles, into the square-room, there to be breezily stripped of bonnet and shawl, thrust into a white-cushioned rocking-chair, a big fan of turkey-feathers pressed into her hand, all in a twinkling.

"Now you set right there by that north winder and cool off," commanded Mrs. Bowles, not unpleasantly, "Your pretty face is most as pink as our Ploomy's hollyhocks. Per'aps she'll feel like comin' in to set with ye, whilst I and Liddy's gittin' the dinner on. With company and two extry hired men in the field t'day I can't spare a minute to set. 'Twould gin me conniption fits, to have my dinner laggin'. Mandy Bowles' dinner horn blows reg'lar the year round; folks sets their clocks by it, so they say."

The minister's wife might as well have been dumb, for as yet she had not been able to complete a full sen-

tence. Now she looked up, surprised at the sudden silence, and started by the changed expression on the face before her. Its features were working convulsively to repress emotion that threatened tears.

"Don't be sca't, Miss Norris, 'taint nuthin'," the unsteady lips replied to her frightened exclamation. "I stood lookin' at ye and it 'minded me that only last spring our Ploomy had as red cheeks and dancin' eyes as you've got t'day, every bit; if anything, Ploomy's eyes was the harnsumist; the reg'lar Bowles eye, grey with the blue in 'em. Ploomy was the light of the house,—the light of my life, but she's goin' out. Don't open yer lips! Don't pity me! for I jest couldn't stan' it." The woman had lifted a bony hand as in protest. "'Twould break me all up if ye talked to me; and I've got to be the head for the hull of 'em. Land sakes alive! What am I thinkin' on? Liddy out there all alone, tewin' over the dinner."

Mandy was herself again, and, Mrs. Morris, watched her through the narrow hall, where the kitchen door closed on her.

"Dear me, what a strange person," thought the young wife, "I never offered a word. My eyes were filled with tears, but not one pious thing had I to say; not even a bit of comforting Scripture. O Sally Morris," she whispered, "what a fraud for a minister's wife! Mother dear, you were not far wrong when you warned Charley that I was no more fitted for the position than a blind kitten. You might have spared the adjective, though; and Charley seems to dote on kittens. But what a dear, sweet room this is with 'Ploomy's hollyhocks' peeping in! It makes me think of home."

The green paper curtains were rolled high, the windows opened wide. Outside, swayed by a gentle wind, slender spires of hollyhocks seemed to be peering within, their fair blos-

soms pink with amazement at their own audacity. Between these flower bedecked windows stood a narrow, fall-leaf table, covered with a snowy cloth of home-made linen, deeply fringed with netting and tassels. Here reposed the big Bible sacred to family records, flanked by an orderly array of daguerreotypes, a Gift Book and a Daily Food. Opposite the windows, on the far side of the room was the never absent "square-room" bed, high-piled with the downiest of "live-geese" feathers and covered with marvels of loom and needle work. This slender-posted, high-canopied bed, the heavy bureau of many drawers, together with the gem of a small table now attracting the admiring gaze of Mrs. Norris, were deservedly the pride of the mistress of Red Barn Farm. She never wearied of repeating this formula, "My greatmother was a Marsh; one of them Marshes, they say, that was distant kin of old Gov'nor Marsh of Vermont. This 'ere bedstid and the hull set was her'n, and it fell on me. The old Gov'nor was a smart man in his day."

There was scarce opportunity to wincè at the atrocious plaster o' paris "ornamints" ranged on the mantle, or to shake a wrathful, small fist toward the wall where hung the ubiquitous memorial picture, (a very weeping willow, and a very drooping lady with classical features cheerfully resigned); certainly there was no time to examine the finely braided and "drawn-in" rugs that so plentifully covered the stainless floor, before the kitchen door softly opened and closed.

Ploomy stood within the small entry, swaying and slender, like a young birch of the forest. Her cheeks were flushed with expectancy and her really beautiful eyes appealed for companionship. At least so interpreted the girl-wife, prompted by hidden pangs of homesickness. Without ceremony

she met the frail, hesitating young thing with a loving embrace and drew her gently to the one rocking-chair by the cool north window, saying with a tuneful chuckle,

"With those wonderful eyes, you must be Ploomy, and I am Sally Norris. Now that we are quite properly introduced I will bring my chair and sit close by you if I may. I have a sister about your age and those lovely hollyhocks at the windows reminded me of her and home. Did you plant them? Your mother called them yours."

"Yes, they and the grass pinks were mine but sister Liddy has took the hull care of 'em this summer. It's ben a sight of work for there haint ben a drop of rain, scurcely."

Ploomy's voice was disappointing, hopeless, lifeless, save its bit of whining drawl. Mrs. Norris in her frankly convincing way disarmed the girl's shyness and incited her interest. With even a faint show of eagerness, she was soon asking and answering questions.

After a silence consumed by Sally in looking at family daguerreotypes Ploomy said softly, "Your sister is nineteen years old and past, if she is my age, and she has never had no trouble nor any sorrow has she?"

Not waiting for an answer to so dazing a question, she went on, "There hain't nobuddy told you how much I thought of Prissy. I loved her more'n I did my sister Liddy. We was nigher of age and said our a, b, abs, and worked our samplers together and always set with one 'nuther to school."

"Who is Prissy? asked Mrs. Norris.

"Prissy Emmons. She was the harnsomist girl in these parts, folks all said, and I know she was the sweetiest."

"Has she gone far away?" still questioned Mrs. Norris.

"Prissy died, and they've buried

her, up in the old grave-yard under the shadder of the mountain; when she was always so tender and timid like. I wish grave-yards was nigher home." Ploomy's voice had again trailed off into hopeless depths, her face pallid, her eyes dilated with vague terror.

Mrs. Norris, bending forward, laid her own warm, pulsing hand upon Ploomy's fokled cold and still on the girl's lap. "Now my little friend," she said brightly, "we are not to talk of sad things today. My own heart is heavy too, with homesickness. Your big, solemn, old mountains glooming over us, are behaving horribly, covered with haze or smoke; the air is fairly stifling in the valley. It did seem so good to come up here on the hills where one can breathe." Here Ploomy, in turn, lifted her hand and laid it in shy sympathy upon Sally's.

Acute illness or distress never failed to claim Mrs. Norris' quick pity, while she had small patience with seemingly minor ills. She had much to learn. Here is a confession made later to her husband.

"Ploomy captured me with her lovely eyes and her exquisite figure, and something more that I cannot express; like the cling and curl of baby fingers around one of your own. You can't let go and baby won't. At the same time I fairly ached, at first, to treat her as I used to treat my dolls when they got limp and flabby, chuck in the saw-dust."

Indeed, Ploomy was not easily repulsed. With a new-found friend she was like a brook bursting icy barriers under melting sunbeams. With new color and livelier tone she stammered, "Now certain, Miss Norris, certain, I didn't set out for to make you feel bad, I didn't. But, Oh, I do want somebuddy to talk to and somebuddy to talk with me! Liddy can't think of things to say much, and Mother says talk is weakenin'. Ther's nothin' to do but be

thinkin'. Nothin' like it was before."

The minister's wife might now have been grateful for an excellent memory and easy conscience that permitted her to repeat choice thoughts and passages to the eagerly listening girl, nearly all filched from Mr. Norris' latest sermons. "Anything," she thought, "if I may only keep her mind away from the grave-yard until 'Mandy Bowles' dinner horn' blows. Of course the child can not appreciate all these fine thoughts, but she does listen, and that is better than half of Charley's audience does, poor boy."

But at last in a voice more tuneful and vibrant than had seemed possible for Ploomy, she interrupted with, "I thank you, Mis' Norris, for all them wonderful words you've ben speakin' to me. I've read em in my Bible, some of 'em, but I never thought they were writ to be lived by every day, easy and comfortable. Father has come the nighest, but it has took a sight of goin' to prayer-meetin'. Two things you said I aint never goin' to forgit. You said hate is poison; and that it works just like poison in our blood. A little makes us uncomfortable, and any more is dangerous, and all the biggest doctors know it. They must have a lot of cases. I suppose they call it by some other name more satisfyin'. And you said too, Mis' Norris, that loving was living; that love was all around us and in us all, even when we mayn't be noticin', for God is Love. You said, that love shows up dif'runt in dif'runt folks. And there are so many dif'runt folks that ain't alike."

In the short silence, Mrs. Norris, looking into Ploomy's eyes, lighted from within, could, for the first time, imagine this frail, wilted little body, as having once been "the light o' the house."

"I can't say them words as beautiful as you said them to me, Mis' Norris," resumed the girl, "but I can see them beautiful, and shinin'. You said,

some love was like a spring a-wellin' up. That 'minded me of Prissy's love bubblin' and sparklin' like the spring down by the big ledge, where we used to make our play-house when the bluets were in blossom. Then when you told about a deep well with a star shinin' in it, I thought of sister Liddy's love. Only I had never called it love before; just called it 'doin' things,' such as I expected. But I see now, doin' is the deepist kind of lovin'. But the best was, when you said that some folkse love might be deep and honist but mistaken; and they'd likely act ha'sh and cruel, thinkin' all the time it was for your good. Then maybe you would git all r'iled up and forgit the years of lovin' that has gone before and git to hatin' and perhaps dyin' afore you know it. That made me think of-of-someone else. But I can see now, it was her way of lovin'. I sha'n't hate her no more, never. I am so glad."

After another short pause, Ploomy added, "O, Mis' Norris, your words are wonderful to me; like after a long spell, everything dryin' up, you lay in the hot night pantin' for your breath, and all at once, feel a cool wind liftin' the heavy hair off'n your for'ed, like your mother's hand use to, and you go to sleep, listenin' to the rain."

The eyes of the young wife brimmed with sudden tears. Ploomy, drawing the sweet face nearer to her own, caressed with shy fingers the sunny curls on Sally's forehead. "I have never seen a minister's wife like you before," she said, with the dearest smile. "Why, you are just like other girls, only nicer of course. I must have thought you was all born with hair smooth and shiny, and linin collars on." The girl ended with a genuine giggle and was rewarded by an approving pat and a ripple of laughter.

"Now you see, Mis' Ploomy," still laughed the little woman, "I am not a regular born, parson's wife. My

hair will curl and I abhor linen collars. The minister business I have to learn from a to z. Really those fine thoughts that proved angel wings to you, were none of them mine. They were stolen from Mr. Norris' sermons. And I have it all to confess to him before I sleep tonight."

"They was all true thoughts," asserted Ploomy, the inner light deepening in her eyes, "and seein' you stole our Elder's heart, he shouldn't be put out if you steal more that's good and true, of his'n."

"I will remember that, Little Girl, when I make my confession," said Sally, laughing again merrily, then,— "But how your 'Elder' loves these mountains, his work, and his people; the brawny-armed, sooty-faced miners and all! A few may be slow of speech, and like their valleys, narrow and confined in their ideas, but they are honest thinkers and their valleys are on a high level. These last words are his, Deary. I repeat them whenever I need bracing. But between you and me, Ploomy, I don't like these mountains. They have sulked behind a dismal haze ever since I came, which is a very impolite way to treat a bride, to say the least. Your people are, no doubt, excellent, so are butter-nuts, and I've only my two small fists to smite with. Charley has the advantage, for he can lay them on the anvil Sundays and make sparks fly. O Sally Norris, what an unguarded speech!"

While she had been talking, Sally had slipped from her uncomfortable, straight backed chair, to the velvety "drawn in" rug, flaunting its gay medley of bright colors in front of Ploomy's rocking-chair. While reclining there, and tracing with her dainty finger around the intricate scrolls and amazing roses, she was chatting idly and busily on, but keeping an ear alert, to catch the first blast of the long delayed dinner-horn.

"Now you see," she exclaimed, while lifting her bonny face, and

shaking that dainty finger to Ploomy. "You see, Ploomy, Mr. Norris, even for me, would not leave his work here and his people, as he loves to call them; yet he did ask me to leave the dearest, sunniest home and come to him."

"What made you listen to him? What made you come?" Ploomy questioned with eager interest.

"Oh, perhaps I admired him the more, for not betraying his manhood; for not letting anything beguile him from his chosen work. He would not make an idol of me, so I am proud to be his wife. Proud," with a brave tilt of the curly head, "to find that I have it within me, to endure things, (even desperate homesickness, just now,) for one whom I love. Can you understand that, Girlie?"

"Yis, oh yis, Mis' Norris; the more my Alic had to bear, the more I wanted to stand by him. But Mother said I couldn't never be his wife; she'd see me laid in the grave-yard first, 'side of Prissy." Ploomy's reply had been hurried, and shrill with emotion. After an abrupt pause, she resumed in an even and decided tone, "But, Mis' Norris, as I said to you, I won't never hold it no more against my mother, for you've made me see so plain, it's her way of lovin' me, and a sufferin' way too; like a wild anamile when somethin's threatenin' its young-ones."

"But, who is Alic?" asked Mrs. Norris, a new note of sympathetic interest in her voice.

"He was Father's bound boy, took when he was ten year old, to work for his keep an' schoolin' and three-hundred dollars when he got to be one-an'-twenty." Ploomy's voice was trailing off again, and Sally deplored asking that last, unfortunate question.

"I was eight year old," Ploomy rallying, continued, "when Alic first come. We all growed up together like one fam'ly, and did'nt see no dif'runce; I didn't till he was twenty,

past. When Alic spoke about it to Father, he was glad, and said Alic was like his own boy. With Mother 'twas dif'run. She liked Alic, she said; but, she said, she 'couldn't stummick them Stinsons.' They was good, respectable folks, Father kept tellin' her. Though they did have a big fam'ly, always comin', and piles of docter's bills. Mother tried to be happy, because I was, and we had got my chist most full, when something happened among his family; 'somethin' he couldn't be blamed for, more'n the angels in heaven. Then mother up and talked to Alic and me. But I won't think of them cruel words no more.

"The next mornin' Father found a writin' left on Alic's chist when he'd gone and went off in the night. I can say it by heart. It reads like this,—'Dear Uncle Siah, I thank you for bein' a father to me, and for the prayers I have heard you putting up for me in the old barn chamber, many a time, when you didn't know I was nigh. I shall never forget Red Barn Farm. I would like to say more, but I am forbid, and I have promised. Give my three hundred dollars to Father, to help on the mortgage. Good bye. Alic.'"

"Was that all?" asked Mrs. Norris, very softly. "Have you never heard from him since?"

"Nobuddy has," sighed Ploomy, "But I could have stood it all, and not give up and die, like I am doin'" she still continued, "for Alic wouldn't never forgit me, and I could be waitin'; and I dreamed such a comfortin' dream about Prissy. I saw her standin' by the old spring, her white feet shinin' among the bluets, and she was laughin' and holdin' up a drippin' cup of water to me, when a white veil, like a thin mountain shower, only brighter, come sweepin' between us. I know now she is somewhere among flowers and sparklin' waters. But with mother it was dif'run. There I have ben all the

time pityin' myself to death and layin' it all on her, and most hatin' her because I thought she was hatin' Alic and me. All the time she is lovin' and protectin' me the best she knows how; like an anamile that don't sense but one kind of lovin',—the fear kind. My eyes is opened now, and Mother'll see dif'runt, give her time. Kittens is wiser than folks. They cuddle down together, patient and lovin', and let one 'nuther's eyes alone."

"Thank you, Ploomy, that counts one for kittens. The minister will enjoy that too."

The little wife, still half reclining upon the rug, moved closer and throwing her arm across the girl's lap laid her head upon it. Ploomy's face flushed with pleasure, and again her light fingers touched and toyed with those rings of sunny hair.

"Oh, what a day o' happenin's," she breathed, scarcely above a whisper; then aloud, "why this mornin' I didn't have nothin' else to do, or think on but dyin'. I know, of course, I can't never git well again, for Mother keps saying so; and she's always did all the plannin'. But I heard Prissy's mother tellin' her that I ain't a mite like Prissy was, and if she was her, she'd have Dr. Colby come right up and see me. Mother told her that I was jest like my aunt Ploomy, and old Dr. Richardson had always ben the fam'ly doctor, and she didn't be-

lieve in changin'. My aunt Ploomy died."

After a moment's silent struggle with herself, the girl went on, a strain of holy purpose livening her tones, "But I ain't goin' to feel bound to put my hull mind on dyin' as I have ben doin'. I'd mostly forgot about lovin' and that's no way to die happy, is it? I'm goin' right to lovin', spesh'ly them that's makin' mistakes and don't sense it." Now bending low until a tear fell among the bright curls, she said, "You told me, Mis' Norris, that you was no kind of a minister's wife. You have ben to me like Prissy at the spring; and I'm drinkin', oh! how I'm drinkin', at the cup you've ben holdin' to my lips."

Sally, now half-kneeling before Ploomy, took her wasted hands in her own saying softly, "Listen, Little One, I am learning of you, here at your blessed feet. Learning to separate souls from their mistakes; learning how mean and ill-natured self-pity is. For instance, blaming my natural homesickness to your noble old mountains, who seem just now to be having troubles of their own; and to Charley's dear people, who are far too wise to accept me at my own valuation. But, do we hear men's voices? Is that your mother's step in the kitchen? Why have we not heard the dinner-horn blow?"

(To be continued)

THE BROOKES MORE PRIZE AWARD

Harold Vinal, a teacher of music at Steinert Hall, Boston, but also the editor and publisher of *Voices*, a quarterly journal of verse, is the winner of the \$50 prize offered by Mr. Brookes More for the best poem published in the *Granite Monthly* during the year 1921. The distinguished judges, Professor Katharine Lee Bates of the department of English at Wellesley College, William Stanley Braithwaite, critic and anthologist, and former Governor John H. Bartlett of New Hampshire, were unani-



HAROLD VINAL.

mous in making the award to Mr. Vinal, though they were not so agreed as to which was the best of his several contributions to the magazine during the year. One of the judges preferred his Sonnet, published in the May issue; but the other two gave the honor to "Alien," printed on page 35 of the January, 1921, issue as follows:

The gorse grass waves in Ireland,
Far on the windless hills;
In France dark poppies glimmer—
Suncups and daffodils.

The heather seas are crying—
And deep on English lanes
Blown roses spill their color
In the soft, grey rains.

My heart alone is broken
For things I may not see—
New England's shaken gardens,
Beside a dreaming sea.



MR. BROOKES MORE

We also reprint the Sonnet, as follows:

I have touched hands with peace and
loveliness,
When the first breath of May crept
through the trees;
Watched lyric flowers tremble in the
breeze—

I cannot say I have been comfortless.
Often the nights have whispered words
to me;

With wonder I have watched a new day
break,

Shaking its veils across the windy lake—
The wind that stirred them, brought me
ecstasy.

My heart can know no pain while beauty
weaves
Quaint patterns in the corridors of
thought,
Patterns of curving cloud and waving
leaves;
All the indifference that time has
wrought
Will softly pass, when I behold afar—
The lovely beauty of an evening star.

Mr. Vinal is a contributor of verse to many magazines besides the Granite Monthly, the list including The Atlantic Monthly, Pearson's, The Smart Set, The Bookman, The Sonnet, Poetry, Contemporary Verse, The Lyric, The Lyric West, The Liberator, etc. His first volume of verse, "White April," will be brought out by the Yale University Press in the spring in their Yale Series of Younger Poets.

Readers of the Granite Monthly who were asked by the editor to indicate their individual choices for the prize awards made these interesting suggestions: "Snow Trail," by Bernice Lesbia Kenyon; "Au Soleil," by Walter B. Wolfe; "Spring," by Martha S. Baker; "The Angel of the Hidden Face," by Helen L. Newman;

"My Baby," by George A. Foster; "Memory," by Cora S. Day; "Home," by W. B. France; "The Blind," by Edwin Carlile Litsey; "Roses," by Frances Parkinson Keyes; "Aftermath," by Alice D. O. Greenwood; "A Christmas Wish," by George Henry Hubbard; "O Little Breeze," by George I. Putnam; "Nothing Common or Unclean," by Claribel Weeks Avery; "Day Time," by Mary E. Hough; "In Violet Time," by L. Adelaide Sherman; "Sonnet," by Louise Patterson Guyol; "Camilla Sings," by Shirley Harvey.

As we have said before the 1921 competition was of a character which gave real pleasure to the management of the Granite Monthly and which so impressed Mr. More with the value of his gift in creating and increasing interest in poetry that he has kindly offered to renew the award for the present year, 1922. By the terms of his gift this year, \$50 will be awarded in January, 1923, to the author of the best poem not in free verse and written by a subscriber to the Granite Monthly which is printed in that magazine during 1922.

MY SONG THAT WAS A SWORD

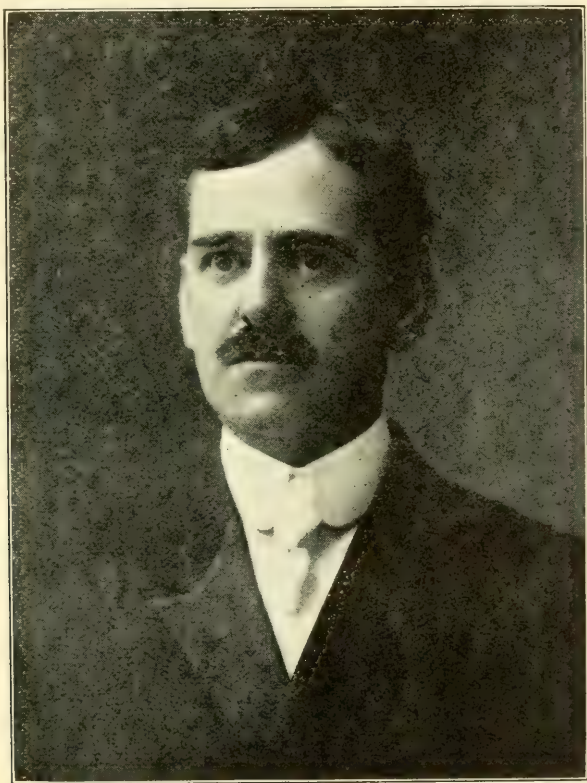
By Hazel Hall

My song that was a sword is still.
Like a scabbard I have made
A covering with my will
To sheathe its blade.
It had a flashing tongue of steel
That made old shadows start;
It would not let the darkness heal
About my heart.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

January 20, 1922, Professor George H. Whitcher, formerly deputy state superintendent of schools, was succeeded as federal director of prohibition law enforcement for the state of New Hampshire by Rev. Jonathan Snow Lewis, since 1918 state commissioner of law enforcement under

Mr. Lewis was born in Boston, Mass., November 14, 1864, the son of Luther and Almira Horton (Smith) Lewis. He attended the public schools of Boston, Everett and Eastham, Mass., and, after engaging in business life for a time, the theological institution at Newton Center,



REV. JONATHAN S. LEWIS

the New Hampshire prohibitory statute. On the same day Ralph W. Caswell of Dover, who had been Commissioner Lewis's deputy, was promoted to fill the vacancy in the higher place. These appointments were asked for by friends of Prohibition as a government policy, headed by the Anti-Saloon League.

Mass., where he graduated with the degree of B. D. in 1911, being class president. He was pastor of the Baptist church in Amherst from 1908 to 1918 and while holding this position was chosen to represent the town in the state legislatures of 1915 and 1917.

At both sessions he was in the fore-

front of those who were fighting for the repeal of the state local-option liquor law and a return to state-wide prohibition and in 1917 he and his fellow-workers were successful in bringing about this result. Several measures designed to put new "teeth" in the prohibition law accompanied the overturn of the license system and among them was the establishment of the office of commissioner of law enforcement. For this place Mr. Lewis was the unanimous choice of the temperance workers inside and outside of the legislature and Governor Henry W. Keyes at once gave him the appointment. His administration of the office has not been spectacular, but steady, just and efficient to a degree which made him the logical candidate for the federal place if a change in the latter were to be made.

While a resident of Massachusetts Mr. Lewis was a Prohibitionist in politics, being chairman of that party's state committee, its candidate for lieutenant governor and for secretary of state and a delegate to its national convention; but since locating in New Hampshire he has acted with the Republican party. He is president of the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon League and a director of the National Anti-Saloon League; also, of the New Hampshire United Baptist convention. Since his appointment as law enforcement officer he has made his residence in Concord.

In recent newspaper interviews Mr. Lewis is quoted as taking an optimistic view of the situation as to law enforcement in this state, in which he is supported by public utterances of Governor Brown and other high officials. Mr. Lewis says with pride that men who have taken a country-wide view of the conditions, place New Hampshire among the three or four states in which the prohibitory liquor laws are best enforced; and he is confident that this good record

will be maintained and improved by a continuance of the excellent co-operation among law enforcing officials and of the public sentiment in support of the law.

For almost eighty years laws prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquor have been on the statute books of New Hampshire. Even during the decade of local option prohibition was the law in by far the greater part of the state. While it is true that at times the people have seemed to be "for the law, but agin its enforcement," this is not to-day the fact. It seems safe to say that New Hampshire has seen its last open saloon and that while the laws against the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages will be violated in the future, as are all laws of God and man, there will be less of such violation than at any time in the past.

In New Hampshire history 1922 will be remembered, among other reasons, as the year in which Dartmouth College was forced to adopt an unique and highly selective process for admission to its courses. For several years the College has been able to accept but a limited portion of the number of candidates who have applied for admission, and this pressure, far from abating, has shown every sign of increasing until an army of 5,000 boys would be marching on Hanover where accommodations for only 500 would be available.

The solution which the Dartmouth authorities have worked out for their problem is very interesting and will be watched intently by other institutions of learning in a somewhat similar predicament. It seeks to secure for its student body young men of intellectual capacity, character and promise, coming from homes of a variety of types and having a certain geographical distribution. "Lest the old traditions fail" and in order that the indefinable, but cer-

tainly existent "Dartmouth spirit" shall be handed down from generation to generation, all properly qualified sons of alumni and of Dartmouth college officers will be accepted.

We are very glad that under "geographical distribution" all residents of the state of New Hampshire will be admitted. All residents of districts

and School Activities shall be used supplementary to scholastic records, and those which indicate men who are plainly possessed with qualities of leadership or qualities of outstanding promise shall be given particular consideration as compared with the records of those otherwise qualified by high scholarship ranks with no evi-



PRESIDENT ERNEST M. HOPKINS, OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

west of the Mississippi and south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers also will be admitted with the end in view of making Dartmouth a truly national institution.

This frank paragraph from the official statement of the plan has roused much comment pro and con among educators, but seems well adapted to assist in producing what has become known as the typical Dartmouth man: "Personal Ratings

dence of positive qualities otherwise."

Meanwhile if Daniel Webster had to deliver his Dartmouth College oration to-day he could not move the Supreme Court of the United States to tears by his declaration "It is a small college but there are those who love it." He might, however, say with truth "It is a great college and there are many who would like to love it."

EDITORIAL

More than once, in the past, the Granite Monthly has pointed out the opportunity of New Hampshire to become the winter resort and winter sport state par excellence of the East, and it is good to note that real progress in this direction has been made during the present season. In the nineties, Concord, the capital city, several times entertained its legislative visitors and thousands of other guests with winter carnivals that were most elaborate and enjoyable events, especially featuring long and beautiful parades of horse drawn sleighs and floats.

After an interval, Dartmouth College, thanks to an undergraduate, Fred H. Harris of Brattleboro, Vt., suddenly awoke to a realization of the fact that its isolation among the snow-clad hills was an asset instead of the curse it always had been considered. In due time the first winter carnival at Hanover was held and in each succeeding year has increased in success and popularity. Of greater importance, of course, is the fact that a large part of the student body has been outfitted with skis and snowshoes and drawn out into Richard Hovey's "great white cold" for the most healthful and exhilarating of recreation.

A few years since Newport, with the owners of Blue Mountain Forest, co-operating, opened a series of successful carnivals. Then Gorham got in line with a fine entertainment. This winter Berlin, Bristol and Conway have joined the list and doubtless others will have been heard from before these words appear in print. Cities and towns which have not held carnivals have made arrangements for various branches of winter sport, by giving official sanction to coasting, by building toboggan slides, by maintaining rinks for ice skating and in other ways. On Wednesday and Saturday afternoons the people of

Concord, old and young, have joined in "community hikes" on snowshoes and skis under the direction of the winter sports committee of the Chamber of Commerce.

New Hampshire has had more winter guests from abroad, our old friends of the Appalachian Mountain Club and many others, this year than ever before. Of that we are glad. More New Hampshire people have availed themselves of their home opportunities for winter sport; and that gives us even greater pleasure. The opportunities for future development on these good lines are practically unlimited and that is the best of all. New Hampshire's supply of hills and lakes is sufficient to meet any demand that may be made upon her. Usually, the supply of snow and ice is equally adequate. So let snowshoes, skis, skates, sleds and toboggans be counted among household necessities in the Granite State. Jingle bells on the one-horse sleighs and the six-horse sleighs. Put on your mittens, pull your cap down over your ears and get out into the air—and into the snow if you are a novice at the winter-games. It will make you healthy; you will know you are wise and you won't care whether you are wealthy or not.

As we were thinking, on a recent day, that it was time to write an editorial boosting the Granite Monthly advertising pages, the holder of an annual contract for one of those pages came into our office and renewed the contract. That gave us a pleasant sensation which was intensified when the gentleman in question remarked: "I have just made a sale which I can trace directly to my advertising in the Granite Monthly, the profit on which will more than pay your bill to me for a year." No lengthy sermon on that text seems to be necessary.

In to-day's mail we find a letter from a well known New Hampshire woman now resident in another state, enclosing her check for renewal of subscription and saying: "I do not

see how any son or daughter of New Hampshire can fail to find much more than two dollars' worth of interesting matter in the twelve issues of your magazine."

REFLETS DANS L'INFINITE

By Walter B. Wolfe

Last night I fell from the vermeil bourne
Where dwell the dreams;
Fell from the mirrored splendors
Of lustrous palaces in lapis-lazuli
And chrysoberyl wrought,
Where vetiver and sandalwood
And scent of aloes rose in heavy incense
And the fragrance of neroli wafted thru the halls

Last night I fell in a spray of star-dust
From the tinted palaces of dreams
Thru clouds of radiant whiteness
Down . . . down . . .
All thru the dream-bourne of infinity
And wakening, dream melodies
Still lingered ethereal in my ears
And scent of ylang-ylang blossoms
Weighed on my senses . . .

I found you, soft against me;
Your hair and amber halo all about your face,
And playing round you, the dream-incense
Of your loveliness and melodies
Strayed from the stars
Haunting your sweet presence—
Late revellers these, that strayed with me
From the vermeil bourne where dwell the dreams

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

A stalwart and handsome volume, as stately as "The Frigate Medusa" and as trim and fast moving as "The Speedwell Privateer," is the 412 page book written by Ralph D. Paine of Durham and published by the Century Company, New York, under the title, "Lost Ships and Lonely Seas." The 17 illustrations, from paintings by Waugh and others, and from old prints, add to its interest, but give no better pictures of sailors, seas and ships than are drawn in easy prose by Mr. Paine, who writes of such things with an understanding equalled by few Americans.

In other books Mr. Paine has told of the boxes of iron and steel in which men go over and under the sea today. In reports of facts and in creations of fiction he has given us the most appreciative accounts of what was dared and endured and won by the boys who manned our submarines in the world war. From his own experience he has told the sea side of the Spanish War and has put on paper the reactions of a man in a Yale shell as Harvard changes defeat to victory on the Thames.

But this volume is of different type. In it he goes back a couple of centuries to the days when sailormen still wooed the winds, and mast and spar bloomed for the breezes with great clouds of canvas; to "the roaring days of piracy;" to the days when the Sargasso Sea was still a mystery and the South Seas had been violated by no passionate press agent;

when there were mutineers and castaways, with new lands to find and new peoples to see.

Mr. Paine, like the good newspaper man, he used to be, headlines his 17 tales attractively from "The Singular Fate of the Brig Polly" to "The Noble King of the Pelew Islands." First choice for us must go to "Captain Paddock on the Coast of Barbary" because it is introduced with a reference to the "frigate, the Crescent, which sailed from the New England harbor of Portsmouth, whose free tides had borne a few years earlier the brave keels of John Paul Jones's Ranger and America," a gift from this government to the Bey of Algiers as part of a "humble tribute to this bloody heathen pirate in the hope of softening his heart."

But, as Mr. Paine says, a little later, "while Europe cynically looked on and forebore to lend a hand, Commodore Preble steered the Constitution and the other ships of his squadron into the harbor of Tripoli, smashed its defenses and compelled an honorable treaty of peace. Of all the wars in which the American Navy has won high distinction there is none whose episodes are more brilliant than those of the bold adventure on the coast of Barbary."

And with those episodes, also, Portsmouth had a connection which we recall through the fact that one of her most gallant and brilliant sons bore the name of Admiral Tunis Craven.

AT TWILIGHT

By Lucy W. Perkins

The twilight softly falls;
A lone thrush calls
 Divinely sweet,
As though in rarer sphere
Some spirit dear
 Love longs to greet.

Such call my heart would send,
O sweetest friend,
 Through space unknown,—
Your waiting soul to find
And closer bind
 Unto mine own.

WHAT WOULD I MORE?

By Elias H. Cheney.

(On His 90th Birthday, Jan. 28, 1922)

Thou, who e'er thy flock defendest;
Who each added blessing sendest;
Thou who borrowed time extendest;
What thou willest that I borrow;
One year more or but tomorrow,—
Fill with joy, and spare me sorrow.

Thou, almighty to deliver,
Gracious, loving sin-forgiver;
When I fathom Jordan's river,
With thy banner waving o'er me,
Roll the waters back before me;
If my Faith grow weak, restore me.

Where God's sun is ever shining;
Where each cloud has silver lining;
Quite completed soul refining;
Where those lost a while will meet me;
Kindly welcome, sweetly greet me—
In thy presence, Father, seat me.

There'll be no goodbyes up yonder;
Friendships sweeter, purer, fonder,
And sincerer! O, what wonder!
Nothing from God's love can sever
Those who enter there; no, never.
With the Lord; at home; Forever!

MORNING IN THE VALLEY OF THE MAD RIVER

By Adelené Holton Smith

Aurora the maid of the dawn
 Peeps over the rim of the world,
 The maid of the mist is fast asleep
 In her gossamer draperies curled.
 The maid of the mist is a lily maid,
 A lily white and cold
 But the maid of the dawn is a golden rose
 Most glorious to behold.
 The maid of the dawn slips over the rim
 She kneels by the maid of the mist
 The eyelids flutter, the draperies stir
 The sisters have clasped and kissed.

A DREAM OF MT. KEARSARGE

By Alice Sargent Krikorian.

Thou member of a mighty Titan brood
 Of giants, whose cloud-wreathed summits lure
 Our pilgrim feet from meadows safe and sure
 To woodsy paths the Red Men understood,
 O'er rocky cliff, and up thy granite side,
 Until we gain the peak, the longed for prize.
 There, bathed in silver sheen, afar off lies
 The lake of Maine, and proudly, as a bride
 Is followed from the altar to the door,
 So mountain follows mountain, crest on crest;
 Webster, Franklin, Washington,—the rest
 Of that Great Galaxy, that pour
 Their glory, till our very senses reel;
 We gaze in wonder, glad that we can feel
 New Hampshire's earth, and if we nevermore
 Dear Kearsarge, breathe thy winds that sing
 Of Presidential Range and Carter's Dome,
 In wintry nights, when winds are whistling,
 My happy heart, remembering, will stray
 To those sweet summer hours, when alone
 Upon thy breast I dreamed the time away.

TO AN ICICLE

By F. R. Bagley

O thou most wonderfully constructed mass
Of ordered matter, destined soon to pass,
Colder than crocodilian tears—aye, colder
Than the proverbial feminine cold shoulder,
Pellucid as a drop of virgin dew
Distilled from vapor chastened through and through,
Brittle as glass, and compact as the dome
Of surly Ajax; whiter than the foam
Cast up by mounting tides upon the sands.
Brilliant as gems upon my lady's hands,—
Pendant from shelving eaves or drooping bough.
Thou art a first-class bunch of beauty now.

But hold, don't get conceited! There's no doubt
That thou art destined soon to peter out.
Thy charms—thy very life—hangs on the weather,
More fickle far than all things else together.
Thy fragile figure fashioned without flaw—
Wait 'till the the weather man declares a thaw!
A few strong, searching calorific rays,
Shot by Old Sol, will surely end thy days,—
Loosen thy frostbound particles, and so
Detach thy grip and lay thee, sprawling, low.
Alas! that beauty such as thine should hold
So little natural warmth and so much cold.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

JUDGE REUBEN E. WALKER

Judge Reuben Eugene Walker was born in Lowell, Mass., February 15, 1851, the son of Abial and Mary (Powers) Walker, and died at his home in Concord, January 1, 1922. He was educated in the public schools of Warner, where he removed, with his parents, when a child; at Colby Academy, New London; and at Brown University, where he

Walker & Hollis. Appointed associate justice of the New Hampshire supreme court March 28, 1901, he served with the utmost usefulness and honor until retired by age limitation on reaching the age of 70. While a young man Judge Walker served on the Warner school committee. He was solicitor of Merrimack county, 1889-1891, representative in the legislature, 1895, and a delegate to the Constitutional Conven-



THE LATE JUDGE REUBEN E. WALKER

graduated with the degree of A. B. in 1875, subsequently receiving the honorary degree of LL. D., which also was conferred upon him by Dartmouth. He studied law with Sargent & Chase of Concord and was admitted to the bar in 1878. He was for a time a partner of the late Judge Robert A. Ray, with whom he co-operated in writing and publishing a volume of New Hampshire Citations, and from 1891 to 1901 was a member of the law firm of Streeter,

tion, 1902. He had been a trustee of the Concord city library since 1901 and the president of the board since 1903. At the time of his death he was president of the New Hampshire Bar Association and had served as vice-president for New Hampshire of the American Bar Association. Judge Walker was a Republican in politics and a Unitarian in religious belief. He married June 8, 1875, Mary E. Brown, who died July 21, 1903. Their one child,

Miss Bertha May Walker, survives her father, whom she greatly assisted in his work by competent service as his secretary.

One who had intimate knowledge of Judge Walker as a man, a lawyer, and a jurist, says of him:

"Before going upon the bench he so enjoyed the confidence of the court and had such aptitude for such judicial work that he had been entrusted by the court with the responsible duty of editing many of their unpublished opinions which later appeared in per curiam form. He was a most able and upright judge. His service upon the bench was of the highest order. His opinions will rank among the best for learning, diction, clarity, brevity and soundness. While his chief distinction is as a judge, the confidence and respect in which he was held is otherwise and variously attested.**** The many and various honors which came to him are the more significant because they all came in recognition of modest worth—never through self-seeking."

DR. J. MILNOR COIT.

Dr. James Milnor Coit, formerly for 30 years connected with St Paul's School, Concord, died January 5 in Munich, Germany, where he had resided since 1906. He was born in Harrisburg, Pa., January 31, 1845, the son of Rev. Dr. Joseph Howland Coit, founder of St. Paul's, and younger brother of Rev. Dr. Henry A. Coit, who succeeded his father as second rector of the school. Milnor Coit was educated at St. Paul's and at Hobart College and after a few years of business life in the West joined the staff at the school. Dartmouth College gave him the honorary degree of Ph. D. Mrs. Coit, who was Miss Eliza Josephine Wheeler of Cleveland, Ohio, died two years ago in Munich, where Doctor Coit conducted a school for American boys for a number of years. They had no children. Doctor Coit was a member of the various Masonic bodies in Concord, where he is widely and kindly remembered.

HON. OSCAR F. FELLOWS

Oscar Fowler Fellows was born in Bristol, Sept. 10, 1857, one of the seven children of Milo and Susan (Locke) Fellows, and died at Bucksport, Me., Dec. 28, 1921. He was educated at New

Hampton Literary Institution and was admitted to the bar in 1881, practising at Bucksport until 1905 and subsequently in Bangor. He was president of the Maine Bar Association, 1911-1913. Mr. Fellows was a member of the Maine House of Representatives in 1901 and 1903 and its speaker in the latter year. He had served as collector of customs at Bucksport and as attorney of Hancock county, and in 1909 was appointed by President Roosevelt counsel on behalf of the United States before the international commission in the matter of St. John River. He was a 32nd degree Mason and belonged to the I. O. O. F., A. O. U. W., Modern Woodmen and Bangor Historical Society. He was a Republican in politics and a member of the Methodist church. May 24, 1883, he married Eva M. Fling of Bristol, daughter of Hon. Lewis W. Fling. She survives him with two sons, Raymond and Frank, both of whom were associated with their father in the practise of law.

RUEL H. FLETCHER

Ruel H. Fletcher, born at Cornish, May 16, 1829, died January 14 at his home in Cambridge, Mass. He attended Kimball Union Academy at Meriden and at the age of 20 began a career as teacher which extended over 60 years, being connected with the schools of Cambridge for half a century. The Fletcher School in that city is named in his honor. He is survived by four sons and a daughter, Miss Caroline R. Fletcher, of the Wellesley college faculty.

DR. JOHN C. O'CONNOR

John Christopher O'Connor, M. D., born at Bradford, Mass., Dec. 21, 1878, the son of James F. and Helena M. O'Connor, died suddenly January 5 at Manchester, where he was a member of the staffs of the Eliot and Balch hospitals and a trustee of the state industrial school. He graduated from the Haverhill, Mass. High School in 1898, from Dartmouth in 1902 and from the Bowdoin Medical School in 1905. He was one of the finest football players in Dartmouth's athletic history being captain of the eleven in his senior year. After graduation he was equally successful as coach, at Bowdoin, Phillips Andover and Dartmouth. During the world war he was a major in the American Expeditionary Force in France and made a splendid record there, as in all his undertakings. He is survived by his

parents, his widow, Mrs. Helen Raymond O'Connor, and two sons, Marshall and Raymond.

JOHN B. MILLS

John Bailey Mills, born in Dunbarton, September 3, 1848, died in Washington, D. C., January 7. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1872, president of his class in his senior year, and studied law with Briggs & Huse in Manches-

ter, being admitted to the bar in 1875. A Democrat in politics he was clerk of the New Hampshire house of representatives in 1873. He took up journalism instead of the law and worked on the Manchester Union, later in New York and finally for 28 years on the Grand Rapids, Mich., Herald. His wife, who died a few years ago, was Miss Emma Hammond, a fellow employee of the Union. Mr. Mills gave the historical address at the 150th anniversary celebration of his native town.

THE LIVING DARK

By Claribel Weeks Avery

We were sitting by the grapevines where the clustered
globes hung blue,
And the air was filled with sweetness such as summer
never knew,
And a wind that slept by daylight and had now come
out to play,
Shook the empty nest above us whence the birds
had flown away.

We were not alone together, for the night was there,
Shaking out the sable splendor of her star-
bejeweled hair,
And the moon stole through the tangles like a roguish
queen of thieves
Poking with her golden fingers at the dark and
dewy leaves.

Then the insects ceased their humming and the waters
ceased their play;
Nature held her breath to listen to the things we
had to say;
So we went in from the darkness that was full of
prying eyes,
Lit the lamp and drew the curtains in the parlor
safe from spies.



Photo by K. D. Smith.

Courtesy of Photo Era Magazine

WINTER IN THE FLUME.

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PARKER PILLSBURY

By Albert E. Pillsbury

(At the 99th annual meeting of the New Hampshire Historical Society, held at its beautiful home in Concord on January 26, 1922, a bronze bust of the late Parker Pillsbury, by J. F. Paramino, was presented to the society by his nephew, Hon. Albert E. Pillsbury of Boston, native of Milford and former attorney general of the state of Massachusetts, whose interesting remarks on the occasion are published herewith.—*Editor.*)

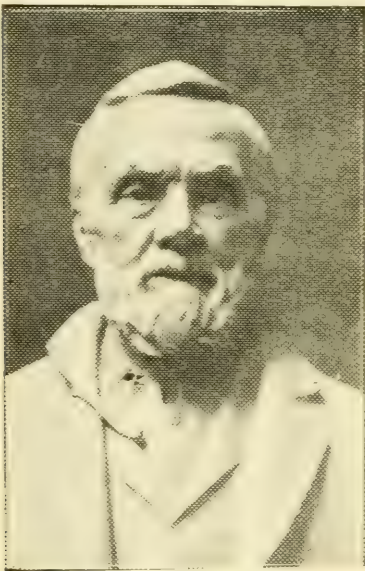
I feel that my first duty here is to acknowledge my obligations to the artist whose genius has created, out of the scant material supplied by a couple of photographs, a living likeness in bronze of Parker Pillsbury. Except for the peculiar gift of what may be called posthumous sculpture, which is one of Mr. Paramino's possessions, making the dead live again, probably my purpose could not have been realized, for I know no other follower of his art who has at once the eye to see so clearly the man he never saw and the hand so cunningly skilled to reproduce him.

In offering the Society this memorial of the abolition movement, and of New Hampshire's part in it, I did not expect to make it the subject of any public comment, but your invitation has suggested to me the question whether it may not be necessary to say something by way of explanation, or of reminder, if for no other reason. The present generation never stood face to face with slavery. It has no adequate conception of the barbarism so deeply rooted in the social system where slavery prevailed,

that Congress is struggling at this very hour, more than half a century after the legal extinction of slavery, with one of the direct survivals of it. The satanic orgies of Southern mobs in burning negroes at the stake have made us a name of reproach around the world. The people of to-day have forgotten the abolitionists and have no realizing sense of what they were or what they did or suffered. Parker Pillsbury's home was in this town and city of Concord for half a century or more; and he was for many years as well known a figure, almost, as any in this corner of the country, yet it would not surprise me to know that there are but few people living in Concord or in New Hampshire to-day who would recognize his name if they heard it, or know anything of the part he bore in the moral warfare that led up to the abolition of slavery. In his later years he published a book, under the characteristic title "Acts of the Anti-Slavery Apostles," in which he records his concurrence in Cato's caustic remark upon statues that have to be accounted for, in which I agree, and while I think he would have disclaimed any such distinction, if I felt that reasons need be given for remembering him in a permanent memorial I should not be here on this errand.

The relation of the abolitionists to the social order of their time was much like that of the early Christians, whose experiences they shared, even to a martyrdom hardly less cruel, if less bloody, than that of the Roman

amphitheatre. The slave-power, aggressive and defiant, dominated the country and was advancing with startling strides toward making slavery universal. To attack it in its entrenchments called for moral heroism of a high order. The men who first rose to that duty became the leaders of the abolition movement. Their part in the destruction of slavery has been questioned by some who see history as they would have preferred to have it, but I think the final judgment must be that the abolitionists



PARKER PILLSBURY

were the pioneers who cleared the ground for the march of our victorious armies. Every man who fell on the battlefields of the Rebellion died in the cause for which they wrought. The war, though called a war for the Union, was in truth a war about slavery, and about nothing else. Their appeal was only to conscience; they could not gather in ballots the harvest they had sown, but at the opportune moment appeared the great last prophet of the cause, who denounced the house divided against

itself and coupled the moral forces of abolition to the train of events that brought in Emancipation and a Union without slavery, the only thing that ever threatened the Union.

I cannot take the time of this meeting to enlarge upon the epic of abolition or to say more of Parker Pillsbury than to sketch in the briefest outline enough of him to give this audience a background for the imagination. He was brought from his birthplace in Hamilton, Massachusetts, as a child in arms, and grew up on his father's farm in HENRIKER, early developing qualities that led his pious parents to devote him to the Congregational ministry. For this he took the training of the short-lived Gilmanton seminary, and a season at Andover, was licensed to preach, and undertook the supply of a little church in Loudon. Even then he had heard and answered the call of William Lloyd Garrison, and from that time until the final overthrow of slavery he was at the forefront of battle in the abolition cause, abandoning the church for its guilty fellowship as he called it, truly enough, with the slaveholder. To the summons of the church and conference for expulsion he replied "I have already excommunicated you, for your complicity in the sins of slavery."

In leaving the pulpit to follow Garrison he, of course, exchanged at the outset all his worldly prospects for social ostracism, broken friendships, public and private contumely, mob violence, of which he was more than once the object if not the victim, threats of indictment, and offers in Southern newspapers of a price for his head, all of which were part of his reward. The very name of abolitionist not only closed every door of preferment but went far to outlaw the bearer from respectable society.

As a platform orator in the anti-slavery field, the press and other

chronicles of his time appear to regard him as second only to Garrison and Phillips. In the force of his blow I think some of those on whom it fell might not regard him as second to any. Honeyed words were no part of any abolitionist's equipment, but Parker Pillsbury's were likened to "red-hot iron searers." A contemporary said that while other abolition orators spoke, Pillsbury *lightened*, and thundered. He never hesitated to startle or even to shock his hearers, believing that by no other means could they be brought to a realizing sense of the all-embracing iniquities of slavery, and in this belief he poured out upon their frozen apathy the fiercest heat of the invective of which he was master, until he became, perhaps, the best-hated and reviled of all the reviled and hated tribe of abolition agitators. He seems to have had the spirit of prophecy upon him, and it was his constant prediction from the beginning that American slavery was destined to go down in blood.

It would not become me, and I have no purpose or desire, to magnify his service or his merits. I prefer to leave him as the men of his own time saw him, the men who knew him best—a striking figure, evidently, upon which many writers were tempted to try their hand. Among the pen-portraits of Parker Pillsbury which have come down in the literature of that period are two, each drawn from life by the hand of a master, so vigorous and vivid that they ought to be left here with the sculptured image.

In James Russell Lowell's works will be found a series of sketches, struck off with mingled sympathy and humor, of the leading figures in anti-slavery convention at Boston in 1846, where Parker Pillsbury appears in action in these lines:—

"Beyond, a crater in each eye,
Sways brown, broad-shouldered Pills-
bury,

Who tears up words, like trees, by the
roots,
A Theseus in stout cowhide boots;
The wager of eternal war
Against that loathsome Minotaur
To which we sacrifice each year
The best blood of our Athens here.

A terrible denouncer he,
Old Sinai burns unquenchably
Upon his lips; he well might be a
Hot-blazing soul from fierce Judea,
Habakuk, Ezra, or Hosea."

So he appeared to Lowell, who was not alone in likening him to the fiery souls of Hebrew scripture.

One of Emerson's essays on Eloquence has a passage which I always believed to have been written with Parker Pillsbury in mind, but was never assured of this until his Journals were published by his son a few years ago, when the fact stood confessed. I give it as it appears in the Journal, fresh from the occasion, from which it was transcribed into the essay with little change.

"We go to the bar, the senate, the shop, the study, as peaceful professions, but you cannot escape the demands for courage, no, not in the shrine of Peace itself. Pillsbury, whom I heard last night, is the very gift from New Hampshire which we have long expected, a tough oak-stick of a man, not to be silenced or insulted or intimidated by a mob, because he is more mob than they; he mobs the mob. John Knox is come at last on whom neither money, nor politeness, nor hard words, nor rotten eggs, nor blows, nor brickbats, make the slightest impression. He is fit to meet the bar-room wits and bullies; he is a wit and a bully himself, and something more; he is a graduate of the plough and the cedar swamp and the snow-bank, and has nothing to learn of labor or poverty or the rough farm. His hard head, too, has gone through in boyhood all the drill of Calvinism, with text and mortification, so that he stands in the New England assembly a purer bit of New England than any and flings his sarcasms right and left, sparing no name or person or party or presence. He has not only the documents in his pocket to answer all cavils, and to prove all his positions, but he has the eternal reason in his head."

With this I leave him to a place in your gallery of New Hampshire

worthies. I believe it was Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun who said that one need not care who makes the laws of a nation if he can make its ballads. The meaning of this is that the men of real influence in the world, the men who control events, are not the titled puppets that masquerade in the places of power but the men who stir the public feeling and shape the course of public

thought. Of these Parker Pillsbury in his degree was one, at a time when the fate of the country, a country worth saving and desperately needing to be saved from the sin which he denounced, was trembling in the balance, and to this he gave all that he was, all that he had, and all that he could expect in this world, without fear or hope of reward.

WHEN THE BIRDS FLY NORTH

By Althine Sholes Lear

They have spread their dainty pinions—
 Little, feathered friends of ours—
 They have flitted to the Southland,
 With its sunshine and its flowers.
 And we miss their merry music
 From the hillside and the glen,
 But when wintry days are over,
 Then the birds will come again.

If our courage sometimes falters
 When the days are dark and cold,
 And the burden seems too heavy
 For our tired hands to hold;
 'Tis a glad thing to remember
 That these days will pass, and then
 There will come a happy spring-time,
 And the birds fly North again.

There are warm, red rosebuds sleeping
 Underneath the ice and snow;
 There are days of rest and gladness
 That our happy hearts shall know.
 'Tis the very sweetest message,
 And it cheers the hearts of men,
 There will come a brighter morrow
 When the birds fly North again.

HOME SPUN YARNS FROM THE RED BARN FARM

By Zilla George Dexter

I. AN ALL DAY VISIT (Continued)

Springing to her feet, the little lady shook out the crushed folds of her pretty muslin, and was standing before the quaint mirror patting here and there her tousled head when the kitchen door opened with a bang. Mrs. Bowles, blowsy and heated and swinging a Shaker sun-bonnet by the string, entered the square-room and threw herself down upon one of the straight-backed chairs.

"Wal,' if this ain't a day to be remembud," she ejaculated, going on as usual, unmindful of all voices save her own. "Ain't you most starved, Mis' Norris? I worried about ye, but I hadn't no time to waste on ye. Sich a thing never's happened to me before. Prob'ly ev'rybuddy down t' the Works is wonderin' what under the sun has come across Mandy Bowles' cause 'er diner-horn hain't blowed. But if I can't blow on time I don't blow. Catch me advertisin' my own shif'-lisniss. But as I was sayin', this day'll be remembud."

The woman paused to indulge in a prolonged breath, when Ploomy's voice joined with Mrs. Norris, "Mother, do tell us what has happened. Stop your talkin' and tell us."

Mandy turned sharply on her daughter, "Ploomy Bowles," she exclaimed, "I'd clean forgot ye. O Lord! how red your cheeks is. And your eyes is brighter'n they ought t'be. You go right up stairs and lay down this minute. Go I tell ye. Mother doesn't like to see

you lookin' so all flushed up and worried."

Ploomy, casting a bright glance on her new-found friend, arose quietly and left the room, while her mother began her tardy explanations.

"Wal,' she commenced, "I was jest goin' to blow, right on tick as usual, when Phibby come tumblin' over the garden wall hollerin,' 'Marm, Father says, you'n Liddy git a couple long-necked bottles and a kittle o'b'ilin' water an' stiver for the field.' I knew what that meant. Old Suke, our best hoss, was havin' nuther one of her spells of colic. She likes to die with 'em sometimes. But it's all over now, and Suke's in the barn right as a trivet, thanks to the Elder. He had a parcil of hoss-medicine in his buggy. That saved the day, or the hoss. He's a sight better hoss-doctor than he'll ever be a preacher in my opinion. Now don't flare up, little woman, he was our 'boy minister' afore he was your'n; and there ain't a house in the hull town where the Elder ain't counted one 'of the fam'ly; nor Priest Burt nuther. He's the Congregationlist preacher, and he can preach too; but of course he is older and a sight more ministeried."

"Why do you call Mr. Burt, Priest?" choked the brave little woman, eager to change the subject.

"Same as we Baptists call our man, Elder; so'st not to git 'em mixed s'pose. I should like to know what they all are sayin' though, down to the works 'cause my dinner-horn didn't blow. Le's go out in the kitchen now, the men-

folks will be right in, and Liddy's got the dinner on by this time. I ain't sp'iled nuther, for baked beans and Injun puddin' is all the better for standin' a spell."

Mandy's kitchen, where the dinner-table was spread, looked wholesome and homelike, from its shining spruce-yellow floor to the Monday's wash, faultlessly laundered and hung high overhead to air, on slender bars suspended from the ceiling.

The wide-open South door, with casings slightly sagging, framed a rare picture, blurred today by a smoky atmosphere and the scorched effects of a summer's drought. A picture of bare and lofty peaks, near and distant, with a deep and narrow valley winding southward its panoramic way among bold foothills; here a miniature canyon, there broadening into sunny meadows and everywhere watched by close-peeping summits.

Within this valley, overlooked from the high ridge of the Red Barn Farm, a small village or hamlet, was slowly building, along the narrow meadows that fringed two mountain streams. The one, a true cavalier from the heights, leaping, dancing, noisy with bravado, hurrying to his tryst; the other, dallying through the low-lands, dreaming in the pools, at last to steal out from under the hem of the hill, there to be caught in the ripple and swirl of meeting waters.

High on the bank above the united streams, an iron-furnace reared its belching smoke-stack. This busy intruder with forge, and shop, and sooty coal-sheds on the island, sorely vexed, (with its dams and bridges,) the once untrammelled river. Maddened by a sudden storm from the mountain, the swollen torrent roared over the dam and through the sluices, foaming and biting at its banks until its wild bel-

lowings were plainly heard at the old South door.

Today, Sally Norris stands there, watching the leisurely approach of the "men-folks" toward the house after giving a last look at old Suke, now quietly nibbling at her hay. Evidently no one is seriously disturbed by Mandy's last threat to "clear them vittles off'n the table," if she waited another minute. Instead all were gravely discussing the increasing signs of fire, "mullin' away somewhere on the mountain." Sally looked at her husband with dismay and decided disapproval, but met such a deprecatory glance from his eye that she refrained from farther noticing that the men, the minister with them, were coming into dinner, collarless and in their shirt-sleeves, after their vigorous wash and scrub at the log water-trough.

With Janey, Mrs. Norris tripped down the worn path to meet good Mr. Bowles. Very tall, thin and loose-jointed, he came toward her extending a broad, cleanly palm which she took smilingly, assured of its gentle grasp.

"Wal,' wal,' Sister Norris." with his genial drawl, "I'm real glad ye come up terday, you'n the Elder. 'Tain't very pleasant but it might ben wuss. Here's Elijah, my fust-born," he continued, giving place to a young man as tall as himself, though well-knit and far from awkward. "Son, this is the Elder's little woman."

Looking up into steady grey eyes, listening to a quiet greeting, the "little woman" thought, "he might have ben wuss too." though the manly young man blushed like a maiden.

"This 'ere is Steve,—Steve Houghton," Mr. Bowles continued introducing, "he's ben our hired man for fifteen year past. But," with a sad shake of the head, "Abby Ann Barritt's growin' powerful winnin'."

At a distance Mr. Houghton impressed Mrs. Norris unpleasantly; but on nearer approach, all suggestion of dark deeds or smugglers' caves vanished. She met a somewhat conceited "Old Bach" with voice like silk.

The rascal of the family was yet invisible. Only as the last chairs were being drawn up to the table with much clatter, especially by the "extra men," did he appear. Mrs. Norris heard a remembered voice at her elbow, "Say, can you spell my name today, Teacher?" She turned to recognize the same black-eyed, curly-headed boy who nearly tortured her to tears, in her first attempt at Sunday-school teaching. There he stood grinning, bare-foot, with Sunday pants rolled high, face, neck and even knuckles pink from Liddy's relentless scrubbing.

"Me-phen-o-sheth Bowles," sparred Sally, "I'll not attempt your cranky name until I have eaten my dinner. Take your seat, sir."

With a saucy giggle the boy obeyed, and the big bowl of cider applesauce intervening, was an unconscious witness to the merry-eyed pact of good-fellowship formed that day to be culminated, years later, in heart-breaking tenderness on the distant field of Shiloh.

Now came the perfect hush, so familiar in those days, and the simple giving of thanks, after which, Mr. Bowles heartily urged,—

"Now dew take right holt an' help yerselves. We don't have no mariners," adding, "Brother Norris, see that your wife gits a good holpin' o' beans and brown bread; Mother's brick oven turns out good victuals. You can always count on that. Have some of her cowcubers, rum-pickled, put up tew year ago. Some twangy, but that don't hurt 'em."

"Yis, I'm a marster hand, to pickle and put up," chimed in Mandy. "I always calcerlate to have 'nough to

give 'way. The shif'less ye have always round ye. But now there ain't scarce a cowcumber nor any other garden sass, or I wouldn't het up my brick oven this time o' year, minister or no minister."

The platters and yellow nappies emptied of the richly flavored beans and "Injun puddin'," Liddy of the deft hand and quiet step, replaced them with plates of milk-yeast bread, solid pats of butter, and generous bowls of preserved "Canada plums," floating like monster rubies in their rich, translucent syrup. There were big cubes of maple-sugar sweet cake, twisted nut-cakes, spiced with caraway, the like of which this generation may only dream of and pies, of course, with bronzed and tender crust, flanked by plates of Mandy's cheese.

With renewed cups of tea, general conversation began.

"Stephen," said Mr. Norris, after helping his wife to the plums, "you were speaking of a gang of counterfeits who have been ranging the mountains lately, and of their carelessness with fire; you said they camped near Mormon City. Where is that city? Is there a buried city as well as a lost river in this wonderful region of the North Woods?"

While the rest were laughing and joking at the minister's expense, Stephen reached his long arm in its clean, white shirt-sleeve, half-way across the table, and inserting his own knife underneath a juicy triangle of applepie, he adroitly transferred it to his own plate, together with a "hunk" of cheese and the biggest doughnut.

Now that his favorite dessert was secured, he expressed a willingness to impart all the information needed.

"Eh," sniffed Mandy, "There's jest one thing, Steve Houghton, is always ready to give and that's information."

Undisturbed, Stephen began, "No doubt, Elder, you have followed up

Ham Branch, many's the time, to call on that good man, Elder Cogswell."

"Certainly, certainly," choked the minister, his mouth full of pie.

"Well," proceeded the narrator, in his most ponderous style, that never failed to nettle Mandy, "Well, if you had followed that road far enough, you would have struck the Old County road that leads over the Benton Hills to Haverhill; the very road (only a hard-trod Indian trail then, probably hundreds of years old,) by which our first white settlers came into this Francony region, as late as seventeen seventy-four, or' thereabouts. The country was wild as snakes. The first ten years, there were killing frosts, war with Britain, the Indian scare, with no mills, no roads, no bridges; though there was a log school-house and a meeting-house is referred to in the Proprietor's Books as the proper place to post their notices, 'being the most frequented public place.'"

"That sartin speaks well for 'em," interrupted good Mr. Bowles. "They might have ben wuss; and they do say, Artemas Knight, our fust settler, was powerful in prayer, and as kind-hearted and honist as he was pious. Well to do, too."

"Shet up, Siah, and pass the Elder some of my sage cheese. Don't believe he's had a speck."

"After the settlers had lost all their titles, through the war of the charters," Stephen went calmly on, "everybody was for leaving the valley to grow up to wilderness again. But about that time, they began to dig first-class ore out of Iron Mountain; they formed the Haverhill and Franconia Iron Company, and built a small furnace, (the first one in town, all the old folks tell me,) a mile or so up the valley on Ham Branch. From there they followed a road up the steepest of the hill to the mine, because it was nearer, and all the ore was hauled by oxen. The

Upper Works, as we call it now, must have been a smart, busy, little place for those days. There were the furnace buildings, neat and snug, on both sides of the Branch and a good-sized store, with a hall for meetings and the like; besides, there were nigh a dozen houses, not counting the haunted house, nor the big one on the bank above the grist-mill. It was a pretty spot, with the pond spreading from hill to hill, and farms scattered around on the hill-sides. But they built a larger furnace here on the river, and since that one at the Upper Works was burned, they have been hauling that first little village down here house by house. There'll be nothing left on the Branch but cellar-holes and scrub growth; the town is going to forget and perhaps deny its own birth-place."

Mandy had reached across the table and filled Steve's cup with boiling tea, its acrid fumes beguiling him to pause and take a cautious soop.

"Now Elder," she cut in, "have another piece of my dried rosb'ry pie. Good, ain't it? Made it pupus for ye. You'll need it too, 'fore you ever see Mormon City at this rate," schemed the hustler. "I say, Steve, I'll take the Elder a shorter trip, while you catch up with them victuals on your plate there."

Janey slipped from her chair, gave Phib's curls a sly twitch, and vanished through the South door, the boy following, with a whoop of relief.

All the men, save Stephen, had moved their seats a space from the table, each taking a comfortable position, and were now busily manipulating their goose-quill tooth-picks. Mrs. Norris had volunteered, and was quietly helping Liddy "clear off the table," good-naturedly assisted by the hired men, around whom they both were obliged to circulate.

"Now, Elder," said Mrs. Bowles, "come with me down East Landaf' way, and up among the hills there,

on the flank of old Kinsman, you'll find all there is left of Mormon City. Nothin', not even a sunken holler. Much less a broken door-stone, with an old lilock bush, or clump of cinnamon roses nigh; though ther's slathers of Bouncin' 'Bets' in places, they say. There used to be a little graveyard. But the angels couldn't find it now. The place is all growin' up thick, to young timber with miles of stun wall windin' through it, that used to mark off fields and pastures. Now there's the city, Elder, I can tell ye more about it if ye want to listen; somethin' of a story though. But just as you say, seein' your wife's helpin' Liddy do the dishes; and these hired men can mog off to the field any time now, no-buddy'll miss 'em."

The minister had begged for the story, Steve had at last left the table and was happy with his toothpick, and the "extry men" had taken Mrs. Bowles' sharp hint, and "mogged off" to the field to finish their day's reaping.

"Wel' as I was goin' to say," began Mandy, seated in her splintbottomed arm-chair by the South door, her flying knitting-needles vying with her tongue, "them settlers want no Mormons when they fust come to these parts. My Gran'ther Spooner used to trade cattle with 'em in his young days. He called 'em honist and close-fisted in their deal, and their wimmin'-folks, he said, was good house-keepers and poor gadabouts; uncommon good-lookin' too, he said. And their farms was prosperous. 'Bout the time their boys and gals was growed up to sparkin' age, a stranger come snoopin' round these parts. There wa'n't nothin' partic'lar ag'inst 'im fust off. But when folks, spesh'ly young folks got to be carried away with him, he let it leak out that he was a Mormon Elder, and he 'pointed meetin's round in the school-houses. When the news got to good old Elder Quimby's ears, you'd

better believe there was some hustling in the flock and the Mormon come up missin'; 'xactly like a wolf that had ben sneakin' round a sheep-pen. But the next day they heerd, he was up in the mountain district makin' converts and baptizin' of 'em every Sunday up there in the pool. But one Sunday he had a bigger aud'yance and one more candidate then he was expectin'.

"Wal', as I was tellin'" Mandy had stopped to set her seam, "one Sunday, not as I approve, some boys got curious as boys will, and went up there on the sly and hid 'mong the thick spruces on the high bank of the pool. The lit'list shaver among 'em, (prob'ly a Noyes or maybe an Edwards, all nice folks) shinned up a slim birch that leaned over the water. The boys could see right off that there wa'n't any high jinks goin' to be performed; there was nothin' dif'runt from Elder Quimby's baptisums; jest a gatherin' on the shaller bank of the pool, with him readin' to 'em. When he shet up his book, a woman begun to sing. My old gran'ther has heered Zeb Young tell this many's the time, and he was the biggest rogue among 'em.

"Zeb always said that he didn't see the woman fust off, and that he sartin thought it was one of them birds what we hear singin' deep in the woods, thrushes, Steve calls 'em; but when he heered words that sounded like 'All to leave and follow,' he peeked through the thick boughs, he said, and see the woman standin' and singin' and lookin' up into the sky, with the sunshine fallin' down all round her, and in the pool. Then the Elder stepped down into it. Zeb said, that all at once, he felt so mad at the old hypocritter breakin' up homes, and hearts, maybe, that'e just had to do somethin' partic'lar mean. So he grabbed up his axe, that he had brung along to hack off spruce-gum with, and struck it plumb into the slim birch; the sca't little imp in

it, lost holt, and went down ker-splash into the deepest part of the pool. Zeb and the other boys waited jest long 'nough to see the Elder fish him out, gaspin' and sputterin'. The old feller shook him dry, all right, but when the little chap caught up with the other boys most home he showed 'em his pockits stuffed with apples, them good folks had gi'n 'im."

"They might 'ave ben wuss, wuss," whispered kind Mr. Bowles, as his wife paused to measure on her finger, the length of the stocking-leg she was knitting.

"They might have ben more level-headed too," she resumed, tartly. "Howsomever, late in the fall, some hunters from down below, come trapesin' over the mountain and lost themselves. 'T was a bright moon-light night, hunter's moon you know, but they was pesky glad to strike a clearin'. They couldn't seem to rouse nobuddy at the fust two cabins, so they went on, thinkin' the folks was all gone to a huskin', likely. But the third cabin-door stood wide open with the moonlight shining still and solemn on the white floor, like candle-light on a dead face. Wal, them bold hunters never stopt ag'in till they got to the old Kinsman place. There, settin'round a bright fire they told how every house in the hull clearin' was left stark and alone. 'T was news to ev'rybuddy. But some one hollered, 'Bet a hooky, they've all went and jined the big Mormon exodus; I was readin' about it in my last Mornin' Star.' And they had. They'd exodustid, all right. They had left twenty-five year of home-buildin' behind; and, nobuddy's I know on, has ever heered from one on 'em sence. Now I'm goin' to set the heel of this 'ere stockin'."

With many thanks for the story, and for Stephen's bit of history, as well, Mr. Norris soon followed Mr. Bowles, Stephen and Elijah to the barn. "The farmers' appropriate withdrawing room," thought Sally,

envious at the thought of wide-flung doors and bays piled high, but soon merrily employed in the fragrant depths of the milk-room, helping Liddy "lift and turn" the cheese. In like simple pleasures passed the closing hours of the "all day visit."

It was late bed-time at the farm. Elijah and Phib, refusing to follow Stephen into the close attic chamber, were stretched upon the grassy bank, below the barn; while their father, after bathing his tired feet at the old trough, had cast his length upon the ground by the South door. Mandy had brought out her low chair to the door-rock, and sat by, knitting; she needed small light for "sich work." The two were quietly chatting.

"How the Elder did enjoy my blackb'ry short-cake for supper," remarked Mandy. "He'd e't two pieces, if Liddy's custud pie hadn't ben on the table. But where, under the sun, did you and Lige and him go to, his dandy mare hitched to our buck-board? Kept supper waitin' too."

"Not for long, Mandy. It might—

"Where'd ye go, and what did ye go for, is what I asked ye."

"I was on the p'int of tellin' ye Mandy," said Josiah, meekly offended.

"We driv up over the Ridge, to Square Parker's. I wanted to see 'im on a little marter o' law. There ain't no better man to go to, in these parts, for law and justice, then Square Parker of Sugar Hill. I told the Elder so."

"He knows that; ev'rybuddy does. But, what the Elder and his mare, and you, went for, is what I'm after." Mandy's needles stabbed viciously.

"Wal, to tell it as it is," here Mr. Bowles' voice dropped confidentially, "the Elder is in somethin' of a fix, amongst a parcil o' wimmin folks, down to the works."

"Siah!—I don't believe it."

"There, there, Mother, its only, they've took a notion lately, to

borry the minister's hoss an' rig, to go to Littleton with, ev'ry time they git mad to the store, or want to spite young Letty's bunnit shop. Course the Elder don't make it his business, what they go for, but they are nigh sp'ilin' as good a piece of hoss-flesh, as ther' is in the County. The critter's all ga'ntid up a'ready. They're spreadin' it on too tarnal thick."

"No need swearin' about it," remarked Mrs. Bowles, stiffly.

He sighed. "Tarnal's my wust word, Mandy, and you knowit. 'T ain't adornin' my perfession, but it seems tho'f some fitting word ought to be 'lowable—at times."

"Go on," said Mandy.

"I can see how'st the Elder, bein' a minister so, can't say 'No' to a parcil o' fool wimmin, same as I could; and I ain't so sartain as I could, come case in hand." A derisive snort from his wife. "But as I was goin' to tell you," he went on, "the Elder wants me to buy his mare and promise never to trade her out of the fam'ly. He's hear'n tell, I'm marster kind to my critters; how I've walked up and down these 'ere hills, year after year, ruther'n have a hoss of mine stand out shiverin', at twenty below, or so, while I'm warmin' up in the prayer-meetin'."

"What's he askin' for his mare?" Mandy was interested. "More than we can give, of course, seein' she's a bloodid Morgan."

"His price is oncommon reasonable," seems to me, "Woman."

"Him bein' a minister, you took her, at fust offer, prob'ly. Just like ye."

"No, I didn't."

"Why didn't ye? Mark my word, Hod Knight will have that mare. He's always ben wantin' her. And he ain't cold merlasses. He's got gump. All of Deacon Thomas' boys is smarter'n lightnin'."

"I guesss you're pretty tired, Mandy. But as I said, I told the Elder, (and he thought I'd better) I'd talk the trade over with you, 'fore

we clinched it. If you hadn't liked it, you'd sartin have put your foot in it."

"Prob'ly I should." The woman's wearied and slightly regretful tone was unlike herself. Her man was sitting near her now, with knees drawn up, his long arms encircling them, his head with its shock of grizzled hair bowed low. She looked at him in the dim light and repeated, "Prob'ly I should."

"Josiah Bowles," after minutes of silence, "I do wish it was in ye to make your own trades, and stick to 'em, spite of me or any other woman upsettin' 'em."

"I've wished so, many's the time," groaned the man. Then lifting his head he continued, "But, Mandy, ye got the upper hand; you was too bright and sparklin' to be ha'sh to ye. I didn't know you had it in ye, to be so—so hard and usarpin' like. I ain't no coward' mong beast-critters, the men will all tell you that, but wimmin-folks is dif'runt—, some. So you've had the manigement of me in your own hauds, mostly; I've ben standin' round lookin' on; I ain't a mite prouder of the man you've made for yourself, then you talk as tho'f you was, sometimes. But that ain't what I set out to tell ye. Old Man Stinson, was down in the field this mornin'."

"What did he want? Whinin' about the mo'gige, likely."

"No, Mandy, he come clean over, to tell me he had heered from Alic. He's in Californy. Digging out gold by the harnfull, by this time prob'ly. That's what Jim Oakes's boy is tellin' round. He's jest come back from the "diggins" with a mint o'money they say. Oakes says, when he was comin' out of the "diggins", as fur as Nevady City, he met two clean, husky men goin' in. One of them was our Alic."

Here came an angry snarl from Mandy, met with manly defiance; "Yis, I'll say it ag'in, our Alic.

He sent word by Jim's boy to his father, and said he'd write if he ever struck luck. Oakes says, ther's gold enough. It all depends on what kind of a feller the feller is that goes inter the "diggins" after it. Some finds it too easy, and goes fool crazy and gits rid of it jist as easy; some can't use no patience on a slow claim, but quit it for the other feller to git rich on, while they go huntin' round, wastin' spunk. But that ain't our Alic. He's got a head on him. You can trust him anywheres. God bless the boy tonight, wherever he is." The greying head bowed again and the shrunken shoulders heaved.

"Josiah Bowles," never was his wife's voice colder, never more unsympathizing, never harder. "I understand what ye're drivin' at, and I've jes this one thing to say to ye. If ever that boy shows himself back here, no matter if his pockits is lined with gold inside and out, he, nor no other Stinson shall come nigh a darter o'mine. I told him to his face, and I meant it too, that before he should have my Ploomy, to help him bear his fam'y's disgrace and shif'lissniss, I'd lay her in her coffin, with my own hands. Her aunt Ploomy 'scaped lots of mis'ry dyin' young."

"Did ye hear that noise, Mandy? Sounded as tho'f somebuddy's fell down, up charmber."

"Liddy puttin' down the winder, likely, to keep the smoke out; its growin' smokier ev'ry minute, seems so," was the undisturbed response.

There was a prolonged sigh and the weary man, by the aid of his muscular hands and long arms, swung and lifted himself easily from his low seat, standing a moment, trying to penetrate the thickening gloom, he said in his usual mild tone, "Now, I guess I'll go down to the barn and see how the critters are standin'.

Don't forgit it's the night to wind the clock, Mandy."

"Did ye ever know me to forgit it?" she called after the man, lurching away in the darkness. She still continued knitting rapidly for a time; then letting her work lie idly upon her lap, she leaned forward, listening. A weird tone was rising and falling in tuneful, mournful cadence. It came from the barn chamber.

"Siah's prayin'," muttered the woman with grim lips. "I knew he would. Nothin' can' stop 'im, though it's never 'mounted to shucks, as I can see. He wouldn't be Siah Bowles without prayin'. Wonder what he would ben, livin' with me all these years. But, no matter, Mandy Bowles, you ain't goin' to weaken nor soften on his accoun, nor nobuddy elses. Graves ain't the wust of troubles by a long shot. No, they's peaceful compared with some kinds of livin'. My harnsome little Ploomy ain't going to be dragged through this 'ere world, in no down-at-the-heels fam'ly, not if I know it. I'd ruther die with 'er. O Ploomy," she continued, half aloud, "many is the time, I wish I could go long with ye, if you've got to go; but I'm so well to livin; and ther's so many things for me to see to, and—I ain't—noways ready. But the taste of livin' is all gone; all gone."

She wound up her knitting, stabbing her needles into the ball of yarn, and turned and reentered the house. A loud outcry from the boys stayed her step.

"A big fire on the mountain," they were shouting.

High on the opposite heights, beyond the deep, narrow valley, a lurid blaze was struggling through clouds of mounting smoke.

(To be continued)

THE WIDEST PAVED STREET IN NEW ENGLAND

SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT HIGHWAYS

By Winfield M. Chaplin, Superintendent of Highways, Keene, N. H.

Last October, what is conceded to be the widest paved street in New England—and few will deny that it is also one of the most beautiful—was opened to traffic on Main Street in our business district, where it is 140 feet between curbs, after laying a modern reinforced-concrete pavement.

Due to lack of maintenance brought about by war conditions, our streets, like those of other municipalities, approached ruin to an extent that meant practically a reconstruction of the whole, without any salvage of the remnants, as they were worn below their uppers—so to speak; and there was a lack of stability in the base that would scarcely permit of patching that would withstand motor traffic any length of time.

Therefore, it became necessary to pave these worn-out streets with concrete, which eliminates costly maintenance in war or peace.

In 1920, an appropriation of \$18,000 was made for permanent highways, but owing to the impossibility of obtaining materials early enough to complete the work before cold weather the work was deferred. Last year the Honorable Mayor and gentlemen of the Highway committee, after careful investigation and scrutiny of all types of roads, again selected cement-concrete paving as the most durable type within our financial means and, accordingly 12,560 square yards of reinforced-concrete pavement of the most up to date type was put under contract with the Portland Construction Company of Portland, Me., at \$2.58 per square yard, which included all materials in place and all excavation to the depth of the pavement.

The above yardage was laid on Court street, South Main and Main street; also a considerable amount of concrete integral curbing.

On the beautiful grass plots that park each side of South Main street stand the celebrated giant elms for which this city is noted and mentioned all over the country—choicest ornaments of which we are proud. In this charming city there are 5,000 magnificent elms embraced within a radius of one mile from the soldiers' monument in Central Square. The new and excellent reinforced-concrete pavement has enhanced the appearance of our down town district; has brought light into the darkness; and has made a strikingly attractive thoroughfare every where it is laid—a thing of beauty, a joy forever.

On South Main street, where it is well shaded by the stately elms, prior to concreting, the street surface was annoyingly muddy because it would not dry out, as the grade is very flat; but after these slabs were laid the street was easily kept clean and sanitary, as the surface water is afforded a quick run-off by the smooth, even and gritty concrete. This is one of the good points of concrete surfaces on flat gutter grades, where leaves in the fall will clog if permitted to accumulate.

All of our Reinforced-Concrete is seven inches in thickness, containing steel mesh; all transverse joints contain pre-moulded bituminous filler to provide for expansion; the mixture is one part Portland cement to two parts sand and three parts crushed New Hampshire granite, clean and uniformly well graded. Half of the 140 feet width on Main Street was laid at a time

and is divided longitudinally into three sections by plain butt joints.

All slabs are laid directly on soil as it was found after excavating to proper grade, without any preparation for sub-soil grade such as loose stone foundation or gravel, the sub-grade being consolidated by proper rolling. At the street crossings for pedestrians a ten foot strip was laid with darkened mixture made by incorporating two pounds of lamp black

ideal surface that is easily swept, kept clean and attractive.

Local material was available for the bulky parts of this new pavement. The sand is of good quality and the crushed granite was trucked in from the Webb Quarry six miles away.

This pavement is virtually a concrete-granite pavement, because 66 per cent of it is crushed New Hampshire granite and this opens up a new use, a new market for this material



CONCRETE-GRANITE PAVEMENT UNDER CONSTRUCTION,

MAIN STREET, KEENE, N. H.

(View taken September 27, 1921)

per bag of cement into the mixer and placed two inches in thickness on the surface to define the safety lanes. A considerable area of vitrified brick supported by concrete foundation was removed and replaced with the superior reinforced-concrete in order to lay to the established grade. Wide granite block gutters that were rough in surface and almost impossible to keep clean and sanitary were removed and replaced by new concrete paving which furnishes an

for which our state is celebrated. For years we have been exporting our granite all over the country, and for years we have been importing fancy trap rock from Massachusetts for the macadam type of roads, a type that is now outworn by our heavily increased modern traffic. The principal reason why our New Hampshire granite is not used for macadam road surfacing is because it pulverizes under ten ton rollers, thereby preventing proper penetra-

tion in binding, and again, there is an internal friction in madacam roads that causes undue wear produced by swift heavy trucks that were restricted to three tons gross load last spring to save the inadequate roads where soils were in many places reduced to a state approaching fluidity from rains.

On the other hand granite when incorporated with cement mixtures

to all granite dealers, and to the state it represents an investment.

New Hampshire fortunately possesses an unlimited supply of this useful granite which is an igneous rock of crystalline structure composed of interlocking grains of quartz, feldspar and mica or hornblende; and while it varies as to texture to some extent it is a rock that is especially adapted to absolute-



WIDEST PAVED STREET IN NEW ENGLAND, MAIN STREET, KEENE, N. H.
Concrete-Granite Pavement 140 ft. between curbs.

(View taken October 10, 1921)

is an ideal road slab that has no internal wear. There is not a better market, there is no more economical use, than for New Hampshire to build her main roads of material from her granite quarries where for years this waste granite has accumulated in pyramidal piles. Its salvage into concrete-granite roads is like receiving a new dollar for an old one

ly durable and indestructible roads. Concrete-granite roads improve with age; they do not deteriorate from age, wear and weather; they do not require costly maintenance; they are absolutely adaptable to our New Hampshire climate, soil and traffic.

Conclusive evidence of the value of cement pavements was noted last year during our investigation right here

in Keene where we found stretches in continuous use for years that are as good as new. One of these is a cement walk on the west side of Main street which has been down seventeen years with constant use and without any repair whatever, showing no sign of wear. Another, a pavement in Diphthong Alley has been subjected to vehicular traffic over seven years without any outlay for maintenance and showing no signs of wear; which indicates the exceptional value of plain concrete slab pavements. On many of our macadam streets we have cross walks built of plain concrete slabs and some of these were taken up last year after seven or eight years service in order to relay reinforced concrete paving. Many of these old slabs we propose to use again for street crossings. Last year the Standard Oil Company laid an excellent stretch of reinforced

concrete slab pavement in the yard of their distributing plant to support their heavy trucks.

The first cost of any type of pavement is not a fair measure of the value of that type. The value of any type depends upon the term of service it can render without costly maintenance. A type of construction, the initial cost of which may be ten or twenty per cent more than another type is much more economical investment if it eliminates or materially reduces the maintenance charges and gives a much lengthened period of service. In my opinion this type of concrete-granite highway will positively arrest maintenance and its use on main highways will surely release funds now used for maintenance so that we can build more and better roads that are capable of meeting future requirements.

THE TURNING OF THE TIDE

By *Helen Mowse Philbrook*

We talked, the half remembered sea beside,—
Blent with our words its murmurous voice and low;
Idly we watched the silvering grasses blow,
And now a sail the beryl harbor ride,
And now a tilting curlew, circling wide.
One moment thus—the next the wind's warm flow
Quickened and chilled: cried one with eyes aglow,
"Oh hark! It is the turning of the tide!"

With far clear call the great deep veered once more
With swelling breast to the forsaken shore;
The sea flower drooping in its emptied pool
Lifted and lived in flooding waters cool.

So felt I once faith's turning ebb tide roll
Across the withering blossoms of my soul.

THREE BOYS OF CORNISH

By Samuel L. Powers

(Part of an after-dinner address at the annual reunion and banquet of the Dartmouth Alumni Association of Boston and vicinity.)

Eighteen miles south of Hanover, upon the banks of the Connecticut, is a country town which was christened Cornish. It never had a population of over 1,800 people, and at the present, time has only one-half that number. That town sent to Dartmouth three boys upon whom the college conferred degrees. These men entered different fields of service, and each achieved, in his chosen field, the highest distinction ever achieved by any American.

The first was Philander Chase, who graduated from Dartmouth in 1796. He did more for the promotion of established religion than any other American that the country has produced. He emigrated to Ohio, where he planted the Protestant Episcopal Church, and he extended it over into Pennsylvania, to Illinois and into the Middle West. He became its great bishop. He was equally as well known in church circles in England as in America. In England he is referred to as the great American bishop. He not only promoted the establishment of the church but he was the founder of Kenyon College in Ohio, and the founder of Jubilee College in Illinois. Some years since I asked the late Senator Knox of Pennsylvania how it happened that he was christened Philander Chase Knox. "Why," he said, "at the time of my birth the greatest blessing that a mother of Pennsylvania could confer upon her son was to christen him after the great American bishop."

The second of this group of three is Nathan Smith, who founded the medical school at Dartmouth, the medical school at Yale, at Bowdoin and at the University of Vermont,

and in the course of his life he taught every branch in the curriculum of those four schools, and was one of the leading lecturers before the Harvard medical school. Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, in referring to Dr. Smith as an instructor in medicine, says that he did not occupy a chair, he occupied a settee. The history of Nathan Smith's life reads like a romance. At 28 years of age he was following the plow, and became interested in medicine through talking with a country physician who was ministering to one of the members of his family. He borrowed from this doctor some medical books and became so interested in the study of science that he went before the trustees of Dartmouth and suggested that he would like to establish a medical school in connection with the college. At that time he had never received any medical degree, nor was he licensed to practice, but he so impressed the trustees that they loaned him the money to go abroad for the purpose of studying medicine and surgery. Later he returned and founded the Dartmouth medical school in a room in the northeast corner of old Dartmouth Hall. That room was not a large one, yet it was the lecture room, the laboratory and dissecting room of the new medical school. Later on the college conferred upon him the degree of doctor of medicine, and Nathan Smith is recognized today by the medical profession as having done more for the promotion of medical education than any other American.

The third of this group is Salmon P. Chase, nephew of Bishop Chase, who received his degree from Dartmouth in 1826. He is recognized as the greatest financier this country has produced. After his graduation he went to Ohio, where he achieved

distinction, in the legal profession, entered public life, was governor of his adopted state, a United States senator, and later chief justice of the United States supreme court. But his great fame will always rest upon the service which he rendered as secretary of the treasury under President Lincoln. When he accepted that portfolio he had no special knowledge of finance or banking. To him it was a new field. The treasury was without money, and its credit was at its lowest ebb. Obligations of the United States had been protested in New York. The great war was on. Millions of men were to be clothed, fed and equipped, and the duty was imposed upon Chase to formulate a plan by which this tremendous expense could be financed. The lowest rate at which money

could be borrowed by the United States was 12 per cent. Chase worked out a theory of finance through a system of legal tender notes, shaped the legislation necessary, and insisted upon and secured favorable action from Congress. He also formulated the method of taxation, and the North was able to secure billions of money, which maintained the army in the field and preserved the Union of the states. And, what is more, while the war was in progress the credit of the country improved from year to year, and in 1864 the 7 per cent bonds of the United States were selling at a premium. There is nothing comparable with his record as a financier in this country or in any other country on the face of the globe.

REBIRTH

By Nellie Dodge Fryc

When Autumn waves with red and gold,
And fields fulfill their prophecy,
A sombre spirit seems to all enfold,
Like music in a minor key.

The Summer's birds have southward flown, to
find
A warmer clime, ere Winter cold.
In woods where lichens grew, lie intertwined
Some mosses green from out the old.

So shall balmy Spring resplendent be.
From leafy boughs the birds at morn
Will pour forth their full-throated melody
In ecstasy of earth reborn.

THE UNCHANGING

By Winnifred Janette Kittredge

The Great Stone Face looked down benignly at the Girl. The Girl stared rebelliously up at the majestic countenance. "Why? Great Spirit, why?" she cried angrily to the mountain. "How can anyone be so insane? Oh, I can't stand it that they should betray you so. Think of it, right here, Great Spirit, right here on this hill where I am they're going to build a store. A store having anything to do with you!" Her voice shook with intensity, "I-I'd almost rather you *fell* down than be glanced at and commented on every year by those insane summer people."

"Lucy—Lucy," came a faint hail far down the road. The Girl arose slowly and watched a shadow chase across the clear lake at her feet. Then in a changed mood she turned her eyes to the quiet Face above. "Good-bye, dear Great Spirit," she said. "I can't bear to leave you. I know I shall be achingly lonesome without you or any mountains at all. But I couldn't bear to stay either, with those awful summer people here."

The Girl whistled to her horse grazing near her. She rode swiftly down the road to a little cabin half hidden by yellow birches and mountain ash trees. "Yes, mother, here I am," she called, "I was just taking a little ride up the road. I'll finish packing my things now."

Late into the night the mother and daughter worked on the last details which always precede a momentous departure. Lucy was to leave her mountain home for a city school. It was indeed a great event, for she had known little else than the rugged mountains where houses were far apart and the great cliffs were constant companions.

As Lucy mounted her horse to ride beside the big wagon which carried her trunk, two men passed with sur-

veying instruments. Lucy did not look at them. "If you must go and build a hotel," she said to herself, "I think you might at least wait until I'm gone. Anyhow I needn't be civil." And the Girl rode cityward down the path.

* * * * *

The day had been a busy one at the Profile House, and still busier at the little Profile Store. Crowds of sightseers had stopped there to gaze at the rugged Face and watch the cloud shadows darken the mountain. The tray of spruce-twigg alpenstocks was almost empty and there was left but one birch bark album, soiled by the perspiring fingers of the eager tourists. The girl at the counter was very tired but she bestowed her usual smile on all newcomers and patiently sold pictures of hardy mountain-climbers dangling their feet over the forehead of the Profile. Now and then she glanced at the Face itself, her eyes lingering lovingly on the strong features.

Up the hill came a woman seeming at first only another tourist but her buoyant and accustomed step proclaimed her to be of mountain birth. The Girl had come back. "I won't look up yet," she thought, "I'll put it off as long as I can. Goodness aren't there a lot of people!"

"Isn't it pretty," effervesced a silk-clad lady at her side. The Girl sighed for she had by this time reached the porch of the little store and the Stone Face was before her.

"Oh!" she gave an audible gasp. She had thought it would be changed, different, alien to her now; but there was the Face majestic and calm as always. She gazed long, and caught what the Great Face had been waiting twenty years to tell her if only she had not been too angry to listen—That the people could not spoil that majestic calm, and it might be that

they would go away enriched. With the realization of it a great wave of kindness swept over her. She longed to show her good-will even toward the hated store. Impulsively she turned to the counter. "Have you any birch-bark albums left?" she asked.

"Just one," said the patient girl within. Then seeing the friendly look she went on, "Isn't He great, though! I just can't bear to go away and leave Him all alone this winter without anyone to be company for Him."

The Great Stone Face looked down benignly at the two.

AWAKENINGS

By Alice M. Shepard

As sometimes in a friend's house we awake
From deepest sleep and look around the room,
And drowsy, suffer sudden fright, and quake,
As if at some fixed, slow-impending doom,
And feel a loss of what we cannot tell,
And beat our wills against unyielding force,
Till memory arouses to dispell
The fears our prostrate senses would endorse;

We took a motor trip and rushed through air
Cooled by the dew which gathers after heat,
Our headlight caught the treetops in its glare
And changed their green to torches white and
fleet.
Then slowing down with creak of curbing brake
We entered where the portal shed its light
Oh, yes, a loving friend was there to take
Our hand, and bid us welcome for the night.

Shall sometime thus, our weary, torpid soul
Awake, in unfamiliar chamber, insecure
Amid surroundings strange to our control
And things we did not fashion or procure?
Shall we then half remember, as a dream,
A journey, rushing clouds, and flying stars,
Which lighted up our way with friendly gleam
Or traced our path with soft and fleecy bars?

Our soul then shall we shake, and stretch our
wings
To free them from their cramped and heavy sleep
Which like a long worn garment wraps and clings
In folds and wrinkles, hampering and deep?
Shall we forget earth's sad and last farewell,
The journey undertaken, full of dread,
Lost in the welcomes which all else excel,
Of those we love and mourned long years as
dead?

MY PINE TREE

By Mary Blake Benson

Far away from the noise and confusion of the city, and where bird songs mingle happily with the fragrance of cool woods, there is a deserted pasture. On three sides it is separated from smooth green fields by irregular lines of old stone walls, over which wild blackberry vines and woodbine have dispersed themselves in confusion; but on the fourth side of the pasture, the land slopes lazily to the shores of a beautiful lake. Years of neglect have left their mark upon these few acres of land, the greater part of which is rapidly growing up to trees and bushes again. Cows have long since ceased to feed upon the grassy knolls, and birds and squirrels find in it an undisturbed paradise. Almost in the center of the pasture stands a pine tree. I do not know how old it is, but in all the surrounding country there is none that can equal it in size or beauty. Its lowest branches which are perhaps ten feet above the ground, spread out over a circle at least twenty feet in diameter; while its topmost plumes toss themselves skyward no less than five times that distance above the soft bed of brown needles

at its base. On all sides aggressive alders and scrawny birches have crept up until they stand in a respectful circle around this monarch of the pasture. The storms of countless New England winters have broken over my pine, and icy winds have twisted and bowed its graceful branches. The suns of innumerable summers have poured their scorching rays down upon it, and once a swift bolt of lightning tore away a fine, big limb. But in spite of all, my pine has stood calm and serene throughout the years. "The peerless pine was the first to come and the pine will be the last to go!"

It waves me a welcome whenever I go home, and it murmurs a benediction when I leave. Oh, the happy hours I have spent beneath the shelter of my grand old tree! I have been soothed by its soft voices and cheered by the songs of birds in its branches. It has rejoiced with me in my gladness, even as it has comforted me in my sorrows. Its beauty never fails to thrill me with wonder; and its fragrance steals across the distance, bringing strength and courage to my weary soul.

MARCH

By Helen Adams Parker

Forbidding March has come at last—
Still pile the wet logs higher;
But wait—there lies, beneath his blast,
The Spring of our Desire.

JACK FROST

By Walter B. Wolfe.

Jack Frost! Now there's a chap that somehow gets
Too little credit from his fellowmen!
A poet, little understood by all
The fallow ox-eyed countryfolk—
His neighbors on the steps at Aulis's
Or loafing down at Tanzi's in the haze
And smoke of cheap cigars, have never heard
His name; they talk about the price of wheat,
Of Hardy's wife who has the chills again,
How Nye has bought a heifer of old Hodge;
And yet there isn't one of them that drives
Up to the town from Norwich, Lyme, or Wilder,
These sparkling winter mornings when the snow
Glistens as though some god had strewn the dust
Swept from a starry feasting chamber down
To our poor earth—not one of them that sees
Or understands the poems Jack has penned.

No other poet thinks to take his themes,
The simple homely things of everyday
And write such glorious poems our Jack Frost
Can write thereon! A sidewalk, windowpane,
The little pond high up on Occum Ridge
That dull professors pass without a thought
For beauty.....such are all that Jack would ask.
His poems? Full of dainty thought, of form
Delightful to the eye, piquant, and charmed
With airy grace! He has ideas too!
His head is full of curious rococo—
Thoughts yeast and foam as in a cauldron there
And yet our Jack is modest, shuns the glance
Of all who do not understand his faery art,
Or those concerned too much with worldly things.

And so it is he's never seen with men
Or walking on the streets he loves so well,
The streets in which he sees a shimmering world
Of many-colored beauties. Yet sometimes
When song wells in his heart so loud, so clear
He can no longer keep its melody
Shut in himself, some frosty morning when
The streets are covered with new-fallen snow,
He skips upon earth's samite mantle, runs
Out to the streets of Hanover, and writes
His charming verses on a thousand panes
Of glass; a poet of rare honesty,
A lapidary etching words like gems
He never fills a line with sounding words
To catch the yokel's ear for platitudes.

Dear Jack! His head's so full of melodies
He needs must write on every windowpane
Tripping from house to house with eager pen
To jot his fanciful ideas down.
It's really very sad there are so few
To read the lyric greeting he has left
Gracing their windows on cold sunny mornings.....

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

The nomination by President Harding on February 2, 1922, of Stephen Shannon Jewett of Laconia, New Hampshire, to be naval officer of customs in customs collections district Number Four, with headquarters at Boston, Mass., conformed to precedent of more than sixty years standing that this office should be filled by a distinguished political leader from the Granite State.

President Lincoln started the long line when he named for the place the Honorable Amos Tuck of Exeter, Free Soil Congressman, one of the founders of the Republican party,



COL. STEPHEN S. JEWETT

father of New Hampshire's benefactor, Mr. Edward Tuck of Paris, France. There was a brief interregnum under Pres. Johnson, who wanted the post for Hannibal Hamlin of Maine, but President Grant resumed the succession, not to be again interrupted, by the appointment of Walter Harriman, Civil War general and governor of New Hampshire.

Since his day both Republicans and Democrats have held the office, with the change of administrations

at Washington, but all alike have been brilliant and loyal sons of the Granite State; Colonel Daniel Hall of Dover, like Governor Harriman soldier, orator and historian; Colonel Henry O. Kent of Lancaster, who shared the same distinctions; Frank D. Currier of Canaan, whose subsequent career in Congress was one of long and useful service; Charles F. Stone of Laconia, afterwards judge of the superior court of his state; James O. Lyford of Concord, one of the ablest and most efficient men New Hampshire public life ever has known; and John B. Nash of Conway, picturesque pleader in the political forum.

Of these, only Colonel Lyford, who held the Boston office from 1898 to 1913, and is now the esteemed and appreciated chairman of the New Hampshire state bank commission, survives.

Like most of the New Hampshire naval officers of the port of Boston, Colonel Jewett has been long prominent in the legal and political circles of his state. Born in Gilford, N. H., September 18, 1858, the son of John Glines and Carrie E. (Shannon) Jewett, he studied law with Judge Stone, named above, and was admitted to the bar in March, 1880. Since that time he has practiced his profession continuously in Laconia with marked success and during the past decade has enjoyed the pleasure of having his son, Theo Stephen Jewett, Dartmouth '13, as his partner. Mrs. Jewett was Annie L. Bray and the date of their marriage was June 30, 1880.

Mr. Jewett took an early interest in politics and was engrossing clerk of the state legislature, 1883; assistant clerk of the house, 1887 and 1889; clerk, 1891 and 1893; member, 1895; speaker, 1897; state senator, 1899; councilor, 1907. In the meantime he

had been secretary and chairman of the Republican state committee and delegate-at-large and chairman of the delegation from New Hampshire to the national convention of 1896. At one time he was clerk of court for Belknap county; was for 18 years city solicitor of Laconia; and served on the staff of Governor David H. Goodell.

Colonel Jewett is a 33rd degree Mason and has been grand master of the grand lodge of New Hampshire, grand commander of the Knights Templar and grand master of the grand council. He is the holder of an honorary degree from Dartmouth college and was one of the state's most active war workers. His popularity is co-extensive with his very wide acquaintance.

While the fact probably did not enter into the selection of Colonel Jewett for his new place it is interesting to note that he is a direct descendant in the ninth generation from Nathaniel Shannon, who held the office of Naval Officer at the port of Boston from 1701 to 1721, being the first occupant of the place to receive his commission from the Governor of the Plantation and General Court of Massachusetts.

An interesting summary by Frederick E. Everett, state highway commissioner, of the work of his department in 1921, makes the somewhat surprising showing that although there was no legislative appropriation for trunk line construction there was more money expended for all highway purposes than in any previous year, namely, \$825,000 for construction and \$1,375,000 for maintenance.

Says Mr. Everett:

"The amount expended for maintenance and reconstruction greatly exceeds that of any previous year for several reasons, not the least of which is the fact that the winter of 1920-21 was one of the most severe in the his-

tory of the department. There was very little snow and the roads were open for traffic during the entire winter with the result that the frost penetrated deeper than ever before, and being subject to traffic during the freezing and thawing weather, many sections were entirely cut to pieces that hitherto had answered all requirements.

"Another reason was that during the extremely dry weather of August, many of our gravel roads failed to carry the tremendous heavy traffic of the tourist season and it was clearly shown to the department that many sections of gravel of the main lines would have to be treated with some sort of a bituminous surface or dust layer early in 1922 and to get these roads in condition for this application of the bituminous material, extensive resurfacing was necessary and it was the endeavor of the department to do as much as possible of this resurfacing during the fall of 1921.

The mileage added to the improved roads, during the season of 1921 is as follows:

81.39 miles of new road.

17.98 of old road reconstructed.

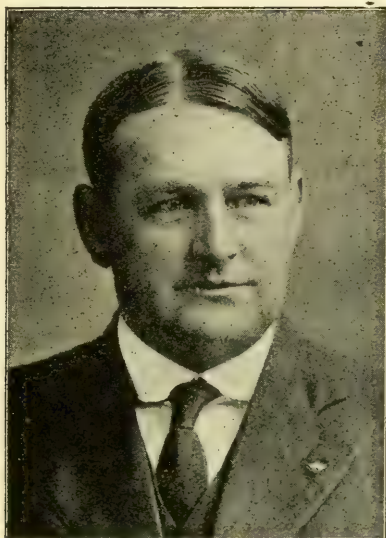
65.81 of the new construction was of gravel and the remainder was made up of bituminous macadam, waterbound macadam, cement concrete and crushed gravel. Of the mileage of reconstructed road, 3 1-2 miles was gravel and the remainder made up of bituminous macadam and modified asphalt.

"It is known now that the revenue from the automobile licenses for 1922 will greatly exceed those of any previous years and extensive plans are being made by the department in anticipation of this increased revenue. There is also available from the federal government for expenditure this next year practically \$365,000 which must be met by the state and towns.

"Inasmuch as there is practically no state money for trunk line construction, a greater part of this

amount will be used in the reconstruction of sections of the trunk line roads that are carrying the heavier traffic and where a hard surface road is demanded. Seventeen projects have been outlined under the heading of reconstruction.

"There are a number of unimproved sections of laid-out system where existing traffic is suffering for a new road. Answering this



FREDERICK E. EVERETT

demand, the department has outlined seven federal aid projects under the heading of construction. In these cases with one exception, the towns will be asked to advance the funds to meet the federal allotment.

"In addition to the federal aid program, extensive reconstruction is planned in various towns throughout the trunk line and state aid system and it is planned now, providing the towns raise the money requested of them, to treat with bituminous material the whole of the West Side Road from the Massachusetts line to Newport and from Woodsville to Twin Mountain; all of the Daniel Webster Road that is not now surface treated from the Massachusetts line to North Woodstock and from

Twin Mountain to Groveton; the South Side Road from Keene to Nashua and from Manchester to Portsmouth and various sections along the East Side Road that have been carrying extensive traffic.

"It will be impossible to make all the improvements in 1922 that the public will demand. Many sections of gravel road that perhaps should be oiled or tarred cannot be treated. \$300,000 to \$400,000 additional revenue will not perform the impossible. \$1,000,000 could be used to advantage on the roads of New Hampshire. However, it will be the earnest endeavor of the department to give value received for the additional revenue given by the passage of the new motor vehicle act.

"New Hampshire has a greater mileage in its trunk line system than most states, and a much smaller revenue for construction and maintenance. These roads must be adequately maintained in order to give satisfactory service and to preserve the original investment in the construction. The motor vehicle fees for the last few years have not been sufficient to provide adequate maintenance, and we believe that the motor vehicle owner will be more than repaid for his increase in fees by the better maintenance and the increase in oiled and hard surfaced roads which this increase will make possible. The wear and tear on a main highway today is almost wholly caused by the motor vehicle and when the taxpayer builds a road it seems not only reasonable but justifiable to require that the motor vehicle user keep this road in good repair by replacing through proper maintenance what he has destroyed."

Upwards of 35,000 inhabitants of New Hampshire in 1920 were natives of Massachusetts, nearly 21,000 were born in Vermont and more than 17,000 first saw the light of day in

Maine, according to statistics just made public by the Department of Commerce through the Bureau of the Census.

Of the 443,085 people in the state in 1920, 257,074 were born within its confines. Exactly 94,612 were natives of other states of the Union or outlying United States territorial possessions. Slightly less than this number, or 91,397, to be exact, were born in foreign countries.

One striking fact the census records indicate is that during the decade from 1910 to 1920 the percentage of native Americans in New Hampshire shows a distinct increase and, correspondingly, the number of foreign-born inhabitants shows a distinct decrease. The native population increased from 77.5 per cent in 1910 to 79.4 per cent in 1920. The foreign-born population decreased from 22.5 per cent in 1910 to 20.6 in 1920.

Following the lead of Massachusetts, Vermont and Maine, whose native sons have found a habitat in the Granite State, New York takes fourth place in such a list, claiming 1.8 per cent of the total population for her native sons; Connecticut and

Rhode Island are tied for fifth place with 0.4; Pennsylvania is sixth with 0.3; New Jersey and Michigan are tied for seventh place with 0.2 and Illinois held eighth place with 0.1.

The percentage of the total population held respectively by the sons and daughters of Massachusetts, Vermont and Maine are 7.9 per cent, 4.7 per cent and 3.8 per cent.

All the states listed above have shown a percentage increase in the number of native sons who have emigrated to New Hampshire during the last 10 years, excepting Connecticut, New Jersey and Illinois. These three states have not lost their 1910 ratio; it has simply remained stationary.

The state of New Hampshire itself has shown a gain of only three tenths of 1 per cent as regards the number of persons born within the state relative to the total population during the last ten years. In 1910 the number of persons living in New Hampshire who were born within the borders of the commonwealth, constituted 57.7 per cent of the total population. In 1920 this percentage had increased to exactly 58 per cent.

EDITORIALS

New Hampshire is having her share of the plagues and problems that follow in the wake of war. In this state, as in this country and throughout the world, there is the greatest need of less splurge and more sense; fewer words and more work.

We are more fortunate than some of our sister states in that we did not reach their heights of war-forced industrial activity and therefore have not so far to descend, rather suddenly, to the sea-level of normal conditions.

But even with us too many employers have been profligate with their excess profits; too many employees have been wearing silk shirts and fur coats and paying high prices for low liquor. We, too, must have a sobering-up time, during which our aching heads, outraged digestions and general grouches will lead us into serious trouble if we are not careful.

The re-assimilation into the civic body of our part of the soldiers returning from war has not been difficult. The New Hampshire boys in the service were of a higher calibre than the average, in the first place; and in the next place, so far as our observation goes, most of them found work waiting for them which they are willing to do and which they are doing well.

But the necessary re-adjustment to a new scale and manner of living, following the deflation of a few years' boom, is causing so many pains and aches and sore spots, in New Hampshire as elsewhere, that there seems never to have been a time when it was more necessary and desirable for all of us to keep the Golden Rule in mind in our civic, industrial and social relations. Our population is not exactly divisible into halves, but if it were, each half would know exactly how the other half lives and be severely critical of it.

What a lot of trouble it would save us if a hundred leaders of public opinion in New Hampshire could be endowed suddenly with the power to see fairly and truly and wisely both sides of a question.

An interesting letter recently received from a reader of the Granite Monthly in another state, states that she was led to subscribe for the magazine by finding some old copies in the New Hampshire house which she has acquired as a summer home. With kind words for the present magazine and good wishes for its growth and prosperity she adds this interesting paragraph: "The state of our permanent home has had the experience of publishing a state magazine, which failed. It was a very artistic and valuable magazine and public libraries highly prize the copies that are still in existence. It seems to me that any state should encourage, with financial aid if necessary, the publication of a state magazine devoted to the history, the scenery, the general welfare of the state; and to the lives and talents of its people."

"It's an A1 magazine," is the concise way a leading Manchester merchant puts it in forwarding his \$2.00 for 1922.

It is a pleasure to announce that a new series of articles is being prepared for the Granite Monthly by Mr. George B. Upham of Claremont and Boston, the first of which will appear in an early issue, probably in April. "There is real meat for anyone interested in history, in everything Mr. Upham writes," says a Cheshire county correspondent, who is himself a writer and student of New Hampshire history.

A BOOK OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

In her first novel, "Lost Valley," (Harper & Brothers) Mrs. Katherine Fullerton Gerould, distinguished essayist, short story writer and daughter-in-law of New Hampshire, takes our state skeleton out of its closet and rattles its bones as they have not been since the late Governor Frank W. Rollins issued an official Fast Day proclamation which is not yet forgotten, though its date was more than two decades ago.

Mrs. Gerould does not say that her "Lost Valley," where nature is at her best and man is at his worst, is located in New Hampshire. But all of us who have been up and down and over and across this state for forty years know that we have our share, with the other New England states, of these "Lost Valleys." The state board of education and the state board of health could tell quite accurately how many we have and where they are situated; for these departments of the government, and others, in a less degree, are trying to reduce the number of such places in our midst.

In the last chapters of her novel Mrs. Gerould offers a solution of the problem in the love of the land that is inherent in the human animal and that oft-times is content with small return for its affection. But we fear that the number of Jake Leffingwells left in New Hampshire is too few to redeem its hill acres. It would have been more up to date, as regards the story, if when John Lawrence, the railroad king, came back to view with dismay the place of his birth, Silas Mann, his old schoolmate, who drove him over from Siloam, should have turned out to be a real estate agent, ready with plans for the damming of Lost Brook for water power, the reforestation of the hill-

sides above it and the building of a summer hotel on their sightliest spot.

But on the whole Mrs. Gerould's local color as to both persons and places is excellent. Some of the minor characters, such as Sarah Martin, the Siloam school teacher, and Andrew Lockerbury, the work-warped farmer, are splendidly done. Madge Lockerby, the heroine, setting forth on her almost hopeless quest with a spirit that came straight down from a crusader ancestor, is vivid and true. The idea of the beautiful imbecile girl who looked like a saint and worshipped a monkey is grotesque, but motivates the plot with sufficient energy to carry us from Lost Valley to Boston and New York, to Revere street and Mulberry street, to Mrs. Blackmer's boarding house on Pinckney street and to Arthur Burton's studio in "the Village."

All of Mrs. Gerould's Yankees, whatever their age and generation, class and station, are true to life. She sees into our ingeniously closed hearts and fathoms correctly the reactions behind our impassive countenances. Her pictures of Italians and Chinese have at least the fidelity of good reporting. We do not question the artist, Burton, and his Juanita. Only when Desmond Reilly comes upon the scene to forecast the happy ending do we realize that this is one more "made up" story, as the children say. And even to the final page Mrs. Gerould revolts against the formulae of romance, her final "clinch" coming when "High noon lay on Barker's Hill. It was the least romantic hour of the day. The season had already wearied of temperance, and the Valley, shut off from the wind, sweltered below them in hot undress."

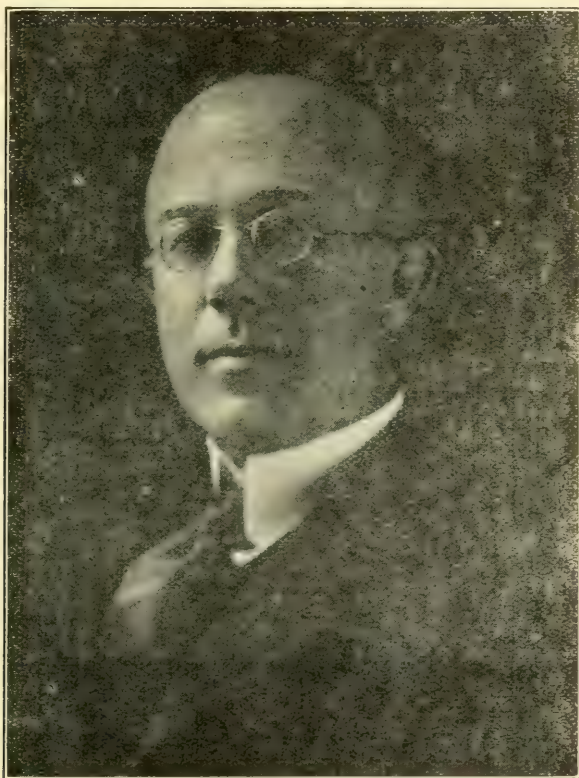
NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

DAVID A. TAGGART

David Arthur Taggart, leader of the New Hampshire bar, died at his home in Manchester, February 9. He was born in Goffstown, January 30, 1858, the son of David Morrill and Esther (Wilson) Taggart, and was educated in the town schools, at Manchester High School where he graduated in 1874, and at Harvard University, class of 1878. Studying law with the late Judge David

of his death vice-president and acting president of the state bar association.

In early life Mr. Taggart took an active interest in Republican politics; was a member of the house of representatives in 1883, president of the state senate of 1889 and the candidate of his party for Congress from the First District in 1890. He was a 32d degree Mason and a Knight Templar, and a member of the Sons of the American Revolution, the Derryfield club, the



THE LATE DAVID A. TAGGART

Cross, he was admitted to the bar Sept. 1, 1881, and practised his profession in Manchester with high success until his death, being at that time the head of the firm of Taggart, Tuttle, Wyman & Starr and having included among his former associates Judge Geo. H. Bingham and Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs. For many years he was one of the state bar examiners; was a member of the national bar association; and at the time

Intervale Country Club and the New Hampshire Harvard club. He was an attendant at the Franklin Street Congregational church.

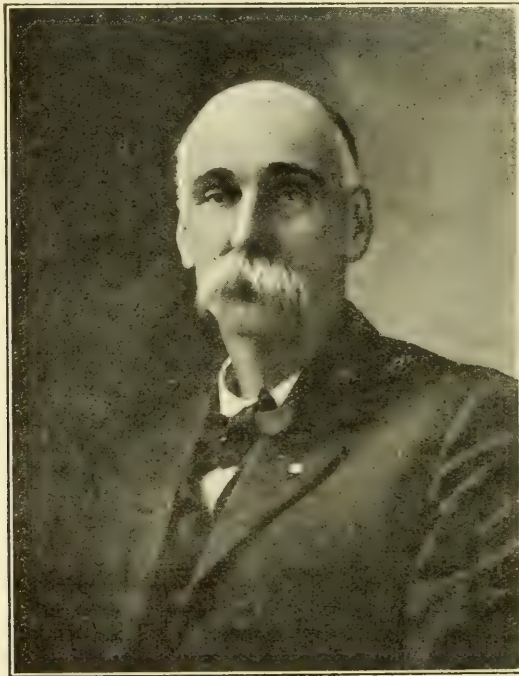
November 11, 1884, Mr. Taggart married Miss Mary Elbra Story, daughter of Dr. A. B. Story of Manchester. He is survived by his wife and by two daughters, Mrs. Ernest R. Cooper and Mrs. Stanley C. Whipple, both of Boston.

JAMES L. COLBY

James L. Colby, commissioner of Merrimack County, died at his home in Webster at 10 o'clock in the evening of Tuesday, January 24, after several months of illness. He was born in Rumford, Me., November 15, 1855, the only child of Charles S. and Ann (Greeley) Colby, and came to Webster in childhood with his parents. His grandfather, on his mother's side, was Reuben Greeley, leading citizen of Salisbury, who married Mary Ann, daughter of Captain James Shirley of Chester.

With the exception of a few brief

Mr. Colby was a member of the Republican State committee and an energetic and successful worker in the interests of his party. His townspeople had honored him with all the offices in their gift, including moderator, selectman, member of the school board and representative to the legislature in 1917, in which he served upon the standing committee on County Affairs. This was appropriately followed by his election in 1918 as a member of the board of commissioners for Merrimack county, a position which he filled so well that his re-election in 1920 for another term was a matter of course.



THE LATE JAMES L. COLBY

absences, Mr. Colby was a lifelong resident of Webster and one of the town's best known citizens. After attending the schools there and Simonds Free High school at Warner he learned the carpenter's trade, but devoted most of his time to carrying on the home farm, combined, in later years, with extensive lumbering operations. Before the death of Charles S. Colby, who passed away December 17, 1918, at the age of 92, four generations, including father son, grandson and great-grandson were active at the same time on the old place.

For many years he was a director of the Merrimack County Mutual Fire Insurance company and its treasurer at the time of his death. He was a member of Harris lodge, A. F. and A. M., of Warner, and of the New Hampshire Lumbermen's Association.

Mr Colby married June 14, 1891, Mary Morse of Webster, who survives him, with their son, Joseph G. Colby, of Webster, their daughter, Mrs. Annie Brockway of Newport, and four grandchildren.

Not only in his family circle and by

his fellow townsmen and business and official associates is Mr. Colby's death deeply mourned, but also by a wide circle of friends throughout the state, by whom his hearty greeting, its sincerity, warmth and vigor so typical of the man, will be greatly missed.

DR. LEVI C. TAYLOR

Levi Colby Taylor was born in Lempster, Dec. 12, 1841, died in Hartford, Conn., Feb. 8, 1922. Dr. Taylor was one of the most eminent and successful dentists in New England, and had been in practice in Hartford since 1875, having been previously located at Holyoke, Mass., for seven years, after completing his preparatory studies. He had



THE LATE LEVI C. TAYLOR

been president of the Connecticut Valley Dental society, which he was instrumental in organizing, and was the first president of the Hartford Dental society. He was also a member of the Connecticut, the Northeastern, the Massachusetts and National Dental Associations, and an honorary member of the N. H. Dental Association and the N. Y. Institute of Stomatology. He was for some time a lecturer on Oral Prophylaxis and Orthodontia in the New York College of Dental and Oral Surgery. He married, Dec. 8, 1874, Miss Nellie Thayer of Peterboro, N. H., who survives him, with a daughter, Maude W. Taylor, M. D., of Hartford; two

sons, Charles Brackett, and Leon Everett, having previously passed away.

MADAME BOUGUEREAU

Madame Elizabeth Gardner Bouguereau, the American girl who opened the art schools of Paris to women, died at St. Cloud, France, January 29. She was born in Exeter, October 4, 1837, the daughter of George and Jane (Lowell) Gardner, and after graduating from Lasell Seminary went abroad in 1862 to study art. At Paris she was, successively the pupil, co-worker and wife of William Bouguereau, one of the greatest of modern painters. She was herself an artist of distinction, the first woman to be an exhibitor and prize winner at the Salon. She revisited America in 1870 and 1876 and gave to her native town one of her finest works, "Across the Brook," which hangs at Robinson Seminary.

RICHARD WHORISKEY

Professor Richard Whoriskey, head of the department of modern languages at New Hampshire College and the best-loved member of the faculty of that institution, died February 21. He was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 2, 1874, the son of Richard and Anne (Carroll) Whoriskey, graduated at Harvard in 1897 and had taught at Durham since 1899. For 25 years he had served on the athletic council and his relations with the undergraduate body were always most intimate and helpful. During the World War he became well known throughout the state as a patriotic speaker and was the valued assistant of Chairman Huntley N. Spaulding in the work of the state food administration.

BURTON T. SCALES

Burton True Scales, director of music in Girard college, who died at Philadelphia, January 31, was born in Dover, August 10, 1873, the son of John and Ellen (Tasker) Scales. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1895 and after two years of newspaper work at Dover studied music in Boston and New York. He was supervisor of music in the public schools in Dover and Newmarket, 1897-99, and from the latter year until 1914 director of music in the William Penn School at Philadelphia. Since

1914 he had been at Girard College. He was also instructor in music at the summer sessions of the Plymouth Normal school and New York University and Cornell University and had been director of the University of Pennsylvania glee club and a lecturer at the New York Institute of Musical Art. He was a member of the Masons and the Sons of the American Revolution, and, at Dartmouth, of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and the Casque and Gauntlet senior society. He is survived by his father; his wife, who was Miss Kate Hubbard Reynolds, of Dover; and by two children, Catherine Bradstreet and Benjamin Reynolds.

REV. WILLIAM L. SUTHERLAND

Rev. William Lang Sutherland was born at West Bath, Nov. 5, 1864, and died at Clinton, Iowa, January 17. He graduated from Dartmouth college in the class of 1877 and for more than 40 years labored as a home missionary in Minnesota, Kansas, Iowa and North Dakota, being at the time of his death the pastor of the church at Medford, Minn. He married Mary A. Hopkins of Morrison, Minn., a graduate of Clarksonton college, who survives him, with two daughters and five grandchildren.

REV. DENNIS DONOVAN

Rev. Dennis Donovan, pastor of the Baptist church at South Lyndeborough from 1886 to 1918, died December 16, 1921, at the home of his son, Prof. W. N. Donovan, in Newton, Mass. He was born in Myross, County Cork, Ireland, April 8, 1837, the son of Michael and Mary (Dempsey) Donovan, and came to this country when 10 years of age with his parents, one of whom died on the ship and the other within a month after landing. He worked his way to an education, graduating from the Uni-

versity of Vermont and the Newton Theological Institution, and was ordained to the Baptist ministry in 1867. Besides his long service at Lyndeborough, he held pastorates in Massachusetts, Rhode Island and New York. In Lyndeborough he served as trustee of the town library and had much to do with the preparation of the town history. He was a member of Phi Beta Kappa.

REV. OTIS COLE

Rev. Otis Cole, born in Stark, December 25, 1833, died at Haverhill, Mass., February 4. He was the son of Joshua and Amanda (Hinds) Cole and was educated at the Wilbraham and Westminster academies and at the Bible Institute in Concord, now the theological school of Boston University. With the exception of two years in educational work in Tennessee he occupied pulpits in the New Hampshire Methodist conference from 1866 for half a century. He was a trustee of Tilton Seminary. One daughter, Miss Helena Cole, survives him.

SAMUEL W. HOLMAN

Samuel Weare Holman was born in York, Maine, June 5, 1855, the son of Rev. Morris and Mary Weare (Lunt) Holman, and died at Hillsborough, January 21. Mr. Holman attended Franchestown academy and Bates college and studied law with Attorney General Mason W. Tappan. For 45 years he practised that profession at Hillsborough and was police court judge for 30 years. He was a prominent Republican and had been a member of the legislature and constitutional convention delegate. He was an Odd Fellow and a liberal supporter of the Congregational church. One daughter, Mrs. Mary Van Horn, of Portland, Maine survives him.

TO MONADNOCK

By H. F. Ammidown

Grand granite guardian of three noble states!
Proud chieftain of New England's lesser hills!
What restless hearts your changeless presence fills
With peace! What listless souls your calm elates,
From teeming Boston's light-house guarded gates
To lonely towers that watch green Berkshire's rills!

Before proud Pharaoh piled a pyramid;
Ere Babel burdened Babylonia's plains;
Or Noah sought refuge from revengeful rains,
Across sweet summer woods, or slopes snow hid,
You looked upon Mt. Washington amid
His subject peaks, and the Green Mountain chains.

You watched mysterious reptiles track smooth sand
We call Mt. Tom and Sugar Loaf, West Rock,
And kindred names: and as the constant clock
Of time ticked on, behold the ocean's strand
Retire, whilst that alluvial soil, obtained,
Perchance, from your gray flanks, changed back to rock.

And you shall still survey yon glistening lake
When generations yet unborn are gray.
A thousand years, when gone, are yesterday
To you; and shall be till God's trumpets shake
Rock, plain and mountain; and the dead awake;
And the eternal skies are rolled away.

A WINTER'S NIGHT STORM

By Perley R. Bugbee

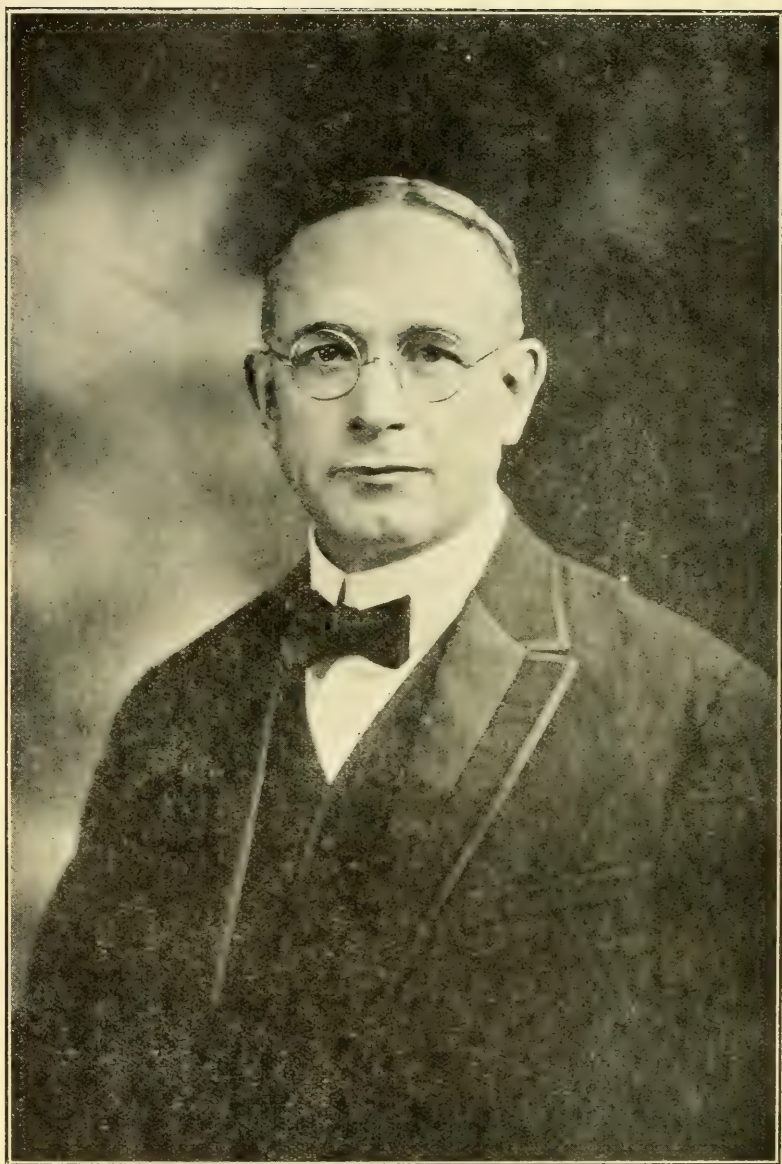
The skies are heavily overcast.
Twinkling stars are nowhere visible.
Dark the horizon, its clouds are massed.
Fairy snow flakes are seasonable.

The house is chilly, the ground is bare.
Round the fireside, families gather.
For wintry signs are everywhere,
Snow King is monarch of the weather.

All the night long his wintry storm lasts.
Now and then the windows and doors creak.
The dark chilly winds and snowy blasts
Are searching; for the Snow King they seek.

The wild winds shake every bush and tree,
In the valley and upon the hills,
And snow flakes cover them in fury,
For the night's ruling Snow King so wills.

Another dawn and a new day breaks,
And the wintry tempest is over.
The Day's bright sun rules the sparkling flakes
From a throne of sapphirian splendor.



EX-GOVERNOR JOHN H. BARTLETT
FIRST ASSISTANT POSTMASTER GENERAL OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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APRIL, 1922

No. 4.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

By George B. Upham.

Editor's Note:—The following is the first of a series of articles which, although local in character, reach out collaterally in a way to embrace to some extent matters pertaining to the history of all New Hampshire, in fact of all New England.

It is possible that the series may prove of value in suggesting to writers of local history neglected sources of information, such as the archives of ancient societies in London. They also illustrate how local history may be made more interesting if given perspective by not confining it too much within the four corners of the town.

In Europe, as in most of the eastern hemisphere, the beginning of history is hidden in mist; in America it is an affair of yesterday. Here we have written records from the very start; yet in New Hampshire few that tell us of the daily life of the people.

From a small town in western New Hampshire a schoolmaster wrote letters to an ancient society in London. That society kept them, or abstracts of their contents.⁽¹⁾ From these, reading largely between the lines, an attempt will be made to gather something of local life and thought at a time shortly preceding the Revolution.

The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts—hereinafter called the Society—is the direct successor of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in New England, chartered in 1649, chartered anew, after the Restoration, in 1661; and again, with its present name and enlarged powers,

under the Great Seal of England in 1701.

Samuel Cole Esquire was the first schoolmaster in Claremont, and, so far as known, the only schoolmaster in New Hampshire maintained by funds sent from England. From F. Bowditch Dexter's "Biographies and Sketches of the Graduates of Yale College, 1701-1745," we learn that he was graduated in the class of 1731 with the degree of Master of Arts. It was a small class of only thirteen members. In early catalogues, curiously enough, the names were "arranged in the order indicating the social rank of the families represented." Cole's name was the ninth. The Biography further tells us that:

"He was the son of Samuel Cole Jr. of Hartford, Connecticut, was born in that town February 7th, 1710-11. His mother was Mary, daughter of James Kingsbury, of Plainfield, Connecticut."

"His early history is little known, but he appears to have resided soon after leaving college in Northbury Society, now Plymouth, in the northern part of Waterbury, Connecticut."

"Soon after 1740 he conformed to the Church of England, and for a number of years officiated as a lay reader to the Episcopaleans in Litchfield and the neighborhood, entertaining until at least 1747, a design of crossing the Atlantic for holy orders; his fears of the dangers of the sea, however, prevented the accomplishment of this design. At the last named date he was residing in Litchfield, Connecticut, and received on behalf of the churchmen there a valuable donation of land. He seems to have spent his life mainly as a school

(1) Since obtaining copies from London it has been learned that copies of all documents in the archives of the Society relating to the American Colonies are in the files of the Library of Congress at Washington.

teacher. About 1767 he was one of the prominent settlers in Claremont, New Hampshire, and in 1769 received from the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the appointment as Catechist and Schoolmaster at that place, with an annual stipend of £15. He conducted services of the Church of England there, until the arrival of an ordained clergyman in 1773. At the outbreak of the Revolution his sympathies were with the British. He is said to have died in Claremont late in the year 1777 in his 67th year. No will is on record."

"He married Mary Dean, at Stratford, Connecticut, April 6, 1753. She was probably the widow of the Rev. Barzillai Dean, Yale College, 1737. Mr. Cole had two daughters."

Dexter cites numerous authorities for the statements above quoted; but his sketch contains practically all the information heretofore published about Samuel Cole, except that to be found in Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese"—printed at Claremont in 1876—and the little in Waite's "History of Claremont," mostly reprinted from the New Hampshire State Papers.

From a Memorial dated at Claremont April 28, 1769, we learn that he was "an Inhabitant and Proprietor" in Claremont, the latter word indicating that he was a landowner there.

The original MSS. of this Memorial is preserved in the archives of the Society in London. Series B. Vol. 23. No. 419. It reads as follows:

To the Reverend Clergy of the Church of England and Missionaries of ye Venerable Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts to be convened at New Milford in the Colony of Connecticut on Trinity Week.

The Memorial of us the Subscribers Conformists to the Church of England and Inhabitants of the Town of Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire in New England humbly sheweth That the first begining of the Settlement of this Town by the Proprietors was about two years ago. And untill Since the Proclamation of the Peace last between Great Britain and

France this Land was a wild uncultivated Desert which no Christian ever saw except some light Scouts of English in pursuit of blood thirsty Savages or of the wild Beasts of the Earth we live very remote from all the Clergy of the Ch^b of England and there is but one Ch^b in this Province which is at Portsmouth under the pastoral Care of the Rev.^d Mr. Browne who is about One Hundred and Fourty miles distant from us Five Infants born here are yet unbaptized for no Missionary has yet gave us a visit yet we maintain our principals of Conformity notwithstanding we are surrounded with the various Denomination of Dissenters who would willingly raze us to the Foundation and hope for a Missionary to reside among us before many years

The Land here is excessively burdend with Timber which renders the Cultivation of it very laborious However the little we have brought under Cultivation is abundantly Fruitfull so that (God willing) most of the necessaries of Life will be plentiful.

And altho' there is a Right of Land Granted for the Use of a School (by his Excellency Bening Wentworth Esq^r our late Gov^r) in this Town about One Hundred and fifteen Acres of which is already laid out, and an equal number of Acres on the Glebe Right and the Right granted to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts all which rights (notwithstand the Opposition of enemies of the Church) we have much a do caused to be laid out in some Measure equitably and there is a Right also granted to the first Gospel Minister which we hope will fall into the hands of a missionary for there was no endeavours to Injure that Right for the Dissenters took for granted that that Right was for their Teachers These Rights will be a Noble Fund for the Church in after ages. Nevertheless these Rights are yet useless to us and altho we have agreed to build a School House Twenty feet square and have already Subscribed near enough to compleat it and are all unanimous in the Affair yet we are unable at present to give sufficient encouragement to an able School Master to under take for us. Some of us have numerous families of Small Children fit for Schooling the Number of our Children under age of 16 years is 35 there is about 2 families of Dissenters to one of ours. We are grieved at the thoughts of having them brought up in Ignorance and dread their becoming a Prey to Enthusiasts carried about with every wind of Doctrin

We believe a good School lays the best Foundation for a sober righteous and godly Life and since Sam^{el} Cole Esq^{re} has been much employd in keeping School and is an Inhabitant and Proprietor among us (whose Character and Qualifications some of you well know) We humbly desire you would please to represent our State to the Venerable Society and endeavor that he may be appointed Chatechist and School Master among us a few years till we have got over the first Difficulties and hardship of Settling a wild uncultivated Land or Some way in your Wisdom endeavour our Relief and we as in Duty Bound shall ever pray
Claremont April 28th, 1769.

Abel Bacheter
Hez Rice
Micah Potter
Cornelius Brooks
Benjamin Tyler
Ebenezer Rice
Daniel Warner
Levi Warner
Benjⁿ Brooks
Asa Leet
Benjamin Brooks Jr
benj rice

It is true, as stated: "That the first begining of the Settlement of this Town by the Proprietors was about two years ago," that is, in the spring or summer of 1767. But the word "Proprietors" is here used to designate the grantees named in the Town Charter, or their assigns.

The first settlers were squatters, not Proprietors under the charter, which was dated "the Twenty-sixth day of October, in the year of our Lord Christ 1764." These squatters came before that date, or at least, before the Proprietors or their assigns, met to organize, which was in Winchester, N. H., near the Massachusetts line, on February 2, 1767. We know of seven such not counting children; Moses Spofford and David Lynde, here in 1762. John Peak, his wife and two children here in 1764 or earlier; J. Peterson whose name was on the muster roll of Robert Roger's Rangers; and the two Dorchesters, met here by John Mann and his wife, Lydia, on their journey

to Orford in October 1765. Peak writes of "five or six log cabins built here before the town was incorporated,"⁽²⁾

"The Proclamation of the Peace last between Great Britain and France" referred to in the Memorial, for the purpose of fixing a date, was the Proclamation following the Treaty of Paris, signed February 10, 1763. This Treaty ended the "Seven Years War;" a war in which nearly all the powers of Europe were engaged, but principally important because it broke the power of the French in America. The treaty gave the English all the territory east of the Mississippi, except the town and island of New Orleans, and the rocky islets, St. Pierre and Miquelon, which were retained by the French; and excepting, of course, Florida then possessed by Spain.

The statement that until this Proclamation "this Land was a wild uncultivated Desert which no Christian ever saw except some light Scouts of English in pursuit of blood thirsty Savages or of the wild Beasts of the Earth"—is somewhat overdrawn. Number Four, later Charles-town, had been settled in 1740; and the fort begun there in 1743 had been finished in 1744. Haverhill had been settled in 1762, and these settlers had passed up the Indian trail, and over land in Claremont which the signers of the Memorial acquired five or six years later. Then, as previously stated, Spafford and Lynde had settled in Claremont in 1762. It must, however, be confessed that if even half a dozen squatters were living in Claremont prior to the "Proclamation of the Peace," in 1763, its thirty six square miles of forest and meadow, mountain and valley, hill and dale, would not appear thickly populated to those who came a little later.

The mention of the four "Rights of Land," granted for educational and ecclesiastical purposes, requires



"A Topographical Map of the State of New Hampshire. Surveyed under the direction of Samuel Holland, Esq'r., Surveyor General for the Northern District of North America..... London; printed for William Faden, geographer to the King, Charing Cross, March 1st, 1784." All the material for this map had been made ready for publication in 1774, so it may be considered as of that date. The Mason Curve, beginning at the S. W. corner of Fitzwilliam on the Massachusetts line, divides at the S. E. corner of Grafton into two curves both extending to the Maine line. For the purposes discussed in this article the more northerly curve may be disregarded. The towns of Plymouth, Holderness, Sandwich, Tamworth and Eaton were regarded by Gov. B. Wentworth as outside the curve. Their charters gave the land to individual grantees, and shares for ecclesiastical and educational purposes as in the charter of Claremont. For the story of the Survey of the Mason Curve, see Granite Monthly, Vol. 52, p. 19.

some explanation. In the Town Charter, immediately after the names of the seventy individual grantees of Claremont, is the following: "One whole Share for the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in foreign Parts—one whole Share for A Glebe for the Church of England as by Law Established⁽³⁾ one Share for the first Settled Minister of the Gospel—and one Share for the Benefit of A School in Said Town forever."

Shares for these same purposes in these same words were given in nearly all charters granted by Governors Benning and John Wentworth to towns outside the great Mason Curve. The Wentworth charters within the Curve differed greatly from those outside. Within much of the land had been acquired by early, long recognised possession, and by settlement under old Massachusetts charters while such as remained unsettled was claimed and held by the Mason Proprietors,⁽⁴⁾ and their assigns under the ancient Mason Grants, then more than a century old. The Wentworths, to be sure, granted many charters to towns within the Curve, but in so doing gave away little land; these charters being mainly in bestowal of political rights af-

ter title to the land had already passed. Outside the Mason Curve, as far west as Lake Champlain and north nearly to the Canadian line, in nearly two hundred charters, the Wentworths gave land to themselves, their friends, the Church of England and to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, with a liberality unparalleled in town charters by any other representatives of the Crown in America.

Thus it appears that the titles to many thousands of acres of land in western New Hampshire and the "New Hampshire Grants," now Vermont, trace back to the "one whole Share" given in so many townships to the "Incorporated Society" in London,⁽⁵⁾ the Society which, as we have seen, was petitioned to appoint Samuel Cole Esquire its "Chatechist and Schoolmaster" in Claremont.

The fact that this Memorial was signed by twelve persons, together with the statement, "Some of us have numerous families of Small Children fit for Schooling, the number of Children under age of 16 yrs. is 35, there is about 2 families of Dissenters to one of ours"—leads us to think that in the spring of 1769 about thirty-five or forty families and one hundred and seventy or one hundred

(3) The word glebe is still in common use in England, designating the cultivatable land belonging to a parish church. It would be interesting as a matter of local history if, in the various towns, the shares drawn to the rights above quoted could be definitely located and described by metes and bounds. If situated in places where conveyances have been infrequent the task, in any one township, would not be so laborious as might at first sight appear. Most towns have the original "Proprietor's Map," showing the lots as laid out and numbered. The "Proprietor's Records" give the numbers of the lots drawn to these rights. In the county Records of Deeds the title may be traced down to the present owners, or, if it be known approximately where the lots were, from the present owners back to the original drawings. In Claremont the "one whole Share" drawn "for A Glebe for the Church of England as by Law Established" has never been conveyed. It is still owned by "Union Church," and lies west of the cemeteries and beside the "New Road"—built eighty-three years ago—leading from "West Claremont" to "Claremont Junction." It is bounded on the south by the road leading to the bridge over the railroad cut; thence up the hill to the "Great Road" and the pre-Revolutionary house owned from 1767 until a few years since by the Ellis family.

(4) The Mason Proprietors were originally twelve in number, all living in or near Portsmouth. They surveyed their land, laid out and named townships, all inside the Curve, just as if they were the Government itself; and, what interested them more, sold the land, or, to some extent, divided it among themselves. The Province and State later granted charters to these towns, generally accepting the boundaries fixed and names given by the Proprietors. Such towns were, mostly, not far distant from the Curve Line. See Mr. O. G. Hammond's "Mason Title" etc., pp. 13-21.

(5) In 1788 the Society conveyed all its land in New Hampshire to nine trustees, one-tenth of the income to be for the use of the Bishop of the state, nine-tenths for the support of an Episcopalian clergyman in the several towns where its lands were situated. For a full statement respecting this conveyance and its questionable validity, see Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese" Vol. 1, pp. 278-312. The society did not convey title to its lands in Vermont. The writer has been told that it still owns and leases lands on the slopes of Ascutney

and eighty people lived in the town. The census return made by the Selectmen of Claremont to Governor John Wentworth, in October or November 1773, reported 423 inhabitants.

From the concluding prayer of the Memorial, viz: "and we as in Duty Bound shall ever pray," we may gather that someone more or less versed in legal verbiage drafted it, probably Samuel Cole, M. A. of Yale. He had lived, as we have seen, in Litchfield, Connecticut, the site of the earliest Law School in America; in fact of the first real Law School in the English speaking world, although

some law lectures had been given previously at Oxford, and at the College of William and Mary in Virginia. It seems likely that in association with the very able lawyers who lived in Litchfield, and who later, in 1782, started the Law School there, the lay reader and schoolmaster had picked up some of the phrases commonly used in legal documents.

The Memorial is well written, well phrased, and, as of the period, correctly spelled. It is doubtful whether any person, then living in Claremont, other than the schoolmaster, could have drafted it.

(To be continued)

THE POET

By John Rollin Stuart

Thou shalt be lover of rose and star
And the gleam of a far-stretched sea—
For thou, a poet, from near and far
Shall hear each whisper the wind shall free.

There shall be pain when the sun goes down
And joy in the noontide light,
But braver visions shall follow the flown
Over a worldwide flight.

And thou shalt match by twos and fours
The worldly pageantry,
And total all the checkered scores
Of man and bird and tree.

And in the end thine only rest
Of thy work to hear men say:—
"Lo, I have seen his sunlit West,"
Or, "I have loved that way."

HOME SPUN YARNS FROM THE RED BARN FARM

By Zilla George Dexter.

THE FIRE ON THE MOUNTAIN

(Continued)

By midnight, the Fire on the Mountain had become spectacular; largely reflecting itself in the dull red glare cast upon heavy clouds of ascending smoke. Beyond the Big River Valley, on the neighboring hills of Vermont, it soon became the subject of dire prophecies, taking into account the widely prevailing drought.

By noon of the following day, the fire was spreading well over the thickly-wooded shoulder of the mountain, encouraged by varying winds that sent occasional showers of glowing brands, hurtling high above the valley, to fall like so many torches on the surrounding hills, parched to tinder by a long dry season.

Young cattle were hastily herded in from the back pastures, and by night most of the hill-side farms were deserted by the women and children, leaving only the strong and able to guard buildings and wood-lots from incipient fires, fast multiplying. A few families found refuge among their relatives and friends at the Works, as the village was then most commonly called; some ostensibly taking this favorable opportunity to make a long neglected visit. Nevertheless all were made cordially welcome, while especial care was given to the feeble and aged, so suddenly removed from their wonted home comforts.

Thus, when night fell upon the harrassed town with its burning mountain, it found it filled with not wholly unpleasant excitement. On-

ly the few as yet had expressed undue anxiety, or voiced alarm; although one listening, might hear along the street, between neighbor and neighbor, conversation like this—

"I ain't a particle stirred up about the fire, be you, Rilly? Why, Jim says his father can remember a much worse one, in the ninety's, lower down in big timber. But it raised such a wind that it brought the rain and put itself out; this will, too, Jim says."

"But, Ellen," queried the second neighbor, "have you thought that the dry spell has made the woods and fields like tinder in many places; and as the wind rises, brands are falling thicker and faster? We need more men in the woods."

"They are coming, Rilly. All we need," was the cheery assertion. "Some from as far off as Waterford, so Jim says."

"If that is so, Ellen, I must hurry home and fill up my oven again. It is hungry work for men, threshing out fires. I feel, Ellen, as though we ought to pray while we are cooking. Pray for rain in due season."

"For the land sake, Rilly, I can't pray any too well, with nothing special on my hands; I ain't a bit like you. I should spoil my cooking, I know I should; and the dear Lord will need doughnuts too, to carry on his work here tonight. But I can work better if I know you are praying. He will hear you, Rilly."

The two comely young wives, sharing each the other's most precious secret, clasped hands for the moment, blue eyes and brown, brimming with unshed tears, then quietly separated. There were many such women, brave,

reverent, and tender, in the dear old days; mixing together their service and prayers in true neighborly fellowship.

Notwithstanding the optimistic spirit, so evident, there was much sly preparation going on here and there; for nothing was to be avoided more, by our efficient grandmothers, than to be "caught napping, if anything should happen." At the suggestion of Aunt Cynthia Oakes, she who was ever composed and never idle, the old men and boys were even set to mending harnesses and greasing the wheels of all kinds of vehicles, from the uncompromising "thorough-brace," to the tipsy, rollicking "buck-board."

Past midnight, and the mounting winds lifting heavy columns of smoke, revealed for the first time the full extent of the fire. Boldly sweeping the high face of the mountain, it was also edging perilously, upon the tall timberline below; its fiendish forces rampant. The "big mountain" beyond the narrow notch had become no longer impervious to the now steady attack of flaming brands tossed thitherward by the veering winds.

This turning of night into day, with its general release from bed-time routine, was looked upon by the children as a wonderful lark. Bunched together, on fence or porch-rail, like so many young turkeys, they read in jangling concert, by the light of the blazing pines, (giant candles, molded through slow centuries) read of "Mary's Little Lamb," "Why Phebe, are you come so soon?" "The Assyrian came down like a wolf," and other favorites; a feat to be remembered for a lifetime.

Neither did they fail to watch for, nor to shout in ferocious glee, whenever the steadily advancing foe reached still another patriarch of the hills; shot up its sturdy hundred feet of stem, flashed along its out-spread

branches, ascending in towering flame, to leave yet another blackened, and smouldering stub, high on the mountain-side. And the children shouted and danced, so little comprehending the mountain's sore tragedy; being robbed of its age-purpled mantle, (oftimes, in the tempered light, sheeny as velvet,) being bared to the rock—a shame that the larger part of a century has failed to wholly conceal.

The hours were growing ominous, and long-standing family feuds were fast "going up in smoke." Josh Harris' girls, Rhody and Abby Jane, now met in a loving embrace, after fourteen unhappy years of estrangement; Square Brooks and the Select-men shook hands; it was reported as a fact that Marthy Aldrich accepted Timothy Babcock, her long and persistent wooer, on the spot; but from that hour to her dying day, Marthy never gave Timothy even a look, much less a hint that she remembered so frivolous a transaction.

On the village common men were gathered in shifting groups. Though restless, few seemed over-anxious; some were whittling. A number were collected around one of Deacon Thomas' wideawake sons who was repeating his father's story of the "big fire of the nineties."

"But ye say, Luther," boomed a loud voice, "that a thunderin' big rain come jest in time to stop that fire your dad tells so much about. Wal' that's jest what we've spoke for, but 't will have to come mighty quick and a mighty delooge of it too, or I wouldn't give a lousy coon-skin for the hull contraption here, to-morrer, this time."

"You are not far wrong, Quimby," spoke another voice, "but it's not the big fire only, we are up against, nor the small ones that are showing themselves, and that I've been fighting for six hours. It is the hidden fires working in the dry

mould. We just came across one, working its way along towards those pitch-pine stubs, left in the clearing on Fox Hill, as they never should have been."

"That's a fact, Edson, you've ben tellin' us the p'intid truth." This last speaker stood where the firelight shone on his smudged face; bare, blackened arms; crisped boots and singed beard. Volunteers from neighboring towns were fast taking the places of these over-taxed men in the woods, who, glad of a short respite, had hurried to the village for a hot meal, an hour's rest and this little chat on the common.

"Yis, the p'intid truth," reiterated the man, "for hell is creepin' all around us; but them Waterford chaps tell us that light'nin's playing sharp down below Moose Hillock, and comin' over the North Ridge, some thought they heered thunder. That sartin means rain, boys. Mark my word! But as Quimby says, it has got to come with a delooge or this valley'll be hotter'n—"

"Hold on, no swearing, Levi. No one wants to hear it tonight."

"That's so Leazer, 't ain't fair to the crowd, is it? I'll take a callin' down from you, quicker'n any man I know on. But, I vum, I should forgit and swear in heaven,—If I ever git there."

"We are not worrying," said the young merchant dryly, "but come into my little store some day, Leve, and make up for lost time if you must; tonight, it is not fair to yourself, say nothing about the crowd. Now come on, let's hear what Kelsy has to tell, for he has just come through the Notch, they say. Come."

They all followed, (men usually did follow him) to where a larger group were gathered closely about a newcomer. He was saying—

"I'd got as far on my way home from Plymouth, with my load of freight, as Tuttle's Tavern down in Thornton. There I heard that you

were all hemmed in, in this valley. I'd been watching the smoke for miles and had got pretty nervous, so I snatched a cold bite and straddled a fresh horse and came on, hearing things worse and worse till I reached Taft's in the Notch. Then for the first time I believed all that I had been told. A few men were left there to put out the fires, and it was getting hot for them. They tried hard to discourage me, but I wouldn't talk. I left my borrowed horse in their care and started on the run. At the top of Hardscabble, it looked like plunging down into—I wont say, for I don't swear; but the roaring on the mountain above, the heat and blinding smoke that almost stifled me, and not knowing what was a yard ahead of me, made it seem worse than it was. I stood for a minute with my eyes shut, thinking of—Dad and Mother, when in a flash, I saw the Meeting-house, (I had been worrying about it, all the old folks had prayed and worked for it, so many long years) I saw it before me white and shining. In a flash it was gone, and all my fear had gone with it."

"The next I remember, worth mentioning, I was wallowing in Knapp's old horse-trough at the foot of Hardscabble; hauling my breath, and putting out a few private fires of my own. Mother says she will keep that cap and coat as long as she lives. I didn't stop long there, but ran on till I got sight of Iron Mountain, Governor's Lot and the ridge. From what I had heard. I expected to see them blazing, more or less. But the only light I made out across the valley was twinkling from the windows of the Red Barn Farm. Then tears came thick and fast, Boys; I couldn't help it. The rest of the way down was one long sob of thanksgiving, till I sighted Gale Spring, parched enough to drink it dry. A monster bear with her cubs was there before me, driven down from the "Big

Mountain." I didn't stop to argue claims with her, for just then I caught sight of Mother waving to me from the kitchen door. She had seen me first. Mothers are so funny, you know. Father said she had stood there in that door, the biggest part of two hours, the cat in a basket, and her silver spoons in her pocket, 'waiting for the boy.'"

The horse had stood harnessed, ready to take her to the village, (her neighbors had gone hours before), but she couldn't be stirred a peg. She'd say, "yes, Nathan, I am all ready to go when the boy comes." And he couldn't be cruel to her. I caught up the little woman and danced a mad jig with her, all over the kitchen floor, till I heard Father haw-hawing to beat the band and Mother complaining that I was jamming her best cap. She is here at the Elder's now, cat, spoons and all; and I shall always believe she watched and prayed me through. Joel, with you and Deacon Joseph to lead us, next Sunday morning, we young folks will sing Old Hundred till we make the rafters ring, in that blessed Union Church of ours."

"We'll be there," boomed Quimby's voice again, "unless Fox Hill gits too blazin' hot before them showers ye're bankin' on gits here. I've known 'em to hang round for hours then break and scatter and not come nigh."

"I heard Doctor Colby's voice in that crowd around the Company's Store," remarked Kelsy, and soon he had piloted his friends to where, on the platform before the store entrance, the doctor's figure was clearly revealed in the light of the increasing fire. With silvered hair uncovered, not sparse, but wavy and abundant, the glory of a noble head and fine countenance, he stood among his people, a rightful son of the valley and its trusted, faithful physician for a lifetime; a worthy pioneer of a line of noble, self-sacrificing men, who as physicians have so singularly

served and blessed this hemmed-in mountain region.

Just now the doctor was speaking in his quiet, convincing manner to the still crowd before him, whose upturned faces were growing anxious and strained. He was saying,—

"Friends, even if worse should come to worse, not one of us is in personal danger. Easy conveyance is already provided for the aged and feeble, and the South Branch road is safe for hours. We do not doubt the sincerity of the invitations coming to us. Plenty of hearts and homes are waiting to give us temporary refuge, if need be. But it is not probable, it is unthinkable that we shall be compelled to abandon to the cruel flame our homes made sacred to us through pioneer hardship, and our village with its thriving industry, of which we are justly proud, to say nothing of its little church so long desired, so recently completed, and—"

"O God, send us rain in due season!" came thin and wavering from the lips of "Old Uncle William Wallace," the town's centenarian and saint, tremblingly bending over his cane, close by the doctor's elbow. Thin and wavering was his voice, but distinct in the silence and instantly followed by a fervent, resonant "Amen" from the lips of Priest Burt, who now stood forth, his fine face uplifted, his hands extended half in supplication, half in benediction over the bowed heads of his people; at his shoulder, stood his true friend and fellow-pastor, the "young Elder," just from the woods, scorched, weary and anxious. Through the solemn hush, the breathless waiting on the lips of prayer, there came the roll of near-by thunder. Peal followed peal and scattering raindrops fell in noisy thuds over the dusty common.

"Joel, is your pitch-pipe handy?" some one called.

"Praise God from whom all blessings flow," burst forth to be caught up, echoed and re-echoed by a score

of melodious voices, again and again, ere the men thought to seek refuge from the sudden down-pour. For it rained. Oh, how it rained!

An hour previous to the sudden onslaught of the tempest, shower following shower, grossly exaggerated reports had been brought to the Red Barn Farm; somewhat through misunderstanding, but largely through love of the tragic. The fires on Fox and Furnace Hills, it was said, were beyond control, and the men were fast leaving the woods and standing around the common, the Elder with them. Dr. Colby had already sent off one load of sick folks, etc., etc.

Josiah Bowles was not easily moved by rumor. As he had never yet experienced the "wust," he was never looking for it. But upon meeting the men coming out from his own woods, who flatly refused the double pay he offered them to remain, he turned and walked hurriedly to the house.

"Where's yer mother, Liddy?" he asked, upon entering the kitchen where the table was spread with plates of baked-beans, brown bread, ginger-bread and cheese, having been often respread in the past twenty-four hours; for the Red Barn Farm was the vantage ground to which the people had come from far and near to "watch the fire." But now the number of self-invited guests were fast thinning. But few remained in-door or out.

"Liddy, where's yer mother?" Mr. Bowles repeated, glancing around the almost deserted room.

"Mother's gone into the square-room and shet the door and says she don't want nobuddy to come nigh 'er, and for me to tell you so. She didn't believe them stories they all are tellin', fust off; but when they said they seen the Elder standin' round with the rest doin' nothin', she went whiter'n a ghost, and now she has put

down the latch and won't speak to me nor nothin'."

Within the pretty square-room, lighted by one dim candle, Mandy sat rigidly upright in the low rocker, with eyes fixed on the ancient bed-set. Josiah, bursting the frail latch quietly entered.

"Mandy, Woman, what can you be doin' in here, all sole alone, and won't speak to nobuddy? We are both on us in trouble together, Mandy, and I don't know what to be doin' next, without you."

Grieved and perplexed at his wife's persistent silence, wearied by hours of anxiety and over-strenuous exertion, the dear man lurched awkwardly toward the cruelly immaculate, yet inviting bed.

"Siah Bowles! what are you thinkin' about?" cut the air like a knife. "Don't you dare go nigh that spare bed. There's a chair, if ye can't stand up."

With a queer bit of a smile he drew the uncomfortable chair so ungraciously offered, close to his wife's side and sitting upon it as best he could, remarked cheerfully,

"Now Mandy, I guess we can talk."

"Talk, and have done with it; I'm listenin' ain't I?"

"Mother, you are tired," he further ventured. "Have you heered them 'ere reports them boys brought up from the Works?"

"Do you believe 'em?" she snapped.

"I can't say as I do," he answered.

"I shouldn't took no notice on 'em 'tall, if the Elder's and Dr. Colby's name hadn't been drawn in. But the mischief's done already, so fur as you an' I'm consarned. I jest met my men leavin' the grove, that I hired to watch it, and no 'mount o' money could coax 'em back ag'in. So, Mandy, I and Steve and the boys will stay on and save all we're permitted to' but I mustn't risk you and the little gals any longer. You must

pick up what you've got to, and start for Sister Jane's, within an hour. It is sart'in gettin' risky."

"Siah Bowles, you and the rest of ye, can do what ye're mind to; I and my daughter, Ploomy, will stay right here, where we be. She couldn't stand the ja'nt nohow. She h'ain't ben down charmbler, a 'minute t'day."

"I guess, Mandy, ther's ben so much goin' on, you don't sense that these 'ere buildin's has took fire twice a'ready today, when there was plenty of men here to help save 'em. Them men ain't here now, Woman." Josiah's voice was losing its patient drawl.

"Yis, I sensed all about it but that don't scare me none. Siah Bowles, look all round ye, in this square-room, and see all my hard work for twenty-five year; did mostly by candle-light when you and other wimmin-folks was bed'n asleep. All these harnsum rugs! That hair wreath! The weavin', quiltin', 'nettin' and fringin'. O Lordy, Lordy!" The woman was all unconsciously wringing her worn hands.

"These are your idols, Mandy." The man's tone was wonderfully tender. "We al l have 'em, one thing or nuther. But none of 'em, your's nor mine, is made to stand the burnin'. But thank God, we ain't called to burn with 'em; and it stands ye in hand now, to git ready and git out o' here as spry as ye can. Now don't ye think so, Mother?" he added coaxingly.

"No, I don't. Leave my great-grandmother's bed-set and all these harnsum things to burn up, here all alone? Josiah Bowles, I won't. I tell ye, I couldn't live without 'em. 'T wouldn't be livin'. You may go, with your everlastin' coaxin' and prayin'; I'm sick o' hearin' it. Ploomy'n I'll stay right where we be."

Both were standing now. He,

drawn up to his full height, pale to his lips, met his wife's half-maniacal stare, until it fell before his steadily rebuking gaze. When he spoke, his voice, though strange, was kindly still.

"Mandy, my woman," he said, "I am to blame for lettin' you git to this; I've ben too afeard of crossin' ye. I've made an idol of your love to me. I thought I couldn't noways live without it. I can see now, it won't stand the burnin'. It is nigh all gone to ashes a'ready." These last words were but a bitter sob. Gathering quickly, he went on with no hint of his habitual drawl.

"Now you ain't none to blame, little woman," he said, "for that wild Injun blood in your veins, comin' down in your proud family for generations. It ain't the only fa'mly in this 'ere North Country that has mixed bood. Some is proud of it. But it needs curbin', and I hain't ben the man to do it. Stop, Woman! I am doin' the talkin' now," his look and voice were a revelation. She was cowed.

"Mandy," he continued, "from now on, I'm detarmined to save you from yourself. I can, I know I can, for I love you with a mighty love. You are the smartest and always am goin' to be, and I'll be proud to take your advice, at times; but you can't take the reins clean out o' my hands never, no more. I'll either hold on to 'em as God meant me to, or I'll quit—prayin' to Him in the old barn charmbler. I wonder He has suffered me so long."

"But to begin on, (don't speak, remember I am doin' the talkin' now), to begin on, I don't calcerlate for a minute that you mean for our little gal, Ploomy, to die; but you ain't meanin' for her to git well and strong. You're afraid she'll cross your will and shame your mighty pride. Jest to have

your way you are shettin' your eyes to her danger. I can see her slippin' away from us. But if God will help me now, to be a man, I'll save my little gal and her mother too. He is wonderful tender, Mandy, and knows what has been handlin' ye all this time, and how I've failed ye. But from now on, remember, Ploomy don't hear no more about her Aunt Ploomy nor the grave-yard. She's heerd enough. Now she shall have her chance to git well, and marry Alic Stinson too, when him and her gits good and ready; and nobuddy's goin' to hound her out of it."

Here Josiah's failing breath compelled a halt. There was dead silence. Mandy stood with her back to him, straight, rigid, apparently unmoved. With a sudden gulp and awkward twitch at his gallowsses he left the room, closing the door to immediately re-open it and say,

"Mother, if you have a mind to help Liddy pick up a few things that you are goin' to need bad; then if you are willin' to go without puttin' me to shame before Stephen and the rest, I'll sartin be glad. But you are goin'! I dasn't take back nothin'. Not nothin'. I guess I'll go up charnber a minute and chirk up Ploomy." In another moment Mandy, listening, heard him stumbling up the dark stairway.

"O God, Siah's God," whispered Mandy, with woeful eyes upraised. "Stand by 'im as he is expectin' ye to, and as he says ye've promised to. Jest try and make him a man as he tells about; as I and ev'ry other woman needs, and could be proud on. Stand by, and help him, O Lord, and I promise you solemn, that I won't make it so hard for Him and you, as I might have ben likely to. When he opened that door agin, jus now, I was sca't. I thought, "There he's backed out, I knew he would; and there ain't no God, to speak on." But there

is, and we both need ye. I see it now, in my night o' trouble. With a God to stand by, and a man like my Siah, that ain't afraid to tackle me, at my wust, it is wuth it all." Her quick eye swept the room, taking in every precious object; then with a light on her face above the light of the candle, she repeated, "Yis, it is wuth it all, and now, O God, amen, if this is real prayin'."

"Be you up here, Ploomy?" called her father softly, peering into the chamber bed-room, quite dark, save for the flickering light from the mountain.

"Yis, Father, I'm settin' here on the low chist by the winder. Here's lots of room. Set right close by me. I was gittin' hungry to talk to some buddy."

"If ye don't mind, little Gal, I'd much ruther camp down on the rug at yer pretty feet, it is restfuller," he said, suiting action to word. "I can't rest nowhere but a minute," he sighed, "for I must be helpin' Steve hitch up and git you and yer mother and the rest of ye out of reach of this fire, before it spreads any worser. I s'pose Liddy's told ye all about what them boys was tellin'."

"Yis, Father, but I shouldn't worry about hurryin' if I was you. You may git ketched in the rain." With a low laugh, both saucy and sweet, the girl drew her father's tired shoulders to rest against her low, cushioned seat.

"Your lafin' sounds 'mazing like yer gran'mother's t'night, Ploomy; as it use' to when I was a tow-headed little feller hangin' round her lap. And," drawing another heavy sigh, "I ain't no kind of a man yit. No kind of a man."

"Father Bowles! the strongist, lovingist, best man in the world, what's come over ye? You must be all tired out, or you wouldn't notice them scare stories, the boys"—

"Bless ye, child, I'd clean forgot

'em," he interrupted, "'Tain't that a-tall. But I've ben talkin' rough to your mother. Somethin' I've never did afore. She shet herself up in the square room alone, and I bust in on 'er. She said some words to me, and I knew she was nigh out of her head; and that look in her eyes minded me of a doe at bay, ugly an' sufferin'. Oh, so suf'rin'!"

"I had to save her from herself, I had to take aim. But I no need to twitted her of her Injun blood, for that wa'n't called for."

"Now, Father," said Ploomey, very tenderly, "don't never let that trouble you no more. I am proud of that dark blood in my veins. I have first right to all these mountains and valleys, don't you see? And Stephen says, that the Pemi-gewassets were brave and peace-lovin', with not half the vices of the white man."

"Wal', per'aps, per'aps so, Steve knows. But, Ploomy, I told your mother she shouldn't hound you to death no longer; and now if you hurry up and git well by the time Alic gits home from Californy, lucky or no lucky, he shall have a fair chance, little gal, and nobuddy to hinder, by yerself."

The roll of distant thunder was now distinctly heard within the little room, but neither occupant seemed to note it. Ploomy was talking low and earnestly in the darkness. She was saying,—

"Night before last, if you remember, Father, you an Mother were talkin' together by the South door. I was settin' right here by this open winder, so happy and peaceful because I was understandin' Mother more, sence the minister's wife had showed me how. Liddy was sound asleep. All at once, I heard you speak Alic's name, and I listened and heard all that you and Mother was sayin'. All that

dyin' hate that I thought was gone forever come back. I must have faintid an' fell over, for Liddy found me on the floor when the boys waked her up, hollerin' about the fire on the mountain. I come to, and she liftid me onto the bed. I laid there alone, not thinkin' about the fire, but strugglin' and prayin' like a drownin' thing, for God to give me back my love for my Mother. He did. My love for Alic, and Alic's love for me is safe, for it is true; we can wait till Mother is willin'. Now, Father, dear old Father, you mustn't worry no more about your 'little gal Ploomy.'" He felt her slender arms about his neck, and the caress of her lips like a dewdrop on his care-wrinkled forehead.

Now came the near thunder's peal overhead, and rain was pelting the roof.

"O Lord, forgive my unbelief," prayed Josiah, painfully pulling himself to an upright position, then adding, "I guess I'll go down now and find your Mother."

"I am right here, Siah," Mandy was standing close by them. She bent and lifted Ploomy from her low seat, drawing the pretty brown head to its old-time nestling place. Turning to Josiah, who was using his red hand kerchief in sudden frenzy, while awkwardly heading for the stairs, she warned him pleasantly.

"Now, Siah, see that ye don't go headlong down them stair-way; they are dark as a pockit. And tell Liddy (I'll be right down, soon's ever I tuck little Ploomy into bed." What passed within that little upper chamber, in the next half-hour, with the welcome rain thrumming on the shingle overhead, is sacred.

On the far Pacific coast, within their native city, the children and grandchildren of Alic and Ploomy

have filled, and are still filling positions of honor and responsibility. And among the many fine pictures belonging to the Stinson family in that far-away land is one, the least costly, but most highly cherished.

It hung for many years in "Mother's room," reminding her of her early home among the White Hills of New Hampshire; a well painted picture of the mountain, the grove and the Red Barn Farm.

SPRING AND DAWN

An Allegory

By Adeline Holton Smith.

Young Spring was lurking in the wood
The dark wood cool and still
For well he knew sweet Dawn would soon
Come dancing down the hill.

He heard a drowsy robin's note—
An echo from afar—
Between the swaying maple boughs
He saw the morning star.

He heard the whisper of the pines,
He watched the eastern hill;
He thought of this elusive maid
With senses all athrill.

He knew his ambush well prepared,
The snares all out of sight
For on the ground his nets were spread
Silken, and strong and light.

Fair Dawn stole softly through the wood
Demure and very sweet,
She saw the nets laid all about
For her unwary feet.

She smiled, a little elfin smile
And paused to think, aside,
And then, those innocent white feet
Tripped lightly to his side.

That charming face was rosy-sweet
As ever lover kissed,
He clasped her close, and lo, he held
A wisp of morning mist.

HIGHWAYS OF PROVEN MERIT IN NASHUA.

A DISCUSSION OF ROAD PROBLEMS.

*By George P. Winn, Assoc. M. Am. Soc. C. E.,
City Engineer, Nashua, N. H.*

We are justly proud of the fact that the City of Nashua, sometimes called the Gate City of New Hampshire, is also known as one of the "best dressed cities" in New England. This is probably due to the fact that we have fifteen miles of modern paved streets that are adorned with

to the conclusion that cement-concrete is the most economical and at the same time a most durable and adaptable pavement for our city streets and highways.

I believe that one of the most convincing demonstrations of the value of cement-concrete slabs is shown on



AMHERST STREET, NASHUA

attractive stores, pretty homes and beautiful parks. These are passed by hordes of summer visitors on their way northerly, through the Merrimack Valley and over the Daniel Webster Highway, to the famous resorts amid the lofty peaks and scenic valleys of the White Mountains.

With fifteen miles of nearly all types of road paving we have come

Amherst street which was laid seven years ago with slabs seven inches in thickness, directly on "mother earth." No sub base course such as loose stones or porous layer of gravel was used. After seven years of unrestricted truck traffic this pavement is as good as the day it was laid and has required no money for maintenance. While there are a few cracks in it

they are of a very trivial nature and they do not affect the life of the pavement and its excellent riding qualities. This stretch was originally laid as a concrete foundation to support a bituminous top surface which has never been applied because we found the superior wearing qualities of the concrete did not require it.

Our paving policy has been to pave such streets as are subjected to the greatest amount of traffic so as to secure the greatest benefit to the greatest number. With that policy in

the paving of six concrete streets which now brings the total up to sixteen on our principal thoroughfares and it is arranged to construct several more concrete streets this year.

Prior to concreting, many of our streets rode like a cloud of dust where the money seemed to go from the hole-filled surface into the wind, and from the winds into our stores and homes to become an unsanitary nuisance.

The former method of street work was the old-fashioned way of main-



RAILROAD SQUARE, NASHUA

mind we have already paved the main arterial streets of the city, and at the present time we are working out a belt line system of street paving. The construction of this belt line street paving is being financed by bond issues. This system should be completed in a few years at which time it will be possible to travel between any two points in the city over continuous stretches of well paved streets.

Our program last year included

taining by large additional sums of money each year, only to have to return to the roads and do the same work all over again. The great economy effected by the use of concrete has practically eliminated maintenance on these streets and the money saved will more than pay the interest on the bonds issued. It has lessened also the cost of maintenance on neighboring streets, due to their relief from traffic because of its

natural diversion from the poorer to better paved streets.

Several years experience with these concrete pavements, all of which have been laid directly on natural sub soil, have shown us their great ability to bridge wide trench areas and other weak spots in the sub grade. In 1914 the concrete pavement on Bridge Street was laid directly on clay soil that was a mud-hole in spring, and a dust nuisance in summer, and although this clay soil is naturally affected by frost action, the pavement has never shown

washed into the catch basins and sewers. The general appearance of our paved streets is wonderfully enhanced by the use of this Elgin Motor Sweeper which renders them clean, radiant and sanitary.

The practice of this city is to do all paving construction with our own organization and it has proven successful through the co-operation and coordination of duties among the mayor and board of public works, the engineering department, and the street department, the latter department being in charge of William H. Tolles,



THE ELGIN MOTOR SWEEPER

any signs of heaving and is still in the best of condition after eight years of wear by heavily laden trucks.

During the past few years a substantial saving in street cleaning has been brought about by the use of an Elgin Motor Sweeper which has displaced the horse drawn broom and quaint old hand methods by a most efficient and economically operated machine that sprays the street, sweeps it, collects the sweepings and carts them away by motor power, thus quickly removing all refuse and filth and preventing the same from being

highway commissioner, a man of wide experience in practical road building.

We are fortunate in having a local supply of suitable material for our concrete paving and we have on many streets used crushed New Hampshire granite. The selection of a suitable street pavement and the details of its construction require study and experience. The experience of the City of Nashua during fifteen years has proven cement-concrete to be a most durable, practical and economical pavement.

WHAT OF NEW ENGLAND'S FUTURE!

By Ervin W. Hodsdon, M. D.

[Dr. E. W. Hodsdon of Mountain-view, Ossipee, is as well known as a student of economics as a general practitioner. He was educated at Dover High, Phillips Exeter and Washington University, St. Louis. He has served four terms in the New Hampshire Legislature, and has been medical referee of Carroll County for about 15 years. He has been selectman and town clerk, also, and is now postmaster and a member of the school committee.—Editor's note.]

What of New England?

Wherein is its future growth and prosperity?

What shall be its measure in the final analysis of distribution after the completion of war re-adjustment?

Will it continue on a downward business course, as its most ardent and optimistic friends admit is the situation at present, or will a way be found of development toward its commercial, financial and manufacturing glories of a century and a half-century ago?

What will atone for the loss of supremacy in cotton textile production and boot and shoe manufacturing; the immense falling off in cigar-making; the threatened exodus of nearly all pulp paper manufacturing; the decline in shipping; the lessening of national financial importance; the retrogression in railroad and general transportation affairs, local as well as national, and the continued depression in agricultural matters and the noticeable loss of population in nearly all agricultural communities?

Where do we find prosperity and contentment among the people? Surely not where 48 hours for a weekly working limit is enforced and where rigid regulations of industrial pursuits prevail.

"Wake up New England" and "Boom New England" are the pitiful cries with which thousands of anxious citizens endeavor to stem the

tide of retrogression—cries which but affirm the existence of somnolence and the lack of enthusiasm.

Whosoever calls this "pessimism" in this critical stage of affairs but accentuates his lack of wisdom in the face of danger and seeks to perpetuate a false sense of security which is not warranted by bald facts—facts that may seem cruel and, at times, impossible, but which are definite and convincing when viewed in the light of reasonable study based on business conditions and statistics of past and present performances. Optimism has no part in New England's scheme until some satisfactory solution of the great problem of self-preservation is found.

Let us see what "48 hours" has done for New England in three specific instances which are of the utmost importance to every citizen who wants to pass his years in the glorious region of the six northeastern states that were once rightfully and honorably regarded as the back bone of the nation.

In this particular it should be borne in mind that, while Massachusetts is the only manufacturing state in the union where a 48 hour weekly working law prevails, the time limit has been quite generally adopted in New Hampshire and portions of Maine, Rhode Island and Connecticut. So the 48 hour handicap may be regarded in a general sense as one confined exclusively to New England industries. The law applies only to the working hours of women and children, but the protection is sought, also, by men who recognize that manufacturing establishments cannot divide their working forces into male and female classes. California is the only state beside Massachusetts where a 48 hour law is in

force and Ohio has one for 50 hours, but the former is in no sense a manufacturing State and the latter has practically nothing in competition with New England.

In 1921 New England manufactured only 37 per cent of the boots and shoes of the nation. Within the memory of the present generation of men and women it manufactured substantially all. More than half are now produced in the west and the great centres of production are St. Louis and Milwaukee.

Missouri has a 54 hour weekly working law and Wisconsin has 55.

Much of the cigar-manufacturing business of New England has gone to New Jersey within a decade and millions of what were known for a half century as "Boston cigars" are now shipped from the state of sketters and lightning to every city and town of New England, resulting in a loss of millions of dollars to this immediate community. New Jersey has a 60 hour law.

In no industry, however, has New England felt the burden of statutory handicap and general competition so severely as in cotton manufacturing. In 1900 it had approximately four times as many active spindles as the South. To-day the number is almost even and the South had in January a larger number of spindleage hours. The increase in the South has approximated 300 per cent; in the North less than 40 per cent.

According to recent figures of the United States Census Bureau, of a total spindleage in the nation of 36,725,000, five New England States (all but Vermont) had 18,602,732 and nine southern cotton-growing states, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Georgia, Mississippi, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maryland and Virginia, had 15,487,160.

In the New England states Massachusetts has a 48 hour law, New Hampshire, Maine and Rhode Island 54 hours, and Connecticut 55 hours.

In all the Southern states, except Alabama, 60 hours prevails. In Alabama there is no statutory limitation.

New England is located in the most difficult position in which to maintain a great industry like the cotton industry of any section east of the Mississippi. All of its railroad traffic comes through a narrow neck of communication and it is the most distant from the sources of raw material of any cotton manufacturing State. It is subject to the highest freight rates. It is subject to every derangement of traffic and the victim of every freight boycott or congestion of traffic. It does have the advantage of some water transportation, but this is slow and uncertain and in the main it depends on the railroads, both for incoming and outgoing freight.

The South has an enormous advantage over New England in being near great coal fields and being itself the cotton producing area of the country.

Massachusetts has been always a leader in the regulation of industries by law. It is safe to say that no experiment in this kind of regulation has existed anywhere in the country which is not now in some form a part of its statutes. Many of the states have some of these laws. Massachusetts has them all and with a higher average of stringency than any other state in the country.

Some of these laws are of net advantage. Many of them are an extreme handicap and of all these laws none is so prejudicial to its interests as the present 48 hour law. No other industrial state in the country has it, while in the South a 60 hour law may be said to prevail.

In no industry in the country is competition so keen as in the manufacture of cotton goods. Among all the combinations, or so-called trusts, which have come into being in the past twenty-five years no combination has ever existed, or has been claimed

to exist, in the cotton industry. Competition has been free and oftentimes ruthless.

For many years, during the time that New England has been tightening the cords of legislative restriction, the prediction has been made that this would result in competition in the South and that New England was in danger thereby of losing its great cotton industry. By this was not meant that the cotton mills would be actually moved to the South or that mills would immediately close down and that those interested in them would move to the South. What was meant was that northern capital interested in the cotton industry would turn to the South as a better field of activity; that the southern mills would underbid northern mills for business; and that the seat of the industry would be removed to the South; that the industry here in the North would gradually languish—become a minor factor—diminish and possibly eventually disappear to the disaster of New England.

Every prophecy of this kind is now showing unmistakable signs of fulfillment. Out of approximately 60,000,000 spindles now operating in the world the United States has about 36,000,000, and of these nearly 11,000,000 are in North and South Carolina alone. These states in a period of fifteen years have risen from practically nothing to equality in numbers with Massachusetts.

Insofar as northern competition is attracted to the South it is following economic law. Except as special war conditions made necessary, practically all the new mill construction is going on in the South and New England is finding itself overburdened with mill property as a result of additions which were thus made during the war. On the contrary, the South expanded to an equal extent with the North for special war purposes and is today using such ex-

panded facilities to the last degree in augmenting its production.

The factors which make southern competition so keen are as follows: Cheaper and easier coal transportation, cheaper and more regular supply of cotton, cheaper labor, more hours of labor, less stringent industrial laws, less burdensome taxation.

Editorials of the South freely comment on this advantage which they have over New England and prophesy for the South wonderful development because these things are so.

The question may be asked how New England has up to now maintained what to the casual observer might appear to be a very strong position in the textile industry. Up to recent years, as would be expected in a rapidly developing industry such as exists in the South, the bulk of production has been in the coarser grades of cotton fabrics. This has been due to the fact that, first, the market for these goods was more readily obtainable; second, that the available labor in the early stages of the development of the industry was more adaptable to such production and the North was thus able to switch from coarser grades to the finer grades of cotton and thus maintain a volume of business in this style of production which, apparently, kept it from losing ground. As the industry has developed in the South, the North has found itself in a position of having almost entirely lost the coarse goods business and competition is becoming very keen in the fine goods business. Today a northern cotton mill must depend for merchandising this quality of goods entirely on nearness to its consumer or marked superiority. Goods being equal in quality the southern competitor usually has the advantage.

New England once had a powerful steel industry. With a few exceptions, it has none today and what

it has is subsidiary to large organizations outside.

The automobile industry might become a very important factor in New England's industrial life. It fairly well controlled the bicycle manufacture and, as the automobile business grew, it developed strongly in New England. It has now disappeared, with one or two very minor exceptions.

The question arises as to what could take the place of textiles in New England if they were gradually eliminated. The answer, if it were made, would be an appalling one. We might have a section of superior educational advantages; an interesting summer resort; a region of interesting historical points of view; possibly a collection of capital with money invested in southern cotton mills, western copper mines and foreign investments; an experimental territory for new forms of legislation, and an ideal community without body or substance.

The 48 hour law has proved to be a losing experiment and in the return to normalcy every year of delay is dangerous to the well-being of the community.

Is the cost of living lessening?

Read what a national authority has to say. He is M. W. Alexander, managing director of the National Industrial Conference Board:

"Farm products and raw materials have been deflated to the 1914 basis, but in manufactured products and the necessities of life we have not come anywhere near the 1914 level. Agriculturalists no longer represent the buying power of the nation, as is so often said. There are 2,000,000 more persons engaged in manufacturing today than in agriculture and every year will show an increase in favor of the manufactures.

"In the manufacturing industry the average hourly pay of the worker makes him 31 per cent better off than in 1914, while, according to the average weekly wage, he is 14 per cent better off as regards the purchasing power of his money than he was before the war. This shows that American manufacturers have met the test of social justice and are paying a fair wage. The problem of unemployment is not theirs, it is a joint problem of the employer, employee and society.

"Similarly the railroad worker is 42 per cent better off than in 1914. In 1916, 41 per cent of railroad expenditure went for labor and in 1920 this had grown to 60 per cent, forcing the complete elimination of interest, dividends and improvement of property. Again in the anthracite coal industry the workers have 60 per cent greater purchasing power than in 1914. Their contracts expire on March 31 and a strike has been called. I believe it will be a long and bitter fight but I believe public opinion will force a deflation of the wages."

In conclusion:

New England needs a square deal.

Its economic condition requires industry, frugality and hard work.

Sophistry and quibbling are useless in seeking a solution of the problem. Any suggestion that more than eight hours' labor a day is injurious to the people is an insult to the magnificent men and women who enabled New England to reach the proud position it once held, which it can regain never if its citizens fear hard work and honest toil.

Sympathy never yet added to the pay envelope, and it is the pay envelope that counts.

Save New England.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

It was an interesting coincidence that at almost the same hour of Wednesday, March 8, 1922, the United States Senate confirmed the appointment of former Governor John H. Bartlett of New Hampshire as first assistant postmaster general and the New Hampshire Executive Council confirmed the re-appointment by Governor Albert O. Brown of Mott L. Bartlett as state fish and game commissioner.

Both Governor Bartlett and Commissioner Bartlett are sons of John Z and Sophronia A. (Sargent) Bartlett, of Sunapee; John Henry having been born in that town March 15, 1869, and Mott L., a few years later.

The ex-Governor's highly successful career in the legal profession, in finance and in politics is well known to the readers of the Granite Monthly and it is only necessary here to point out the favorable impression made by him upon President Harding and others high in authority at Washington during his brief term of service as chairman of the national civil service commission, from which place he now has been taken to fill one of even greater responsibility and opportunity.

Mott L. Bartlett, who was representative from the town of Sunapee in the legislature of 1919, was appointed fish and game commissioner June 1, 1919, and his re-appointment almost three months before the expiration of his three year term, was preceded by a flood of letters in his favor from fish and game clubs and others in all parts of the state.

Among the achievements of his first term may be enumerated the establishment at New Hampton of the largest fish hatchery in New England and the state's first game farm, on the C. E. Dickerman property of 174 acres, purchased for \$25,000. This is an ideal plant for its purposes.

At the Colebrook fish hatchery artesian wells have been drilled which furnish a fine additional supply of water and made it possible in building new pools to double the capacity for raising fingerling. At the Warren hatchery a nest of 16 rearing pools and several natural pools have been built, doubling the rearing capacity at this plant. At Laconia a re-arrangement and renewal of the working parts of the hatchery has increased the output one-fourth and the water supply has been much improved. The total output of all the New Hampshire hatcheries for 1919 was about three and one-fourth millions of brook trout; in 1920, about three and one half millions; and in 1921 over seven millions.

Fred Herbert Brown, mayor of Somersworth and United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire since 1914, was elected for the ninth time to the former office and resigned the latter office during the month of March. His term did not expire until July 1, but he asked the acceptance of his resignation to take effect April 1 in order that he might secure a needed rest for the benefit of his health. In his place as federal prosecuting officer, President Harding has nominated, at the unanimous request of the New Hampshire congressional delegation, Raymond U. Smith, Esq. of Woodsville. Mr. Smith was born in Wells River, Vt., September 11, 1875, the son of Edgar William and Emma M. (Gates) Smith. He graduated from Norwich University in 1894, studied law with his father, was admitted to the bar in 1897 and since that date has practised his profession in association with his father. He is a Republican in politics and served with the rank of major on the staff of his personal friend, Governor Henry W. Keyes. He is a member

of the various Masonic bodies and of the Odd Fellows.

No New Hampshire town meetings had to be postponed this year because of roads blocked by snowdrifts or floods, as has been the case in some past years, but in one town, Lyme, the board of health ordered an adjournment because of the prevalence of influenza. In Lancaster and Weare so large a proportion of the voters left the town halls to fight fires in near-by buildings that the election proceedings were held up for some hours.

Several towns made liberal appropriations for celebrating their anniversaries this year, Chester leading with \$1,000 in commemoration of its completion of two centuries. Auburn, once a part of Chester, will join in the parent town's observance and appropriated \$200 for the purpose. Francetown, which is 150 years old, will start its celebration fund with \$800 from the town treasury; Hooksett appropriated \$500 for its centennial; and Greenville the same amount for its semi-centennial. Barrington and Hampton Falls, at the end of their second centuries of existence, appropriated \$200 each for observances.

The headquarters in this city of the state Old Home Week association have received information that 40 towns made appropriations for local Old Home Day celebrations this year; a larger number than usual, as in most cases the expenses of the ob-

servances are defrayed by local associations without calling upon the town treasury for aid.

Although business conditions throughout the state might be better, and in spite of words of warning recently uttered by ex-Governor Charles M. Floyd, chairman of the state tax commission, there was little retrenchment in evidence in general appropriations. It is thought that complete reports will show a larger amount than ever before appropriated in the aggregate for schools, highways, bridges, sewers, lights, water supplies, fire and police departments, cemeteries, sidewalks, the support of poor, etc.

Other purposes for which money was appropriated in a greater or less number of towns included the support of libraries and reading rooms; historical society; free beds in hospitals; public health nurse; town clock; "to name streets and put up signs;" care of shade trees; to fight the white pine blister rust and the gypsy moths; swimming pools and playgrounds; "to flood the common for winter sports;" band concerts; soldiers' memorials; Memorial Day; equipping town halls with fire proof booths for motion picture machines; etc.

In spite of the doubt expressed by Attorney General Young as to the legal right of women to hold elective offices in New Hampshire, not a few were chosen to fill all the various positions in town governments except selectman.

EDITORIAL

There was held, recently, at the state house in Concord, a well-attended and enthusiastic meeting to consider the preservation of the shade trees which are so important an asset of the Granite State, not only from the aspect of their scenic beauty, but also, as was shown at the meeting, from the standpoint of economic value in prolonging the life of our highways. Governor Brown gave the meeting an address of endorsement and there was a general expression, by representatives of all parts of the state, of interest in its purpose. The state forestry department and the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests co-operated in support of the meeting and the latter society is to have general charge of the work in behalf of shade trees, although a strong special committee has been formed for the same purpose and the formation of local committees also will be sought. The chairman of the general committee is C. E. Farnsworth of Gilford and Boston, a summer resident of our state, whose initiative was responsible for the holding of the meeting and whose interest in the matter had its origin in a personal experience relative to the preservation of some unusually handsome shade trees in his section of the state.

At an opportune time in the progress of the meeting, Mr. Farnsworth, who is in charge of the travel, resort and hotel depart-

ments of the Boston Globe, "talked shop" to those present in a way that was not only very interesting, but was full of valuable suggestions for the future benefit and profit of our state. It is to be regretted that his remarks were not reported stenographically so that they might be circulated widely by the state board of publicity last year appointed. He showed the generally underestimated size of our "summer" business, suggested ways in which it might be still further increased and brought out some of its benefits to New Hampshire other than those which are financial and directly visible. We wish he would make this address or one like it to an appropriate committee of the legislature of 1923.

But before that time a summer season is approaching during which individual and associated effort can accomplish much towards getting more visitors into New Hampshire, keeping them here longer and making them better satisfied with their stay among us. If we do that we shall reap other than a direct financial benefit, for the things which our guests desire us to have and to be are the same as those which we should wish for ourselves the year around; good roads, good hotels, good stores, good homes, good manners, good will. We shall like ourselves and our surroundings the better the more we make them appeal to strangers.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

"Fundamentals of Faith in the Light of Modern Thought," is the title of a book just issued from the Abingdon Press, the author being Rev. Horace Blake Williams, Ph. D., pastor of St. Paul's M. E. Church, Manchester, formerly of the First M. E. Church of Concord, later of the leading Methodist church in Lynn, Mass., from which he resigned to enter Y. M. C. A. work in Europe during the World War.

Dr. Williams, to whom public attention was recently directed, through an earnest call to the pastorate of the American Church in Paris, which he felt obliged to decline, is not only known as one of the ablest preachers in New England, but as a close student and deep thinker along religious and philosophical lines, and in the above named volume, of nearly two hundred pages, he presents his conclusions concerning the most vital problem which faces the mind and soul of man. Religion, which has been defined as "the life of God in the soul of man," is the supreme need of every human being, as Dr. Williams manifestly concludes, and only as exemplified in the life and character of Jesus of Nazareth, can it be truly accepted and possessed. It is not a matter of creed or dogma, profession or belief, but of *Life*, itself, and in the life of Christ alone is the pattern truly set.

No review of the book is attempted here. It must be read to be appreciated, and if read, even by the most irreverent, will be regarded as a masterpiece of English composition, if not a valuable contribution to current religious literature, as it will generally be considered.

H. H. M.

SHRINES AND SHADOWS. By John Rollin Stuart. Boston: The Four Seas Company.

This is a day of poetical endeavor.

The output is and should be nourished. If no giants appear, at least the middle-sized folk are many. Occasionally an unusual voice is raised. For instance, John Rollin Stuart, standing aloof from the merely pleasing poets, attains an height to which few have even aspired to climb. An Oxford student, influenced by the traditions and truths of yesterday and the day before—and of many days in the past, he brings back to modern poetry much that it has lacked. With him it is a serious, beautiful medium of expression, not an excuse for a moment's vent of a passing emotion. If Mr. Stuart keeps the austere and lofty path which he has chosen, he will become a factor in American poetry, such as has long been needed. His purity of style could well be emulated by every aspiring young poet.

To have the high purpose, the courage to hold it, the strength to deny the constant call to write lesser verse, is no mean thing in itself. When added to this, the ability to express, often faultlessly, conceptions of beauty, wisdom and truth, is possessed as Mr. Stuart possesses it, a prophecy may safely be made. He will hold up a momentarily forgotten ideal and help to restore the criterions overlooked or under-estimated, and help to re-establish something of the spirit of the Greater Victorians!

C. H.

Songs of Home is the title of a little book of poetry, attractive in appearance as a volume and delightful in the character of its contents of which Martha S. Baker (Mrs. Walter S. Baker), of Concord, is the author, and the Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, the publisher. Mrs. Baker's verses have been known to and appreciated by the editors and readers of the Granite Monthly for many years and we are pleased to find that several of her contributions to

this magazine have been chosen by her for preservation in this permanent form. "Home" in youth meant to Mrs. Baker, Cape Cod and some of her best poems, such as "The Land of the Pilgrims," celebrate that famous tip of New England. But the state and city of her present residence share in the tribute of her pen and the lines of "New Hampshire's Invitation" and "Concord" should be included in every Granite State anthology. Mrs. Baker calls her verses "simple rhymes," which we will accept as a reference to their clarity, so great a rarity, and so desirable, in these days. But their reverent appreciation of the beauties of nature their calm and kind philosophy, their permeating spirit and purpose of kindness, helpfulness and good will raise them above the level upon which the author's phrase might seem to place them.

H. C. P.

The Government of New Hampshire, by Leonard S. Morrison, former principal of the schools at Peterborough and superintendent of schools at Lisbon, is a textbook of state civics containing a large amount of important information, which comparatively few people, children or

adults, possess, but with which it is most desirable that as large a part as possible of our population should be acquainted. The W. B. Ranney Company, printers of the Granite Monthly, have published the book in handsome and handy form, and it is in every way suitable for use in our schools and as a valuable addition to all our libraries, public and private. A good index adds convenience to its merit. Mr. Morrison has divided his work into sections upon local government, county government and state government, with appendices giving the state constitution, time of court sessions and congressional, councilor and senatorial districts. Who may vote, when, where and how, are shown, and the control and management of our schools, towns, cities, counties and state are described. The progress of a law through the legislature is followed and its interpretation by the courts and administration by the executive department are described. The state institutions are briefly outlined. Mr. Morrison has done his commendable work clearly and concisely and with an approach to completeness that is remarkable for a book of 127 small pages.

H. C. P.

THE BIRD'S MESSAGE

By Helen Adams Parker

The Bluebird, harbinger of Spring,
For the first time appeared today;
A tiny speck of Heaven's own blue
Perched on the elm-tree's topmost spray.
I heard his joyous note awhile
Before his little form I spied,
As swift from branch to branch he flew,
Singing his song as though he tried
To fill each listener with new hope;
Banish dark Winter's cold and gloom
From every heart, and leave no room
For past regrets or vain complaints;
This morning I had felt so sad,
His little song now makes me glad.

FIVE POEMS

By Harold Vinal.

SPRING FLAME

I have been hurt too much by singing rain,
And winds that cry down slumbrous ways of night,
Moonlight and song and flowers ghostly white
That drop their petals on a lonely lane.
Oh could my heart but break and then be still,
Rather than watch another April pass
Along the lyric pathway of the grass,
Over the orchid beauty of a hill.
O God, let not too many blossoms fall,
Lest beauty grow a thing too great for me;
Let not your music come in one bird call,
For all these things have hurt too poignantly.
Give me a flower for an afternoon
Or a white star that comes before the moon.

LAST DAYS

I have imagined things for my last days,
Dim, glimmering nights of stillness and the stars,
A harbor where the tall ships lift their spars,
A curve of shoreline gleaming through a haze.
I have imagined how such things will be
When all these banished Aprils are no more;
A glimpse of white waves on a windy shore
And all the strange, dark mystery of the sea.
I do not fear to wonder now at all,
I am so sure such things must come to pass;
The Spring comes back to dream upon the grass,
The roses blow again along the wall.
Birds haunt old gardens where the flowers are
And every evening has its wistful star.

GONE

One star upon the April sky,
One robin on the lawn,
A hyacinth below the pain,
The rapture of the dawn.

One daffodil upon the hill
A flower in the grass
That you shall never stoop to see—
Or ever pass.

LAST OF APRIL

The cherry trees are white with snow
In a rush of rain,
April kissed them with delight
Till they bloomed in pain.

Tremulous the valley gleams
 She danced there for an hour;
 High upon a windy hill
 She hung a flower.

Oh April lift your flame for me
 And bind me with a song—
 For I must learn to bear the pain
 Of leaving you too long.

RETURN

There is a peace upon the orchard trees
 And the old meadow that was once so flushed
 With blowing clover, lies forever hushed;
 Winter has turned to touch such things as these.
 The pool that in the transient Summer wore
 A fluted lily on its curving breast
 Has stilled its heart, the fountain is at rest,
 Even the crimson rose will blow no more.
 Yet a strange Spring will flutter through the leaves
 And creep upon the hills and wake the flowers
 And the pathetic trees. Soft, gentle showers
 Will drop their tears upon a world that grieves.
 Pan will come piping where the dryads play—
 The frosty hill will blossom in a day.

NEW HOUSES

By Cora S. Day

The hammer and the saw are still at last,
 The workmen's heavy footsteps all are gone.
 And now a stillness, hushed, expectant, falls,
 Like that before the trembling light of dawn.

What do they dream, new houses, on that night
 Between the workmen's going and the day
 That brings the things which make of them new homes?
 What do they dream, when all is still and gray?

Of love and laughter, music, dancing feet?
 Of pain and sorrow, heartbreak, bitter tears?
 The morning brings awakening—and life
 Shall bring all these, new houses, through the years.

SPRING MIST

By Eleanor W. Vinton

Behind this rain drenched curtain gray
Which makes our earth seem dull today
Quaint little folk with busy hands
Obey fair Lady Spring's commands.
Gay Dandelions they must dress
In gowns of golden loveliness.
Now here, now there, a green garbed lass
Is tinting tiny blades of grass.

Wee messengers with hurrying feet
Dance through dark woodlands, spicy sweet
And shout in rippling voices clear
"Arbutus, come; Wake, Violet dear,
Hepatica, Anemone,
Fair Lady Spring has need of thee!"
Take heart, earth folk, though mists are gray,
For elves and fairies work today.

SONGS

By Letitia M. Adams

Oh sing we a song
A beautiful song,
Like the song of the birds in the morning,
An uplift of praise
To the maker of days
And the glory that heralds the dawning.

Oh sing we a song
A carefree song,
Like the rush and the sweep of the river
As a child at rest
On its mother's breast,
While the tide rolleth onward forever.

There are songs of joy,
There are songs of peace,
There are songs of grief and of sorrow,
But the songs we love,
All others above,
Are of hope, which inspires the morrow.

Then sing we the songs,
The wonderful songs,
The songs in their fullness and sweetness,
With anthems of praise,
To the maker of days,
Who crowneth each one with completeness.

GROSBEAKS

By Walter B. Wolfe

Beat it, you evening grosbeaks, you yellow—
breasted, black wing-tipped invaders from
the Arctic Circle or Rocky Mountains! Beat
it back to cold fastnesses in the north, for
spring is coming to Hanover!

Beat it, you yellow grosbeaks, chattering in the
tamaracks behind the Medical School, for windows
are open now in the Physiology laboratory and
your noisy love-making interferes with the sol-
emn disquisitions of Dr. Stewart. Beat it, you
winter birds, we are dreaming of summer!

Away to the north, you animated yellow polka-dots
in the somber black bow tie of winter! Don't you
see boardwalks across campus river-paths? Furry
pussywillows popping their grey heads out of
brown winter stocking-caps? Beat it, you north-
loving grosbeaks, haven't you heard galoshes
flop-flop-flopping in thaw puddles?

Back to Alaska, Klondike, Manitoba, back to the high
Sierras and Rockies, you black and orange mi-
grators from far norths! Down on Lebanon Street
where there is a bit of brown earth, kids are
dropping pink and white chinies into the ring,
laying up the aggies at long awse and short awse
crying, "Knucks down! Screwbony tight!"

Beat it you evening grosbeaks, you yellow cold-de-
fiant! Through closed windows we have heard
you all winter playing at hide-and-seek among
the pine branches, chattering in the tamaracks!
Come again next year to winter behind the Medical
School, but now we expect fat redbreasts and
pirate blue-jays. Beat it you yellow-feathered
gossips, lest the dandelions shame your color,
for spring is coming to Hanover!

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

MOSES J. WENTWORTH

Moses J. Wentworth, wealthy descendant of one of New Hampshire's oldest and most distinguished families, died in Chicago, March 12. He was born in Sandwich, May 3, 1848, the son of Joseph and Sarah Payson (Jones) Wentworth; graduated from Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., in 1863, and from Harvard in 1868, later receiving the degree of Master of Arts; studied law at Union College; was admitted to the Illinois bar in 1871. He was a Democrat in politics and the nominee of his party for presidential elector in 1888. He was a director of the Merchants Loan & Trust Company, of the State Bank, trustee of the Newbury Library, director of the Metropolitan Elevated railroad, trustee and president of the Fourth Presbyterian Church and vice-president of the James C. King Home for Old Men.

EDMUND C. COLE

Edmund C. Cole, who founded the Kearsarge Independent and Times at Warner in 1884 and published it until 1910, died there March 13. He was born in Milton, Me., October 5, 1845; graduated at Bowdoin in 1871; and came to Warner as principal of Simonds Free High school. A Republican in politics, he had been postmaster, representative in the legislature, member of the school, health and library boards. He was a Mason, Odd Fellow, Granger, member of the Eastern Star, Rebekahs and Golden Cross.

WILLIAM NELSON

William Nelson, widely known as a civil engineer, died at his home in Laconia, March 13. He was born in that city, April 20, 1871, the son of Dr. David B. and Susan E. Nelson, and was educated in the city schools. Beginning his engineering work with the Concord & Montreal railroad, he was city engineer of Laconia from 1892 to 1900 and subsequently was plant manager and consulting engineer

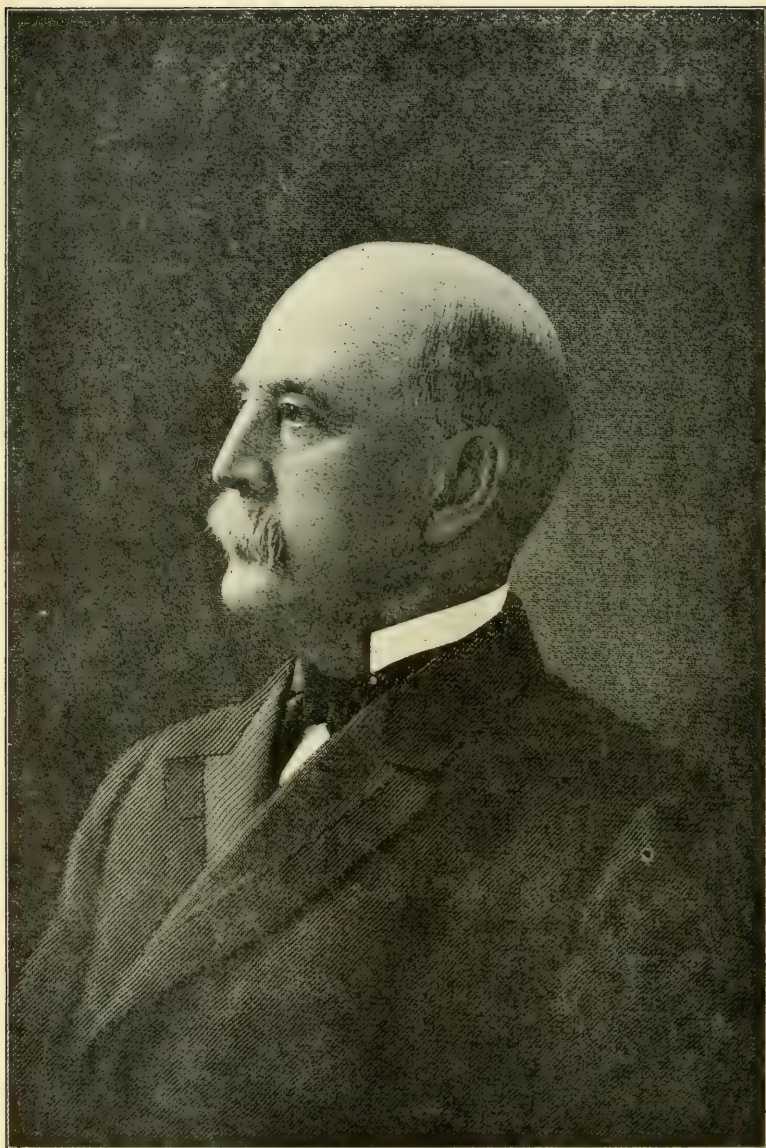
for several important manufacturing companies. For a time he was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce at Binghamton, N. Y. He was a Mason and a Congregationalist.

EDSON D. SANBORN

Edson Dana Sanborn, representative in the legislature of 1919 from Fremont, died in that town, March 14. He was born there, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Alden Sanborn, and fitted at Sanborn Seminary, Kingston, for New Hampshire College, where he graduated in 1910. During his college life he was captain of the football eleven and otherwise prominent in undergraduate activities and as an alumnus his interest in the institution continued and he did valuable service as president of the alumni association and chairman of its committee on scholarships. Mr. Sanborn had been a member of the faculty at North Carolina State College and Massachusetts Agricultural College until ill health forced his return home. He was prominent in Masonry and a member of the Eastern Star and Grange, as well as of the Sigma Alpha Epsilon and Alpha Zeta college fraternities.

CHARLES B. ROGERS.

Charles B. Rogers, president of the Suncook Bank, died in that village February 27. He was born in Manchester, February 16, 1859, spent his boyhood in Bow and attended Pembroke Academy. For many years he was one of the largest lumber operators in this section of the state. A Democrat in politics he was a member of the party state committee, had served in both branches of the legislature, as selectman and school board member and as his party's candidate for the executive council. He was chairman of the Pembroke committee of safety during the war. Mr. Rogers was a 32nd degree Mason and prominent, also in other fraternal orders. His widow, who was A. Genie Knox of Pembroke, and one son, Harry K. Rogers, survive him.



THE LATE HON. IRVING W. DREW.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

By George B. Upham.

II.

The Memorial dated Claremont, April 28, 1769, requesting that Samuel Cole Esq'r. "be appointed Catechist and Schoolmaster among us" was sent, probably much of the way by some missionary travelling on foot or horseback, to the Convention of the Society's Missionaries assembled at New Milford, Connecticut, in the latter part of May, 1769. This Convention forwarded it to London with a communication as follows: See MSS. of the Society Series B. Vol. 23 No. 420.

New Milford May 25 1769.

We the Subscribers, the venerable Society's dutiful missionaries met in voluntary Convention; with Deference transmit to the venerable Society the inclos'd paper sent us from the good People of Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire

In this Paper the Circumstances of that Place and People are so fully and faithfully represented as to leave but little needful to be said by us on these points Yet it may be well for us to inform our venerable Patrons that we are in general acquainted with the Subscribers of the inclos'd, (as all of them went from our different missions) and can give them a good and unexceptionable Recommendation.

With respect to Sam^{el} Cole Esq"; we can likewise bear a good Testimony in his Favour in all such Particulars as the Society (our good Benefactors) require in a Person to be receiv'd to their Service. This good old Gentleman many years since, designed to make Application for holy Orders, but by a Series of unexpected Occurrences has been prevented. He was educated at Yale College in Connecticut, is now advanced in years, has always been esteem'd a Gentleman of much Godliness, Honesty and

Sobriety; and in a word, we think (but with Submission) Mr. Cole might be with great Propriety and Usefulness employ'd at the afore mentioned Place as Catechist and School Master

We are
with dutiful Acknowledgments, the
venerable Society's Missionaries
and Servants

Joseph Lamson
John Beach
Ebenezr Dibblee
Christopher Newton
James Scovil
Sam^{el} Andrews.

John Beardsley
Roger Viets
Bela Hubbard
Ebenezer Kneeland
Richard Clarke
Epenetus Townsend
John Tyler.

The statement that "we are in general, acquainted with the Subscribers of the enclos'd (as all of them went from our different Missions)" confirms information from various other sources, that most of the early settlers in Claremont came from Connecticut. This is also true of many other towns in western New Hampshire and eastern Vermont.

Had we not the statement respecting Mr. Cole that he was an "old Gentleman, now advanced in years," we should so conclude from the fact that he had been graduated at Yale thirty-eight years before.

"At a General Meeting" of the Society, held in London, October 20, 1769, the Memorial and accompanying letter of recommendation were "reported by the Committee," whereupon it was;

"Agreed to recommend that Mr. Cole be appointed the Society's Schoolmaster

at Claremont in New Hampshire; and that Inquiry be made, whether Mr. Badger does not occasionally visit these people."

"Resolved to agree with the Committee and that Mr. Cole have a Salary of £15 p. ann. to commence from Midsummer last." (Journal of the Society, Vol. 18, pp. 217-220.)

The Mr. Badger referred to was Moses Badger, the Society's Itinerant Missionary in New Hampshire from 1767 to 1774. He was a native of New England, entered Harvard at the age of fourteen,⁽¹⁾ and was graduated in 1761. He travelled throughout New Hampshire wherever there were settlers attached to the Church of England. We know from Mr. Cole's letters that he visited Claremont at least once prior to 1771. He probably did so several times, and also visited all other Connecticut River towns.

Before receiving notice of his appointment as the Society's Schoolmaster, Mr. Cole, in the summer or autumn of 1769, had felt it necessary to leave his home in Claremont and to resume teaching in Connecticut. We learn this from an abstract of a letter read at a Meeting of the Society in London August 17th, 1770. (Journal, Vol. 18, p. 382)

.....Meeting.....17 August 1770.

[It was reported by the Committee that they had read.....[&c]

A letter from Mr Samuel Cole Schoolmaster at Claremont New Hampshire N. England dated Hartford in Connecticut April 4 1770, acquainting the Society that, at Xmas last he was with Mr Scovil at Waterbury and the next day began a school within 3 miles of that place, where he taught upwards of 30 children, whose parents were of the church. That within a few days of the date of this letter, Mr. Hubbard acquainted him of his appointment from the Society, for the honour of which he returns them his humble thanks: and as soon as he gets home, he will send a particular account of the affairs at Claremont.

Mr. Cole probably journeyed to and from Connecticut on foot, making slow progress; but other modes of travel were slow in those days. Note that the appointment as schoolmaster was made in London on October 20th 1769, but that Mr. Cole first learned of it at Hartford a few days before April 4th, 1770. Further difficulties of correspondence with London, of getting letters transmitted even so far as Boston, will be mentioned later by Mr. Cole.

Sir George Trevelyan in his great work, "The American Revolution"—particularly interesting as picturing that great event from a contemporaneous English point of view—ascribes their failure to understand America as in no small degree due to slow communication; the factors of time and space had not then been eliminated. This is what he writes of it:⁽²⁾

"It is not too much to say that, among our own people of every degree, the governing classes understood America the least. One cause of ignorance they had in common with others of their countrymen. We understand the Massachusetts of 1768 better than it was understood by most Englishmen who wrote that date at the head of their letters. A man bound for New York, as he sent his luggage on board at Bristol, would willingly have compounded for a voyage lasting as many weeks as it now lasts days. When Franklin, still a youth, went to London to buy the press and types by which he hoped to found his fortune, he had to wait the best part of a twelve month for the one ship which then made an annual trip between Philadelphia and the Thames. When, in 1762, already a great man, he sailed for England in a convoy of merchantmen, he spent all September and October at sea, enjoying the calm weather, as he always enjoyed everything; dining on this vessel and the other; and travelling 'as in a moving village, with all one's neighbors about one.' Adams, during the height of the war, hurrying to France in the finest frigate which Congress could place at his disposal,—and with a captain who knew that, if he

(1) In the Library of the Boston Athenaeum is a catalogue of Harvard Graduates, 1612-1791, marked "B.2508." On the margins, in the handwriting of Josiah Quincy of the class of 1790, may be seen the ages of all graduates on entering college in the classes 1732 to 1791 inclusive.

(2) Trevelyan's American Revolution Vol. I. pp. 11, 12, edition of 1917.

encountered a superior force, his distinguished guest did not intend to be carried alive under British hatches,—could make no better speed than five and forty days between Boston and Bordeaux. Lord Carlisle, carrying an olive branch the prompt delivery of which seemed a matter of life and death to the Ministry that sent him out, was for six weeks tossed by gales between port and port. General Riedesel, conducting the Brunswick auxiliaries to fight in a quarrel which was none of theirs, counted three mortal months from the day when he stepped on deck in the Elbe to the day when he stepped off it at Quebec in the St. Lawrence. If such was the lot of plenipotentiaries on mission and of generals in command, it may be imagined how humbler individuals fared, the duration of whose voyage concerned no one but themselves."

The next of Mr. Cole's letters is derived from two sources, the part in brackets from the abstract in London, (*Journal of the Society*, Vol. 19, p. 26), the remainder from Batchelder's "History of the Eastern Diocese" Vol. I, pp. 178, 179. The latter agrees with the abstract, but gives more details.

"Claremont in the Province of New Hampshire.

[December 26th 1770]

To the Secretary of the Venerable Society:

Reverend Sir: [A letter from Mr. Cole Schoolmaster at Claremont New Hampshire N. E. dated at Claremont Decr. 26, 1770 acquainting that having received intelligence from the Clergy in Convention of his appointment, he soon opened his school, that he has kept it 6 hours in a day till the days grew so short that the children could not come seasonably.] The number taught in the School is 22, who were all baptized in the Church, exclusive of those four above mentioned. Some of these are not constant at school; for their parents want the help of all that are able. I have had six belonging to dissenting parents a while who allowed me to teach them some part of the Church Catechism.

Some of the dissenters challenge a

right to the school without complying with the orders of it; in short they seem desirous that their children should learn to read and write, and ever retain the same prejudice against the Church which they themselves have. I want particular directions in this affair for my school would be crowded if I would learn the Westminster Catechism and comply with all their humors. There is not an Indian or a negro in this town. The Indians in Connecticut are strangely dwindled away and to the north there is none that I hear of on this side of Canada, unless four or five in Dr. Wheelock's school at Hanover, about 24 miles above us.

There have been ten infants baptized in this town since we came here, five by the Rev. Mr. Badger and five by the Rev. Mr. Peters.

An itinerant missionary in these parts I am persuaded may answer well the design of the Venerable Society. The Rev. Mr. Badger whom we highly esteem upon all accounts is unable to fulfil the task in such an extensive Province.

"We assemble every Lord's day and I read such parts of the Common Prayer, the Lessons, etc., as are generally supposed may be done without infringing on the sacred function, and the church people constantly attend. We read Abp. Sharp's and Bp. Sherlocks sermons."⁽³⁾

I am desired by the Wardens and Vestry of the Church in Claremont to return their most grateful thanks to the Venerable Society for appointing a schoolmaster among them. They with myself devoutly pray that the Society's gratuity may not fail of producing a plentiful increase of knowledge, virtue and loyalty.

I would humbly beg of the venerable Board some Bibles, Common Prayer Books, Catechisms, etc., to be distributed among my pupils which properly distributed might greatly excite them to learn—Samuel Cole.

In response to the request at the end of this letter it was: ["Agreed that Mr. Cole have 6 Bibles, 6 new Testaments, 25 prayer books and 25 Lewis Catechisms for the benefit of the children in his school.]"

Soon, doubtless, these books began their long journey, by sail across the ocean to Portsmouth or Boston, thence, most of the way with other

(3) Abp. Sharp was James Sharp, 1618-1679. Archbishop of St. Andrews, Scotland. Formerly a Presbyterian he turned to the Church of England on the return of Charles II. He had much to do with the restoration of Episcopacy in Scotland. With Rothes he for some years in great part governed Scotland. However pious his sermons, he was a despicable character, a fact doubtless unknown to Mr. Cole. Bp. Sherlock was Thomas Sherlock, 1678-1761, Master of the Temple and later Bishop of London. His four volumes of sermons "were at one time highly esteemed."

goods by pack-horse to Boscawen, from there over the "Province Road" to Charlestown, and finally up the "Great River" by the old Indian Trail to Claremont; not to the site of the large village of to-day, but three miles further west, to the little settlement on "Town Hill," the name then given to the easterly and northerly slopes of Barber's Mountain, where, along the "Great Road," now grass-grown, were nearly all the houses in the town.

What Mr. Cole wrote respecting Indians by no means disposes of the sole Claremont aborigine, our old friend Tousa, for Indians are a wandering people, and he was, probably, at that time absent, perhaps with the Indian settlement at Squakheag, now Northfield, Mass., perhaps in Canada. It may well be that after wandering, or trying some other habitation, Tousa longed for his old hunting-ground in Claremont, and returned there. At all events we much prefer to believe the tradition, of only eighty years until the story was printed, that for a time at least Tousa lived in Claremont, and was present, objecting, when the frame of Union Church was raised.⁽⁴⁾

Mr. Cole mentions "six [children] belonging to dissenting parents. . . . who allowed me to teach them some part of the Church Catchism." Such

permission could not have come without much home discussion. The Church of England stood for things English, and was at the time far from being liked, even by those who troubled themselves little about the nicities of its doctrines or those of the dissenters.⁽⁵⁾

The Rev. Mr. Peters, mentioned in the above letter, was the Rev. Samuel Peters of Hebron, Connecticut, graduated at Yale in 1757. The same who organized the parish of the Church of England in Claremont in 1770.⁽⁶⁾ It has heretofore been believed that this parish,—the second of the Church of England in New Hampshire,—was organized in 1771; but the date of the above letter returning the thanks of "the Wardens and Vestry of the Church in Claremont," shows that it must have been earlier, probably in September, 1770.

We know from Mr. Peters' letter to the Society⁽⁷⁾ that he left Hebron with his clerk on September 10, 1770, and travelled up the Connecticut River valley visiting Claremont, Windsor, Thetford, Orford, Haverhill and other river towns.⁽⁸⁾ He describes the inhabitants as "living without means of grace, destitute of knowledge, laden down with ignorance, and covered with poverty," not complimentary, nor necessarily to be accepted because Mr. Peters so wrote.

(4) See a series of Historical Articles published in the National Eagle, Claremont, in the early fifties, also Granite Monthly, Vol. 51, p. 425, and Vol. 54, p. 41.

(5) Such Church is described in nearly two hundred Wentworth town charters in New Hampshire and in the Hampshire Grants (now Vermont) in these words, "the Church of England as by Law Established;" but it was never by law established in New Hampshire, and in none of the colonies except Virginia and the Carolinas. The words in the Wentworth charters must, therefore, be taken as referring to conditions in England—see S. H. Cobb's Rise of Religious Liberty in America, pp. 74, 115, 290-300.

(6) In the Churchman's Magazine for August, 1805, it is stated that the Church in Claremont was organized by the Rev. Samuel Peters in or about the year 1771. The date should have been 1770.

(7) See Church Documents of Connecticut, ed. by Hawks and Perry—1864, Vol. II. pp. 162-164.

(8) In the Political Magazine, London for November, 1781, Vol. 2, p. 656, Mr. Peters published a description of the Connecticut River, from which those familiar with it may learn much unknown to them before. "Above five hundred rivulets which issue from lakes, ponds and drowned lands fall into it; many of them are larger than the Thames at London." "Rivulets," barely worth mentioning, but "larger than the Thames," with its even then wondrous traffic. What better calculated to impress the cockney? But the following, accepted readily enough by Londoners, may impress the people of Haverhill and Newbury: "At the upper cohes the river spreads twenty-four miles wide, and for five or six weeks ships of war might sail over lands that afterwards produce the greatest crops of hay and grain in all America." We sympathize with the Reverend Peters in his restraint. Why stop at a mere twenty-four miles in width with the water fast rising? Note continued on bottom of page 147.

In October he crossed the Green Mountains, "16 miles over," to Manchester, finding his way "in a pathless wilderness, by trees marked and by compass"; he thence proceeded to Arlington, on the present New York line. On this journey "preaching as often as every other day I travelled 700 or 800 miles in a way so uneven that I was in peril oft."

We can but admire Mr. Peters' energetic activity, and note with regret that he later left an unenviable record in Connecticut, Boston, and even London, as an indiscreet and obnoxious Tory. In a search of his house at Hebron for arms, a punch-bowl was broken, about which Mr. Peters made much ado, though no appropriation of materials suitable to be compounded in it is recorded. He soon fled for sanctuary to Boston, whence he wrote: "I am in high spirits. Six regiments are now coming from England, and sundry men-of-war. So soon as they come, hanging work will go on, and destruction will first attend the seaport towns." He soon sailed for England, where, by way of getting even, he wrote a "History of Connecticut," said by natives of that state to be worthy of a direct descendant of Ananias. Sabine, in his "American Loyalists," says of Mr. Peters: "perhaps no clergyman of the time was more obnoxious." Dr. Benjamin Trumbull, Yale 1759, a man of eminence, a

brother clergyman and a fellow-townsmen in Hebron, said of him that of all men he ever knew Mr. Peters was "least to be depended upon as to any matter of fact."

While in Claremont he was probably the guest of his fellow-collegian, Samuel Cole, and it was probably at the latter's house, and due to his initiative, that the parish in Claremont was organized. We may imagine these two worthies walking leisurely over Town Hill, on a pleasant autumnal afternoon, the clergyman, who had been ordained in England, discoursing to his untravelled companion upon the great size and unrivalled magnificence of London, a story which, we may rest assured, lost nothing in the telling.⁽⁹⁾

No words in Mr. Cole's letters give so much information respecting the intellectual status of early settlers and their children as can be gathered, indirectly, from the few books mentioned by him; for these furnished the greater part of the mental nourishment of both parents and children of the time. The words "Westminster Catechism" thus serve almost as a volume in themselves; for our forefathers, mostly dissenters from the Church of England, were brought up on it. This Catechism, a rigid embodiment of hard Calvinistic theology, was devised by the "Westminster Assembly" summoned by the insubordinate Long Parliament. As the re-

"Two hundred miles from the Sound is a narrow of five yards only, formed by two shelving mountains of solid rock, whose tops intercept the clouds." [This was at the Great Falls, now known as Bellows Falls.] "People who can bear the sight, the groans, the tremblings, the curly motion of the water, trees, and ice, through this awful passage, view with astonishment one of the greatest phenomena in nature. Here water is consolidated without frost, by pressure, by swiftness, between the pinching sturdy rocks, to such a degree of induration, that no iron crow can be forced into it: here iron, lead, and cork have one common weight, here, steady as time, and harder than marble, the stream passes irresistible; the lightning rends trees in pieces with no greater ease than does this mighty water.***..... No living creature was ever known to pass through this narrow, except an Indian woman, who was in a canoe attempting to cross the river above it, but carelessly suffered herself to fall within the power of the current. Perceiving her danger, she took a bottle of rum which she had with her, and drank the whole of it; then lay down in the canoe to meet her destiny. She marvellously, [aided perhaps by the Great Spirit], went through safely, and was taken out of the canoe some miles below quite intoxicated, by some Englishmen. Being asked how she could be so daringly imprudent as to drink such a quantity of rum with the prospect of instant death before her, the squaw, as well as her condition would let her, replied: Yes it was too much rum for once; but I was not willing to lose a drop of it, so I drank it, and you see I have saved all."

(9) The record of Mr. Peters' activities may be found in F. B. Dexter's *Biographies of Yale Graduates, 1745-1763*, Vol. 2, pp. 482-487; Sabine's *Loyalists of the American Revolution*, Vol. II, pp. 177-182; Trevelyan's *American Revolution*, Vol. I, pp. 278, 279, 375, and Batchelder's *History of the Eastern Diocese*, Vol. I, pp. 175, 176.

sult of five years of deliberation by one hundred and twenty divines, nearly all Calvinists, it was published in 1647 and 1648 in two forms, the Larger Catechism, "for such as have some proficiency," and the Shorter Catechism "for such as are of weaker capacity." If we of a later generation were expected to commit to memory and to comprehend the Shorter Catechism, most of us would fail to measure up to the "capacity" for which it was designed.

The Shorter Catechism was published here in many editions and large numbers but the form in which it came to be most widely used was in the numerous editions of the New England Primer, which for more than a hundred years was the school book of the dissenters, and almost the sole book for juvenile reading in America. With it millions were taught to read, and then, catechised unceasingly. Aside from the Bible no book printed in this country has had anything like the extended and enduring influence of the New England Primer. "An over conservative claim for it is to estimate an annual average sale of twenty thousand copies, during a period of 150 years, or total sales of three million copies."⁽¹⁰⁾

Every known edition printed in the eighteenth century, and most of those issued later, contained the Shorter Catechism which occupied nearly half the pages. Although a million or more copies are believed to have been printed in the eighteenth century less than fifty of these are now known to exist. The high prices,—more than \$100—paid by collectors for copies in good condition printed prior to 1800, attest their rarity.⁽¹¹⁾

Originally compiled by Benjamin Harris⁽¹²⁾ the earliest edition, as shown by an advertisement in an almanack, was published in Boston about 1689. Several other editions were issued before 1727 but none earlier has been found. In the edition of 1737 first appeared the four lines, "Now I lay me down to sleep," etc., author unknown. They were printed in almost every subsequent edition, and, with the Lord's Prayer, have been taught the world over by millions of mothers to many millions of children kneeling at their bedsides.

One edition only was printed in New Hampshire prior to 1800; and that by J. Melcher at Portsmouth, without date, but probably about 1795.⁽¹³⁾

(10) The New England Primer, by Paul Leicester Ford, p. 19. To this book we are indebted for the greater part of the information respecting the Primer which appears in this article.

(11) The first collector of this Primer, who began in 1840, found copies of only two eighteenth century editions; the next, who began at about the same time, after forty years of search, obtained only nine Primers of that century. At the time Mr. Ford's book was published, 1897, the finest collections of Primers of the eighteenth century were those owned by Mr. Cornelius Vanderbilt, six copies, and the Lenox Library in New York, also six copies. In the latter is the copy of the edition of 1727, the earliest edition of which any copy has been found. The American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass., owned four copies. The wonderful Library of the British Museum had but one copy. The only known copy of the J. Melcher, Portsmouth, N. H., edition was, in 1897, owned by Dr. Henry Barnard of Hartford, Conn.

(12) Harris also deserves distinction as the editor and printer of the first newspaper in America. This he issued, without permission, in 1690 under the name "Public Occurrences." As might have been expected it was promptly suppressed by Proclamation.

(13) An edition was printed in Newbury, Vermont, "by Nathaniel Coverly Jun'r, For John West of Boston." It is regarded as an eighteenth century edition. If this is correct it was probably printed in 1799 or 1800; for Nathaniel Coverly Jun'r, printed an edition at Medford, Mass., in 1798. He apparently removed to Newbury, perhaps carrying the forms with him. The copy of the Newbury edition is owned by the American Antiquarian Society, Worcester, Mass.

The title page is as follows:

THE NEW ENGLAND
PRIMER,
IMPROVED,
OR AN EASY AND PLEASANT
GUIDE TO THE ART OF READING,
ADORNED WITH CUTTS,
to which is added
THE ASSEMBLY OF DIVINES'
AND DR. WATT'S
CATECHISMS,
PORTSMOUTH;
Printed and Sold by J. MELCHER

The New England Primer was carried in stock and sold by all general stores in country four corners and villages. Some of the articles advertised for sale in Litchfield, Connecticut, in 1783 were as follows: "Allblades Bibles, Brimstone, and, Broadcloths, Buttons, Buckles of different sorts, Pipes, Pins & Needles, Powder & Shot, Primers, [a Primer was always a New England Primer,] Rum, rod Nails, Saws, Spelling Books, Sugar, Tea, Testaments and a variety of other Articles."

Primers were undoubtedly carried in general stock and hundreds of copies sold in Claremont in the eighteenth century as they were in all other New Hampshire towns. Can one of them of that period, outside the few collections, now be found?

In the Primer even the Alphabet, with the heavily inked depictions accompanying each letter, is made depressing.

A In Adams' Fall
We sinned all.

* * * *

J Job feels the Rod,—
Yet blesses GOD.

* * * *

X Xerxes did die
And so must I.

The not unnatural fate of Xerxes is accentuated by a crude woodcut of a particularly dismal coffin.

* * * *

Y while Youth do cheer
Death may be near

In the accompanying illustration the hilarity of Chearing Youths, three of them partaking of refreshments at a table, seems not to be diminished by the approach of a skeleton pointing with an arrow: whether the arrow is pointed at only one, or impartially at the three seems uncertain.

* * * *

Z Zacheus he
Did climb the Tree
Our Lord to see

Even Zacheus' effort was not intended to be amusing.

There was in all editions the rough woodcut of John Rogers, burning at the stake in Queen Mary's gentle reign, while his wife with nine small children, and one at her breast, look sadly on. The crude wood-cuts appear to have been prepared by self-taught wood engravers in the printer's shops, for in few of the different editions were they the same.⁽¹⁴⁾

These were doubtless understood by countless children who were sorely puzzled in the effort to understand the nature of original sin, or the doctrine of election whereby so few were destined to be saved; or why, for Adam's Transgression, so long ago, "All Mankind.....are under God's Wrath & Curse, and so made

(14) Among the embellishments of some editions, prior to the Revolution, were crude wood-cuts of the reigning King and Queen. In the edition of 1737 the printer, lacking a cut representing the Queen, overcame the difficulty by using, with some erasures, a block prepared for a Queen in a pack of cards. It is doubtful whether among the purchasers the prototype of the lady was widely recognized. In another edition, issued soon after July 4th, 1776, the name John Hancock was substituted for George the Third; but the features of the portrait remained the same.

liable to all Miseries in this Life, to Death itself, & to the pains of Hell forever."⁽¹⁵⁾

Mr. Cole, it may be noted, asked for "particular directions" about teaching the Shorter Catechism; that "Golden Composure" as Cotton Mather in admiration called it.

In addition to the Shorter Catechism we find printed in nearly all editions of the New England Primer a still further simplified catechism entitled "Spiritual Milk for American Babes," "By John Cotton," a dissenting divine who arrived in Boston in 1633. After demonstrating how slight the chance of being judged otherwise than wicked, the Reverend Cotton gives, as a last sip of his lacteal preparation, the following: "and the wicked shall be cast into everlasting fire with the devil and all his angels."

Other gems designed to cheer the children may be quoted from the Primer.

F. "Foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod of correction shall drive it from him."

Frequent applications of the birch were, doubtless, prompted by this wise precept.

L. "Liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone:"

Often cited in cases of inaccurate statement.

U. "Upon the wicked God shall raise an horrible tempest."

To be remembered at times of severe thunderstorms.

A cause for the astonishing disappearance of the millions of copies of the New England Primer may be imagined. It seems, however, unlikely that any reliable statistics respecting it will ever be obtained.

But the Puritanic Primer is not the only publication, pointing the straight and narrow path, upon which the return *non est inventus* must be made. Of Lewis' Catechism,—25 copies of which, as we have seen, were sent to Mr. Cole,—the Catalogue of Printed Books in the Library of the British Museum tells us that at least fifteen editions were published, the first in 1700. But not a copy is to be found among the four millions of volumes in the great libraries, general and theological, of Boston and Cambridge.⁽¹⁶⁾

Whatever the unascertained teachings of Mr. Lewis' book, it is to be hoped they were less depressing than those of the Shorter Catechism.

In contemplating the religious instruction of New England children a century or two ago, we may wonder how they grew up to see anything other than gloom in life. But it should be remembered that the untaught beauties of nature all around, and the child's natural joyousness, served as antidotes for much dismal teaching thrust upon him. And, as a great teacher of theology now tells us, the very attempt to understand these problems, with a chance of heaven on one side, hell on the other, was mentally stimulating.

It is refreshing to find in an edition of the Primer, as early as 1767, any-

(15) Some of the extremely orthodox have been pained by the gradual extinction of this belief: as with the Calvinistic clergyman who remarked: "The Universalists believe that all men will be saved, but we hope for better things."

A newly installed pastor said to a spinster parishioner: "I hope, madam, you believe in total depravity," and promptly received the reply: "Oh parson, what a fine doctrine it would be, if folks only lived up to it."

(16) This Catechism was compiled by John Lewis, Vicar of Minster. It was translated into Irish and Welsh, but does not appear to have been printed in America. Lewis was the author of some twenty books, nearly all of historical value, and all to be found in the Libraries of Boston and Cambridge, although not generally reprinted, and issued in very small editions compared with those of his Catechism.

thing so essentially human as the following Old English Proverbs.

"A friend in need is a friend indeed.

Fair words butter no parsnips.

When the fox preaches let the geese beware.

Fly the pleasure that will bite tomorrow.

If all fools wore white caps, we should look like a flock of geese."

(To be continued)⁽¹⁷⁾

(17) The writer wishes to correct an error in the first article of this series, not discovered until after the pages had gone to print. On page 111 of the April issue the words, "and excepting, of course, Florida then possessed by Spain," should have been erased; for by that same Treaty of Paris, Feb. 10, 1763, Florida was ceded by Spain to England. In 1783 it was returned by England to Spain; and ceded by the latter to the United States by the Treaty of 1819, reluctantly confirmed by Spain in 1821.

GOD—THANKS

By Ruth Bassett

Don't take the earth for granted—

With all its changing beauty

Make it a sacred duty

To kneel in prayer

For every bird-song chanted,

For every new-found blessing,

To God your thanks confessing

For glories there.

Don't take loved ones for granted.

When happy hours surround you

And peaceful home-ties crown you,

Take time to go

With humble trust implanted

In nature's generous voicing.

Lift up your heart, rejoicing,

So God will know.

IN PRAISE OF BROOKS

By Katharine Upham Hunter

The Brook is a good friend of mine—I suspect it has shared many reciprocal emotions with the dwellers in this old country-house and that I am merely the latest of a long line to know it; thus pleasant thoughts come to me of the cheer, the infectious gladness its friendship has communicated to my predecessors.

After it leaves the wood-land—and it has a right merry leap through the birch and hemlock woods—the Brook purls and meanders through the pasture and then slipping under the highway (swiftly, as if to get away from the ugly concrete culvert) it races merrily through the meadow to the rushing River, which as tributary joins the Connecticut on the border of this same meadow. And the stately Connecticut, flowing on to the distant sea, carries on its bosom the clear crystals of my Brook.

This in short is the life history of the Brook; it is the history of all brooks and all friendships—this merging of self into the harmony of altruism.

On the old maps the Brook had a name, an ordinary name—one wonders why? Perhaps the settlers on this river highway between Canada and the provinces, busy clearing the forest, planting corn, and watching for marauding Indians, regarded life quite literally and named the stream for the man who built the first cabin on its bank. If he were a wise man he raised his roof-tree on the knoll high above for in the spring of the year the Brook goes mad—mad as Ophelia and drowns itself under the grey willows; you hear it weeping even above the March winds.

No, I cannot rename it; if it is Ophelia in March why is it not Perdita when spring at last arrives? Perdita whose silvery laughter mocks me as she runs under the tender bud-

ding trees towards the River. Then, O Brook, you are indeed “my prettiest Perdita” as you trip blithely on your way, garlanded with “lilies of all kinds” and

“.....violets dim

But sweeter than the lid of Juno's eyes,
Or Cytherea's breath.”

A Brook will not harbour dull care or grumpiness of mind—in summer! In winter one takes from it what one reads into it, and as for the most part only the stout-hearted are afield in winter I think that the Brook gives them back stout cheer—making of their valiancy an order of merit, as it were.

In the winter-time I follow its course through the meadow: when I am on snowshoes its banks are pillowed by soft snow and its waters, dark and glassy, swirl between them past me; when I am on skis the banks are crusted and the stream is ice. Then I think of little Robert Louis and his faithful Alison, for

“Water now is turned to stone

Nurse and I can walk upon;”

and the Spirit of Childhood is with me gleefully sliding on the ice. But there are other times when the thin snow on the stubble permits neither snowshoes nor skis; then I foot it musingly along the banks, watching little icicles form about tree roots, watching the waters which hardly move, they are so sluggish. I suddenly realize that the Brook is about to freeze and stand long minutes in the crisp air waiting: now there is an abatement of current, the water becomes just tremulous and in its depths is a gelatinous cloudiness which slowly spreads; the surface of the Brook wrinkles, stiffens, and is ice, and beneath the gelatine has set. Thus the Brook has frozen. But the wind, stinging my face, urges me back to the hearthside. Tomorrow I will come again.

THE SETTLEMENT OF NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Paul Edward Moyer.

The settlement of New Hampshire was first undertaken by Captain John Mason. The actual grant of this early New England province, like several of the other provinces, is difficult to unravel because the English Crown granted and re-granted the territory within which it lies. In every instance, however, John Mason figures as one of the grantees, and in three specific instances, at least, he is the sole grantee.

"There were three charters granted to Captain John Mason solely, and three to him associated with others. Those to him solely were Mariana, March 9, 1621-2; New Hampshire, November 7, 1629; New Hampshire and Masonia, April 22, 1635."⁽¹⁾

Those in association with others were the province of Maine, August 10, 1622 and Laconia, November 17, 1629. These two grants were made to Mason and Gorges, jointly. On November 3, 1631, the Crown also made the grant of Piscataqua to Mason and seven other proprietors.

With the exceptions of Mariana and Maine, every one of the above grants falls wholly or partially within the present confines of the state of New Hampshire. Evidently, however, of the four grants relating to the present boundaries of New Hampshire, none save the grant of New Hampshire, November 7, 1629, could stand the test of time for it is related that in⁽²⁾ "the case of His Majesty's Province of New Hampshire, upon two appeals relating to the boundaries between that Province and the Province of the Massachusetts Bay, to be heard before the Right-Honorable, the Lords of the Committee of His Majesty's Most Honorable Privy-Council, for hearing appeals from the Plantations, at

the Council Chamber at Whitehall, 6th of February, 1637, and 20th of July, 1738....the only grant referred to and relied on by the parties in controversy," so far as New Hampshire was concerned, "was that to Captain Mason, November 7, 1629;the inference is, that all the other grants had failed, through some defect, informality, or want of compliance with conditions." It is therefore plain that the so-called Laconia grant, 1629, and the Masonia grant, 1635, the two most important grants next to the New Hampshire grant of November 7, 1629, which appertain to the first settlement of the province of New Hampshire, were considered entirely void less than a decade after the patent was issued.

According to the principal grant, therefore, on which the Mason heirs later relied to prove successfully their ownership of the land contained within the present boundaries of the state of New Hampshire, the⁽³⁾ "Indenture witnesseth that the said President and Council (of Plymouth) of their free and mutual consent, as well to the end, that all their lands, woods, lakes, rivers, waters, islands, and fishing, with all the traffic, profits and commodities whatsoever, to them or any of them belonging, and hereafter in these presents mentioned, may be wholly and entirely invested, appropriated, served and settled in and upon the said Captain John Mason, his heirs and assigns forever, as for divers special services for the advancement of the said Plantation, and other good and sufficient causes and considerations, them especially, thereunto moving, have given, granted, bargained, sold, assigned, aliened, set over, enfeoffed,

(1) Dean, J. W. Capt. John Mason. P. 169.

(2) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 28.

(3) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 22.

and confirmed, and by these presents do give, grant, bargain, sell, assign, aliene, set over, enfeof and confirm unto the said Captain John Mason, his heirs and assigns, all that part of the mainland in New England, lying upon the sea-coast, beginning from the middle part of the Merrimack river, and from thence to proceed northwards along the sea-coast to Piscataqua river, and so forwards up within the said river and to the furthest head thereof, and from thence northwestward, until three score miles be finished from the first entrance of the Piscataqua river; also from Merrimack through the said river and to the furthest head thereof, and so forwards up into the lands westwards, until three score miles be finished; and from thence to cross over land to the three score miles end accomplished from Piscataqua river, together with all islands and islets within five leagues distance of the premises, and abutting upon the same,

This rather indefinite grant was to include all the useful privileges and opportunities that colonial patents involved, with special reference to⁽⁴⁾ "all havens, ports, rivers, mines, minerals, pearls, precious stones, woods, quarries, marshes, fishings, huntings, hawkings, fowlings, and other commodities and hereditaments whatsoever." The only economic reservation stipulated by the Council was to the effect that, in case gold or silver were discovered, the Crown should be entitled to one-fifth of the ore mined.

Careful provision was made for the government of the province for it was distinctly stated that⁽⁵⁾ "the said Captain John Mason doth further covenant for him, his heirs and assigns, that he will establish such government in the said portion of lands and islands granted unto him, and the

same will from time continue, as shall be agreeable, as near as may be, to the laws and customs of the realm of England; and if he shall be charged at any time to have neglected his duty therein, that then he will reform the same, according to the discretion of the President and Council, or, in default thereof, it shall be lawful for any of the aggrieved inhabitants or planters, being tenants upon the said lands, to appeal to the chief court of justice, of the said President and Council." It later developed that Mason failed to provide a stable and satisfactory government with the result that the scattered settlers were compelled to appeal to Massachusetts Bay for protection and a definite form of government.

The records of this colonial province disclose the fact that, aside from the disputed claim to the territory made by Massachusetts Bay, title to the New Hampshire colony, in part, at least, was claimed by Rev. John Wheelwright and his followers. It was alleged that on May 17, 1629, a treaty and deed was drawn up between several Indian tribes and the Wheelwright company which gave most of the territory now included in the state to these exiles from Massachusetts Bay Colony.

This grant by⁽⁶⁾ "wee the Sagamores of Penacook, Pentucket, Squamsquot and Nuchawanick," however, is considered by the more reliable authorities to have been a forgery. Certain it is that the document never was seriously considered as giving the Wheelwright malcontents any jurisdiction over the province.

II

THE FOUR SETTLEMENTS

The first settlement in this ill-defined Masonian area was undoubtedly made at Strawberry Bank which later was to take its present name of Ports-

(4) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 23.

(5) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 25.

(6) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 56.

mouth. The date of actual settlement is a bit uncertain but it is now historically asserted to have been in 1623, less than three years after the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.⁽⁷⁾ "Some merchants and other gentlemen in the West of England, belonging to the cities of Exeter, Bristol, Shrewsbury etc. made some attempt of beginning a plantation in some place about Piscataqua river about the year 1623." The settlement did not flourish, however, to any considerable extent during the next few years for in 1631 only three houses had been built. In 1631 Captain Mason sent over agents and supplies. A man named Chadbourne at this time erected the Great House, as it was called, and another gentleman named Williams was designated to take charge of the salt works which were developed following the arrival of the men despatched by the proprietor. Such growth had occurred by 1633 that need was felt for the establishment of some kind of government. Accordingly Williams was chosen governor. The records show that he was still in office in 1638, being re-elected annually by vote of the inhabitants. These dates must be taken on faith, however, for the original records were destroyed by fire in 1652. A court record of 1643, however, proves that the Williams governorship was a reality and that the combination was entered into at an early period following the original settlement of the place.

The first church was built in 1640. Religious harmony prevailed in the small settlement up to this date and the erection of the house of worship was the result of the combined efforts of all the inhabitants of the first settlement, for it was noted⁽⁸⁾ "how the inhabitants of Strawberry Bank having of their free and voluntary minds, and good will, given and granted sev-

eral sums of money for the building and founding of a parsonage house with a chapple thereunto united, did grant fifty acres of land to be annexed thereunto as a Glebe land belonging to the said parsonage, and all was put into the hands of two men, viz., Thomas Walford and Henry Sherburne, church wardens."

Some time during the year 1623 it is believed Edward and William Hilton and Thomas Roberts, with their families settled at Wecohannet, which a few years later was to be known as Dover. No record exists to show that any additional settlers arrived in Dover prior to 1631. Two new names, Edward Colcott and Captain Thomas Wiggins, were added to the town list at this time. It is to be presumed, however, that more settlers had arrived for it was necessary to have a governor in 1631 and the office was filled by Captain Wiggins. The governor made a trip to England in 1632 and returned the following year with a large number of colonists. From this date, therefore, the success of the Dover settlement was assured.

The inhabitants of Dover anticipated their neighbors at Portsmouth in the matter of building a church for in 1634⁽⁹⁾ "they built a meeting house, which was afterwards surrounded with an entrenchment and flankerts." This first church erected in the province of New Hampshire remained intact until Major Richard Waldron constructed a new edifice in 1653. Captain Wiggins had taken care to bring over a minister, the Rev. William Leveredge, on his return from England in 1633. Conditions could not have been very prosperous in the little town, however, for in 1635 the reverend gentleman was compelled to forsake his parish "for want of adequate support."

It proved an unfortunate incident in the history of the little town for

(7) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 108.

(8) N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 111.

(9) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 119.

his successor was one Rev. George Burdet who, in addition to his ministrations, proceeded to mix in politics so successfully that he defeated Captain Wiggins for the governorship in 1638. Possibly it was the contamination of crooked colonial politics that caused the downfall of this reverend individual. At any rate he lost his religion and was given his passports after he was⁽¹⁰⁾ "indicted by the whole Bench for a man of ill name and fame. Infamous for incontinency, a publisher and Broacher of divers dangerous speeches, the better to seduce the weak sex of women to his incontinent practices, contrary to the peace of our Sovereign Lord the King, as by Depositions and Evidences." This unfortunate scandal rent the little village almost in twain and for three years the settlement was "a divided house." But after the gossips ceased talking of their erstwhile governor the town took a new lease on life and growth rapidly went on.

Exeter was settled in 1638 by Rev. John Wheelwright and his followers after their banishment by the authorities of Massachusetts Bay for religious heresies and seditious practices. After their arrival at Exeter they made an agreement with the neighboring Indians relative to the granting of necessary land for habitation. It is impossible to tell how many members made up the colony. But, originally, it probably was not less than fifty and undoubtedly not more than seventy-five. After the conviction of the inconsonant Wheelwrighters it was ordered that inasmuch as they⁽¹¹⁾ "have seduced and led into dangerous errors, many of the people here in New England, * * * there is just cause of suspicion that they * * * may, upon some revelation, make some suddaine irruption upon those that differ from them in

judgment; for prevention thereof it is ordered that all those whose names are underwritten shall (upon warning given or left at their dwelling houses) before the 30th day of this month of November, deliver in at Mr. Cane's house, at Boston, all guns, pistols, swords, powder, shot and match, as they shall be owners of or have in their custody, upon pain of ten pound for every default to be made thereof * * * ." The total number of those disarmed were seventy-five. Fifty-eight of the entire number were Bostonians. It is supposed that nearly all of these persons followed their leader to New Hampshire and settled with him at Exeter.

The fourth early settlement in New Hampshire was Hampton. Massachusetts claimed this settlement as exclusively belonging to the people of that colony from the first day of the settlement. Indeed as early as 1632 the Massachusetts authorities declared⁽¹²⁾: "Mr. Batcheler is required to forbear exercising his gifts as a pastor or teacher publicly in our pattennt, unlesse it be to those he brought with him, for his contempt of authority, till some scandles be removed." The Batcheler adherents, however, and sundry others who had taken refuge in Hampton community refused to recognize Massachusetts jurisdiction which led the latter colony to regard their attitude⁽¹³⁾ "as against good neighborhood, religion and common honesty." As Winthrop states the case: "Another plantation was begun upon the north side of Merrimack * * * at Winnicawett, called Hampton, which gave occasion to some difference between us and some of Pascataquack, which grew thus: Mr. Wheelwright, being banished from us gathered a company and sat down by the falls of Pascataquack and called their town Exeter, and for their enlargement they dealt

(10) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 121.

(11) Mass. Col. Rec. I, p. 211.

(12) Mass. Col. Rec. I, p. 100.

(13) Winthrop Hist. of N. E., p. 348.

with an Indian there and bought of him Winnicawett, and then wrote us what they had done and that they intended to lot out all their lands into farms, except we could show a better title. They wrote also to those whom we had sent to plant Winnicawett, to have them desist, etc. These letters coming to the General Court, they returned answer, * * * that knowing we claimed Winnicawett as within our patent, or as *vacum domicilium*, and had taken possession thereof by building an house there above two years since, they should go now and purchase an unknown title and then come to (inquire, deny) of our right." The whole controversy, however, a few years later was to be terminated by the junction of the four towns with the Massachusetts Bay colony.

Before this annexation occurred, however, these early settlements in New Hampshire endeavored to establish some form of government for themselves. Strange as it may seem, apparently the only requirement for membership in the body politic was that the persons concerned should be freemen and should agree to do nothing contrary to the laws of England. Doubtless, the memories of experiences in Massachusetts Bay were still poignant in the minds of some, at least, and probably those who had not sustained actual contact with the straightlaced Massachusetts authorities had profited by the experiences of their confreres. Suffice it to say that the form of covenant, constituting a government, which was signed by the inhabitants of Dover is common, with minor exceptions, to all four settlements. This simple covenant read as follows: (14) "Whereas sundry mischiefs and inconveniences have befallen us, and more and greater may, in regard of want of civil government, his most

gracious Majesty having settled no order for us to our knowledge: we, whose names are underwritten, being inhabitants upon the river Piscataqua, have voluntarily agreed to combine ourselves into a body politic, that we may the more comfortably enjoy the benefit of his Majesty's laws, together with all such laws as may be concluded by a major part of the freedom of our Society, in case they be not repugnant to the laws of England, and administered in behalf of his Majesty. And this we have mutually promised and engaged to do, and so continue till his Excellent Majesty shall give other orders concerning us. In witness whereof, we have hereunto set our hands, etc."

The covenant framed at Exeter⁽¹⁵⁾ is flavored with more religiosity but in its essential elements differs in no wise from the other sealed governmental agreements.

Every person claiming membership in the community was compelled to subscribe to a solemn oath to support the government and to obey the laws of England and the statutes that might be enacted by the settlement itself. Two oaths were devised, one to be subscribed to by the rulers or elders, the other by common people.

In spite of the most earnest efforts to live peaceably together, however, dissensions and rivalries became rampant and the struggling little communities found themselves in frequent difficulties. Dover, especially, seemed almost continuously to meet various kinds of obstacles and impediments to decent government. Following the scandalous experiences with Rev. George Burdet, one time governor, the town found itself facing the disruption caused by the famous contest between Mr. Knowles and Mr. Larkham. It appears that⁽¹⁶⁾ "they two fell out about baptizing children, receiving members, burial of the

(14) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 126.

(15) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 132.

(16) Winthrop II, p. 82. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 123.

dead; and the contention was so sharp that Knowles and his party rose up and excommunicated Mr. Larkham and some that held with him and further, Mr. Larkham, flying to the magistrates, Mr. Knowles and Captain Underhill raised arms, and expected help from the Bay, Mr. Knowles going before the troop with a Bible upon a pole's top, and giving forth that their side were Scots and English." The division caused by this occurrence continued and the adherents of both leaders tolerated no insults from each other. The breach was not healed for many months. Finally, in 1640 Knowles was heavily fined and conditions made so uncomfortable for him that he voluntarily left the community. The next year Mr. Larkham left also "to avoid the shame of a scandalous sin it was found he had committed."

There was not so much "scandalous sin" in the other three communities as to cause divisions like those which tore Dover asunder. But no greater success in the enterprise of self-government was obtained and accordingly all four towns began to consider measures to relieve a situation that was rapidly becoming dangerous to community welfare.

III

UNION WITH MASSACHUSETTS

The definite decision to join their fortunes with Massachusetts Bay colony and accept its jurisdiction completely was taken in 1641 and henceforth, until 1679, the four original New Hampshire settlements were to be part and parcel of the Massachusetts group. Eight years earlier than this, however, Massachusetts had hinted that possibly they belonged in her jurisdiction. For Captain Wigin of Piscataqua had written to the governor of Massachusetts in 1633 that one of his people had stabbed a

fellow citizen and requested that he might be tried for the offense in Massachusetts. The governor replied that⁽¹⁷⁾ "If Piscataquack lay within their limits (as it was supposed) they would try him."

Dover and Portsmouth took the first steps to incorporate themselves in the Massachusetts commonwealth and the other two towns soon followed suit. As Hutchinson describes the process:⁽¹⁸⁾ "The settlers of Piscataqua * * * submitted themselves to the Massachusetts government. The submission and agreement upon record is as follows:

"The 14th of the 4th month, 1641, "Whereas some Lords, Knights, Gentlemen and others did purchase of Mr. Edward Hilton and some merchants of Bristol two patents, the one called Wecohamet, or Hilton's Point, commonly called or known by the name of Dover or Northam, the other patent set forth by the name of the south part of the river Piscataquack, beginning at the sea side or near thereabouts and coming round the sail land by the river side unto the falls of Quamscot, as may more fully appear by the said grant: And whereas also the inhabitants residing at present within the limits of both the said grants have of late and formerly complained of the want of some good government amongst them, and desired some help in this particular from the jurisdiction of the Massachusetts Bay, whereby they may be ruled and ordered according unto God, both in church and common weal, and for avoiding of such unsufferable disorders whereby God hath been much dishonored amongst them, these gentlemen, whose names are here specified, * * * do in behalf of the rest of the patentees dispose of the lands and jurisdiction of the premises as followeth; being willing to further such a good work, have hereby, for them-

(17) Winthrop Hist. of N. E., p. 138.

(18) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 98.

selves and in the name of the rest of the patentees, given up and set over all that power of jurisdiction of government of said people dwelling or abiding within the limits of both the said patents unto the government of Massachusetts Bay, by them to be ruled and ordered in all causes criminal and civil as inhabitants dwelling within the limits of Massachusetts government, and to be subject to pay in church and commonwealth as the said inhabitants of Massachusetts Bay do, and no others; and the freemen of said two patents to enjoy the like liberties as other free men do with the said Massachusetts government * * * *

For thirty-eight years this combination of the New Hampshire and Massachusetts interests was to endure and prosper. In fact, the arrangement worked even more satisfactorily than even its most sanguine supporters had dared to hope. Thirty years afterwards, Hutchinson, commenting on the situation, remarked:⁽¹⁹⁾ "New Hampshire (has) been so long united to Massachusetts, that the people of both colonies (are) of one heart and mind in civil and religious affairs."

To find the reasons for this harmonious blending of interests, it is necessary to examine more closely the relations that existed between them for nearly four decades.

IV

CONDITIONS OF UNION

In the first place, the fact that the new members of the Massachusetts Bay colony were guaranteed the same "liberties as other freemen do with the said Massachusetts government" was an earnest of successful co-operation.

In the second place, the inhabitants of the four settlements were assured that⁽²⁰⁾ "they shall have the same or-

der and way of administration of justice and way of keeping courts as is established at Ipswich and Salem." Considering that evils in many states, particularly new ones, arise from maladministration of justice and discrimination between "old-timers" and "new-comers," this careful provision for orderly judicial arrangements is important as bearing on the future peaceful relations of the two commonwealths.

Thirdly, precautions were taken that no "taxation without representation" difficulties should be encountered. It was expressly agreed that⁽²¹⁾ "they shall be exempted from all publique charges other than those that shall arise for, or from among themselves, or from any occasion of course that may be taken to procure their own particular good or benefit."

In the fourth instance, it was stipulated that the inhabitants of the four towns should continue to enjoy all the economic and natural advantages and privileges to which they had been accustomed. The agreement declared that⁽²²⁾ "they shall enjoy all such lawful liberties of fishing, planting, felling timber as formerly they have enjoyed in the said ryver."

Again, during the year following the annexation of the four towns, the Massachusetts General Court passed a resolution granting complete liberty of local self-government in each of the four communities. In the same resolution it was stipulated that⁽²³⁾ "each town (may) send a deputy to the General Court though they be not at present Church members." These important considerations, namely, that the towns were privileged to have representation in the General Court and to enjoy complete local self-government, cannot be over-estimated in their far-reaching consequences. In evaluating the diplomatic and states-

(19) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 246.

(20) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 105. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 159.

(21) Ibid. p. 106.

(22) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. Vol. I, p. 105.

(23) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 161.

manship qualities of the so-called unbending and strait-laced Massachusetts Puritans, it is well to recall that in this instance they granted to four towns, honeycombed with religious ideas that Massachusetts rulers scorned and saturated with unholy dissipations that Massachusetts punished severely in her own confines, a latitude of government and control that they could easily have withheld, for conditions proved that the said towns were wholly at the mercy of Massachusetts, and by their own confessions, could no longer have endured in security alone. So much for a good beginning.

But good relationships were not confined to the early years. Decade after decade, the Massachusetts government very rarely withheld requested favors provided they were at all reasonable, as is clearly demonstrated by a perusal of the record of petitions addressed by the New Hampshire settlements to the Massachusetts authorities.

V

PETITIONS

A typical petition is that submitted by Hampton, May 20, 1646, which⁽²⁴⁾ "sheweth unto this Honorable Court that your petitioners were lately presented for not repaying & making good their high wayes which your poor petitioners by reason of their poor estates & the greatness of the work are not able to compasse * * * * which your petitioners in most humble manner desire this honored court to relieve them from * * * * and to remit your petitioners fine * * * * for they have laid out neere ten pounds and very little seene & your petitioners as in duty bound shall pray."

As was customary in all such cases, the General Court appointed a

special committee to examine the facts in the case and submit recommendations. Following the committee's report, it was ordered that⁽²⁵⁾ "their fine is remitted that was imposed by the Court at Ipswich for their defect about their high way."

May 24, 1652, Exeter submitted a petition respecting lands which stated that⁽²⁶⁾ "the humble petition of the inhabitants of Exeter, giving this Honorable Court to understand that we are exceedingly straitened for the want of meddow & the Indians have informed us that there are 3 or 4 spots of meddow something neer one another about 7 or 8 miles from our towne, westward or norwest farre from any other plantation & not yet possess by any, our humble request therefore is that this honoured Court would be pleased to grant it to our Towne in regard of our great need of it, & the quantity of them all is conceived not to exceed 100 akers, if it be so much, & so shall we rest thankfull to the honoured Court & as serviceable as we are able." The petition, having received the approval of the committee,⁽²⁷⁾ "provided it be not within the limmitts or bounds of any other towneship," was ratified by the General Court with the added proviso that "the Meddow shall not exceed one hundred acres."

Petitions did not always fare so nicely, however, as for instance, when Exeter in October, 1648, petitioned for liberty to choose a constable and commissioners, the town was bluntly told that⁽²⁸⁾ "in answer to the petition of the freemen of Exeter for liberty to chosse a Constable & Commissioners to end small causes, the Court conceives there will be no need of such Commissioner."

Strawberry Bank encountered trouble also when in May, 1653, they

(24) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 26. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 182.

(25) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 183.

(26) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 198.

(27) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 199.

(28) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 252. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 193.

petitioned the General Court after this manner: ⁽²⁹⁾“The humble petition of the Inhabitants of the Towne (att present) called Straberry Banke, Sheweth that whereas there are certaine Townes about us, which enjoyes the privileged of freemen & have their votes in chusing Governors, magistrates & other officers for the administration of justice, our humble request is that this honoured Courte will be pleased to grant unto us equal privileged with Kittery & York, & likewise that you will giver power to those magistrates that are to keepe Courte among us to nominate & appoint Commissioners for the ending of differences under tenn pounds, having great need of such, for many times we loose our right, by reason we cannot summon those that are delinquents to any other Courts except it be for great sumes. And likewise that you will be pleased to Confirme our Militarie Officers, etc.....”

To this earnest petition, the usual committee drafted a reply for the perusal of the General Court to the effect that ⁽³⁰⁾“we conceive the inhabitants of Straberry Banke should be satisfied with the priveledges granted by the Court at their coming under this government,” but recommending that the nomination and confirmation of commissioners for small causes be allowed and also that the request concerning military officers be complied with. In final disposition of the case, the General Court said: ⁽³¹⁾“The Inhabitants of Straberry Banke preferring a petition for equall privilegedes with other townes in respect of choyce of Magistrates, &c, are denied, but as a farther answer to them in respect to their Military officers, the Court of Dover or Straberry Banke may confirme as they shall present, who have hereby also power to Nominate & Confirme

Commissioners for the ending of small Causes under 40s as in other Townes.”

The General Court, in the case of Hampton, was also called upon to devise a liquor prohibition law and in the case of one Roger Shawe, averred: ⁽³²⁾“In Norfolke, Roger Shawe of Hampton.....is impowered and ordered to sell wine of any sort and strong licquors to the Indians as to theire (his) judgment shall seeme meete and necessary for their relief, in just and urgent occasions, and not otherwise.”

VI.

STRICT CONTROL BY MASSACHUSETTS

While Massachusetts dealt in a reasonably lenient fashion with the New Hampshire towns when they were striving to comply with the laws and statutes of their adopted mother colony, the older colony did not hesitate to rebuke sternly and punish severely any major infractions of the disciplinary code of that era.⁽³³⁾ For instance, when the General Court was “given to understand that there is an intent of divers of the inhabitants of Strawberry banke, seditiously to withdraw their subjection from this Government over them, & to sett up a new Government without and contrarie to their engagement & oathes” it was immediately ordered “That you forthwith send one or more of the chiefest, we mean principal actors therein to the prison at Boston who shall answer their rebellion at the Generall Court next month, for we must tell you we are verie sensible of these motions,.....”

Some times the towns offended in lesser fashion. Dover, as usual, was again in trouble when she failed to send her representative to the General Court because she felt she had been slighted unduly and so the General

(29) Mass. Col. Records III, p. 374. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 295.

(30) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 206.

(31) Mass. Col. Records, III, p. 380. N. H. Prov. Papers I, p. 207.

(32) Mass. Col. Records, IV, p. 201. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 214.

(33) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 195.

Court⁽³⁴⁾ "think meete that the said towne of Dover shall be fined ten pounds for their neglect."

In spite of all the punishments and sentences meted out, however, only occasional friction of a serious nature marred the otherwise pleasant relations between the two colonies. No protests against taxation of the New Hampshire towns for the expenses of Indian warfare, and other necessary outlays, appear to have been offered by the Northern towns. That the towns were, at intervals, ordered to help defray such expenses may be seen from the following memorandum: ⁽³⁵⁾"This Court having taken into their consideration the great and dayly growing charge of the present war 1675) against the Indians, doe hereby order and enact, that, for the defraying of the charges above said there shall be levyed seven single country rates. The severall townes proportions. Hampton 028.00.00, Exeter 000,808.00."

At various times the towns voluntarily aided the older colony as, for instance, when Portsmouth in 1669 sent word to the General Court that it would be glad to aid Harvard College, "for the behoof of the same." The generous inhabitants of the town averred that ⁽³⁶⁾"the loud groans of the sinking Colledge in its present low estate came to our ears, The relieving of which we account a good work for the house of our God. . . . & needful for the perpetuating of knowledge. . . . , & therefore grateful to yourselves whose care and studdy is to seek the welfare of our Israel. The premises considered we have made a Collection in our town of 60 pounds per annum (& hope to make it more) which said sum is to be paid annually for these seven years ensuing.hoping withall that the example of ourselves (which

have been accounted no people) will provoke the rest of the Country to Jealousy."

VII.

RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION

The religious intolerance which was peculiar to Massachusetts Bay did not abate its persecuting force after the four New Hampshire towns became a part of the commonwealth. The relentlessness of the intolerant clerical attitude was manifested very markedly in the case of the Anabaptists and the Quakers.

In October, 1648, for instance,⁽³⁷⁾ "this Court being informed of great misdemeanor Committed by Edward Starbuck of Dover, with profession of Anabaptism, for which he is to be proceeded against at the next Court of Assistants," it was ordered that the individual be punished for his non-conformity.

But it was upon the Quakers that the full severity of the Massachusetts Puritans was destined to fall. No leniency was to be shown to the⁽³⁸⁾ "cursed sect of hereticks lately risen up in the world." Commanders of ships bringing them into territory under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts were to be heavily fined and were to meet the expense of deportation of "hereticks." Any person having any intercourse with them whatsoever was to be severely dealt with and the possession of books on Quakerism was to be deemed *prima facie* evidence of guilt. As for the Quakers themselves, "whatsoever shall arrive in this countrie from forraigne parts, or come into this jurisdiction from any parts adjacent, shall be forthwith committed to the house of correction, and at their entrance to be severely whipt, and by the master thereof be kept constantly at work, & none suffered to converse

(34) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 196.

(35) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 318.

(36) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 306.

(37) Mass. Col. Records, III, p. 151.

(38) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 226.

N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 191.

or speak with them during the time of their imprisonment which shall be no longer than necessitie requireth." Unfortunately, the records indicate that "necessitie" generally required considerable time. Mere imprisonment, however, did not suffice to break the spirit of the "hereticks" and banishment was prescribed. To return after banishment was tantamount to committing suicide. For the death penalty was reserved for those who returned until the Quakers grew in numbers to such an extent the drastic remedies had to be abolished.

How effectively the persecution of the Quakers in New Hampshire was carried out by the Massachusetts authorities may be discovered by a glance at the pitiful story of Anna Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose. Richard Waldron of Dover, magistrate for the town,⁽³⁹⁾ "made his town and Colony infamous" by directing the constables of ten towns, including Dover and Hampton, "to take these vagabond Quakers, Anna Coleman, Mary Tompkins and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail; and drawing the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs, not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town," Fortunately Barefoot rescued them surreptitiously as they were passing through the third town and spirited them away.

Piercing the ears and boring the tongue of the members of this unfortunate sect also were common practices until the organization became so widespread that such harsh measures had to be abandoned.

To be sure, there was some justification for the repressive measures used by the Massachusetts authorities, but imprisonment naturally should have been the remedy. Deborah Wilson, for instance, "went through

the streets of Salem⁽⁴⁰⁾ naked as when she came into the world, for which she was well whipped." And authentic records exist to show that Deborah was not the only stylist of those Quaker days.

VIII.

THE NICOLLS COMMISSION

The royal commission, composed of Messrs. Nicolls, Carr, Cartwright and Mavericke, found a stubborn group of people to deal with when they established contact with the Massachusetts authorities. Despite their most earnest efforts, they could not break the spirit of resistance to dictation which the Massachusetts people steadfastly displayed toward the king's commissioners.

The royal commission made its way to New Hampshire and there came into violent disagreement, not only with the officials resident in New Hampshire, but also with the officials of Massachusetts who took advantage of every opportunity to sustain the attitude of the New Hampshire inhabitants as well as to re-assert their own control of the adopted province.

The record discloses that "after the Court at Boston was ended, we (the commission) went to visit the Eastern parts; and first we past a tract of land laid claime to by Mr. Mason, who petitioned His Majesty about it. His Majestic referr'd it to Sir Robert Mason and others, who made their report to the King; all which Mr. Mason sent to Colonell Nicolls, whom he made his attorney. This province reaches from 3 miles north of Merimack river to Piscataquay river, and 60 miles into the country. We find many small patents in it, & the whole Province to be now under the usurpation of the Massachusetts," Before it finished its wanderings in New Hampshire and on the Maine coast,

(39) F. B. Sanborn Hist. of N. H., p. 51. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 243.

(40) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. I, p. 187.

the commission was to discover that the "usurpation" of "the Massachusetts" had sufficient force behind it to nullify effectually the best efforts of Nicolls, et al.

Certain parties in New Hampshire, discontented with the rule of Massachusetts, had addressed petitions to the English government asking that Massachusetts jurisdiction should cease. But, at this time, Colonel Nicolls was in New York and pending his return the other members of the commission decided not to interfere and so ⁽⁴¹⁾"we left them as we found them, under the Massachusetts government, though they were very earnest to be taken under His Majesty's government."

As a result of this intrusion of the commission into the affairs of New Hampshire and Maine, the Massachusetts authorities took energetic steps to frustrate the efforts of the royal quartette and consequently ⁽⁴²⁾"they sent a peremptory summons, dated October 10th (1665) to one Abraham Corbette to appear att their next General Court.....to answer for contempt for in a disorderly manner stirring up sundry of the inhabitants to signe a peticon or remonstrance against His Majestie's authority there settled." The marshals of Dover and Portsmouth speedily escorted Corbett to Boston where he was fined and imprisoned by the Massachusetts government. The episode led the commissioners to write home the suggestion, through Sir Robert Carr, that ⁽⁴³⁾"I wish that His Majestie would take some speedy course for the redresse of these and the like innormities, and for the suppression of the insolencies of these persons here." But the commissioners found little to reward them for their efforts in New Hampshire and

the record of events is well summed up by Hutchinson who remarked: ⁽⁴⁴⁾"The commissioners had prevailed on some of the inhabitants of the towns in New Hampshire to sign a petition and complaint to His Majesty of the wrongs they had sustained from Massachusetts,.....but the inhabitants of Dover in town meeting, and Portsmouth and Exeter by writings under the hands of the town officers, declared their dissent, and all the towns desired to be considered as part of the Massachusetts colony, as they had been for many years before."

IX.

THE MASONIAN CLAIMS

Not long after the appointment of the royal commissioners in 1664, Colonel Nicolls of the commission was designated by Robert Mason, heir of the original grantee of New Hampshire, to act as his representative in contesting with Massachusetts the title to the northern colony. Colonel Nicolls was given ⁽⁴⁵⁾"directions to take such a quit-rent from the occupants of the land as would give them encouragement." Nicolls, at the suggestion of his colleagues on the commission, transferred the management of the Mason property to Nicholas Shapleigh. The latter, in turn, notified Mason of the change, adding that, while some of the New Hampshire people were willing to accept the rule of Mason, a large number still wished to remain under Massachusetts jurisdiction. Mason himself, in his petition to the king, ruefully stated that his grandfather ⁽⁴⁶⁾"did expend upwards of twenty two thousand pounds in transporting people, building houses, forts, etc., * * * *," a fact which the Massachusetts people did not seem to appreci-

(41) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 252.

(42) Mass. Col. Rec. III, p. 106. N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 257.

(43) N. H. Prov. Papers, p. 258.

(44) Hutchinson Hist. of Mass. I, p. 234.

(45) Fry: N. H. as a Royal Prov., p. 59.

(46) N. H. Prov. Papers, Vol. I, p. 322.

ate, in his opinion. For he told the King⁽⁴⁷⁾ "that all ways have been tried and all methods used to obtain justice from the Bostoners, but all have proved ineffectual that your petitioner's losses have been so many and great and his sufferings so continued that he cannot any longer support the burthen of them."

In 1667 Joseph Mason, a relative of Robert Mason, who had formerly been an agent for the state, informed his kinsman that Massachusetts was ready to surrender the land and titles in New Hampshire, provided that she could still retain political sovereignty. Joseph Mason advised his relative to accept the proposition but Robert Mason⁽⁴⁸⁾ "does not seem to have been favorably impressed with this proposal." In April, 1671, however, Mason informed Shapleigh that he would not demand any past dues for the occupancy of his New Hampshire hills but would like to be paid quit-rents in the future. To this his tenants joyfully agreed but, feeling now that Mason was going to treat them fairly, admonished him not to allow Massachusetts longer to lord it over him politically.

Meanwhile Mason⁽⁴⁹⁾ "offered to sell his patent of New Hampshire to the King." Evidently His Majesty was either too wise or too poor at this time for he did not unburden Robert Mason. Two more attempts to sell the King this handsome colony failed. Possibly the monarch was pondering the statements made by the Massachusetts authorities in their reply to the Mason petition when they warned the king that it was⁽⁵⁰⁾ "no wonder if silly people are so soon affected with such faire glozing promises as Mr. Mason hath made and published," and added that⁽⁵¹⁾ "they (New Hampshire people) have part of them for 35

years * * * * lived under the government of Massachusetts a quiet, well ordered and thriving people."

In 1676, the king ordered colonial agents, representing both parties, to proceed to England and lay their respective claims before governmental authorities.⁽⁵²⁾ "In February, 1677, the whole Mason and Gorges controversy was referred for determination to the Committee of Trade with directions to call upon the chief justices of the kingdom for assistance."

William Stoughton, Esq., and Mr. Peeter Bulkley were selected by the Massachusetts government to represent the colony before the English court and so were informed that "you take the first opportunity to embarque yourselves for London, thoroughly and considerably pursuing the declaration & defence now delivered unto you, observing the arguments & pointing the evidence accordingly.

But the trip was in vain for the English justices held that the Mason title was just and that Massachusetts was encroaching on territory that the proper owner now desired to handle exclusively. The Court, however, decided that it would make no final award of the property held by the inhabitants of New Hampshire pending a hearing at which representatives of the actual tenants of the land could be heard. Meanwhile the local courts in New Hampshire were empowered to decide all disputes over land⁽⁵³⁾ "until it shall appear that there is just cause of complaint against the courts of justice there for injustice or grievance."

The decision of the English court was accepted by the Board of Trade and approved by the king in July, 1667. Two years later His Majesty informed the Massachusetts authori-

(47) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 326.

(48) Fry: N. H., p. 60.

(49) Fry, p. 61.

(50) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 333.

(51) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 333.

(52) Fry N. H., p. 62. Mass. Col. Rec. V, p. 113.

(53) N. H. Prov. Papers, I, p. 336.

ties that it was his desire to establish a new government in New Hampshire and commanded the Massachusetts authorities ⁽⁵⁴⁾ "to recall and revoke all commissions which had been granted by them for the government of that territory."

On February 4th, 1679-80, therefore, Massachusetts and New Hampshire came to the official parting of the ways when ⁽⁵⁵⁾ "at a General Court specially called by the Governor and assistants at Boston: This Court doth hereby declare that all Commissions that have been formerly granted by the Colony of Massachusetts to any person or persons that lived in the townes of Hampton, Exeter, Portsmouth & Dover are hereby withdrawn, and as to any future act made voyd and of no effect." And so New Hampshire was numbered among the royal provinces.

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(54) Fry N. H., p. 65.

(55) Mass. Col. Rec. V, p. 258.

TRAVEL WITH A SMILE

By Eleanor Kenly Bacon

"Grab a grin and wear it,"
Seize a joy and share it,
Brace a burden,—bear it—
Ah, but life's worth while!
Find some work and do it,
If worry comes just shoo it
Where you can't pursue it.
Travel with a smile!

BERLIN, N. H., A CITY OF OPPORTUNITIES

WHERE PAVED ROADS HAVE DOUBLED THE LOADS

*By O. W. Fernald, President N. H. Good Roads Association,
Commissioner of Public Works, Berlin, N. H.*

Nestled in the bosom of the Androscoggin valley skirting the northern slope of the celebrated White mountains in the scenic north country of New Hampshire, which has been rightly termed the "Switzerland of America," the City of Berlin, the northern metropolis of the state, has maintained a steady progress in development of her great natural resources, chief of which is the immense water power of the Androscoggin river—a hundred feet fall with a hundred and fifty horse power for every foot. Berlin has the finest water power in New England and it is only about half developed at present as there is unutilized water power today within thirty miles of the city to the amount of forty-five thousand horse power, all easily available by means of electric transmission. The flow of the Androscoggin river is maintained at a minimum varying from 1,600 to 2,000 feet per second by means of the large storage dams of the Androscoggin Reservoir Co. These dams store about 25,000 billion cubic feet of water during the spring, which greatly reduces the danger from freshets, mitigates the going to waste of tremendous amounts of energy and permits the utilization of a large amount of water during the remainder of the year as it is needed to turn the wheels of industry and thus comprising one of the most complete water systems of the country. In this system is the new artificial lake known as Lake Aziscohos, which is the fourth largest artificial lake in the world. It is thirteen miles long, a mile wide, and about forty-five feet deep. The City

of Berlin has some of the largest and finest paper mills in America and it has the largest sulphite fibre mill in the world. The Berlin Mills Company operate a two-band-saw mill that saws out more than two hundred thousand feet of lumber every twenty four hours. This mill for many years held the world's record of 228,000 board feet sawed in one day by one saw. In connection with this is a wood working mill that specializes in manufacturing window and door frames and having the largest capacity in its line of any mill in the United States. The daily average consumption of wood is around 1,275 cords of pulp wood which sends out to all parts of the world 775 tons of pulp and 375 tons of paper. Taking the whole daily consumption of logs this means that on each week day Berlin's mills use up 1,500 cords of spruce and fir; or to express it another way the mills of this city consume the product of 150 acres of average forest land daily, the value of raw material amounting to about \$18,000 worth of pulp wood or yearly over four and a half million dollars' worth. The visitor to this thriving city sees veritable mountains of pulp wood piled ready for use and it is no uncommon occurrence that one of these piles represents a money value of over a half a million dollars.

Away back in the early seventies all this community could boast of was a small saw mill, a shingle mill, a grist mill, a blacksmith shop, and a depot, that's about all. Since that period with the building of the first large mills the waters have been backed by large dams; huge penstocks

have been built and now thousands of wheels are turning out many products that are shipped to the four points of the compass. Between the Berlin of the early seventies and the Berlin as it is now known there is a well defined line of demarcation. In the memory of men now living there were only three houses in this community and one of these is still in existence — the Wilson house, now bearing the number of 187 on Main

began experimenting about 1870 or a little later, and soon mastered the subject, acquiring a formula which revolutionized the paper industry. In a short time he began the making of paper from pulp and this was the beginning of the paper industry that makes Berlin today the leading paper city of the world. From the first moment of the success of Furbish's plant Berlin emerged from its former insignificant place on the map of the



BERLIN-MILAN CONCRETE ROAD.
NO LOAD TOO HEAVY.

St. The change from rural to urban conditions began when Mr. H. H. Furbish came to this town in 1878, attracted by the abundance of water power and the plentitude of timber adapted to the manufacture of paper. For many years the scientists of the world sought practical means of making paper from wood, and as early as 1848 George Burgess had succeeded in producing paper in England, but at a prohibitive cost. Mr. Furbish

world as an industrial center and became the leader in the industry which has made it known wherever paper is used. The industrial history of the world underwent a sudden change and Berlin was the pivotal point on which the turn was made. The charming sublimity of the wonderful natural beauty of northern New Hampshire is no where excelled the world over, the varied but unfailing vernal loveliness of the glorious White Moun-

tains and fertile valleys; of verdant peaks and ranges whose scenic grandeur is intimate and inviting; of fish laden streams that tumble and eddy over the rocky rifts by the winding roadways that are as crooked as the tentacles on the octopus in merry and friendly fashion—no son of this State can refer to his native State without a thrill of honest pride! The wonderland of the White Mountains set the standard for travel interest, whether it is in the winter with the fashionable and healthy winter carnivals or the summer months when the cool and romantic nooks attract thousands of people from every land to the numerous famous resorts where rest and recreation may be had amid surroundings of perennial interest.

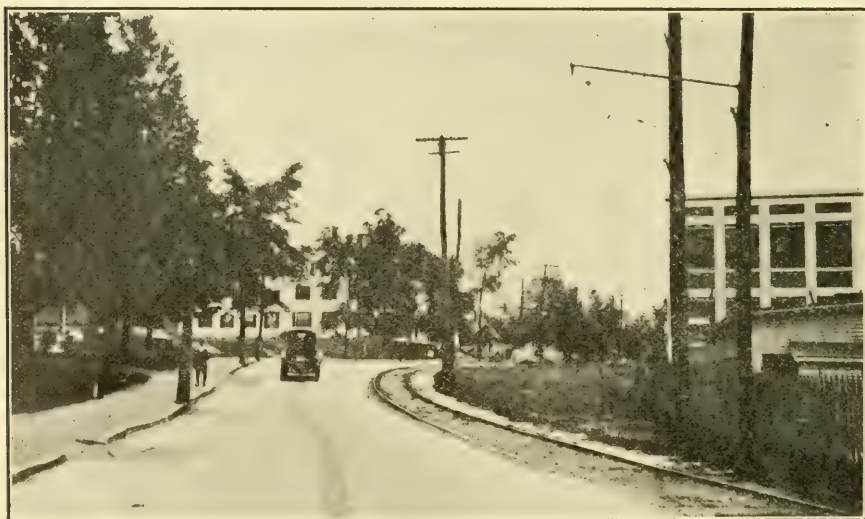
One of the greatest factors in the marvelous growth of Berlin has been the extremely durable pavements on the main street, laid in 1909 with plain cement-concrete where the advent of the motor truck, which is used extensively here in handling material, compelled the installation of smooth and durable pavement that will furnish transportation twelve months in every year to the heaviest of trucks without any bans as to weight. To this city belongs the credit of building the first concrete streets in New Hampshire. While we realize that they were made with somewhat crude methods as to finish, and without the modern steel reinforcement, we look back at the end of these thirteen years of constant use of these plain concrete streets with considerable satisfaction because we have them to show after a long term of years with a much longer period of life to render the best sort of service to modern traffic. To correct any misimpression that one might have of these old plain concrete surfaces I will say that they have always been 100 per cent efficient in every respect, we never have found it necessary to

limit any weight of trucks using these pavements. Approximately 23,000 square yards were laid in 1909 with what might be termed a lean mix in that it was only one part cement to two and one half parts sand and five parts stone. Although no steel was embedded in the mix the behavior of these raft like slabs in sustaining hard wear and weather furnishes the best of proof of this material, giving the best value per dollar. Large areas were laid on a sawdust fill and many of the concrete slabs are like new after the thirteen years of incessant pounding. Few of us stop and reflect. We seldom stop and look back over the thirteen years and recall the almost unnegotiable mud link that poorly served our store district on the Main street before concreting, nor do we realize the practice at the time those plain concrete slabs were laid right here in Berlin, that they were not given proper chance to harden and cure after the mixture was laid on the sub soil as it came. In fact, barricades were thrown aside next day after laying and traffic vehicled over the stretches of new concrete, within twenty-four hours after laying it is known that the trolley cars were permitted to use the tracks freshly encased in plain concrete.

In those days it wasn't generally known that full money's worth of new concrete comes from proper hardening and that it is a matter of utmost importance that concrete harden thoroughly before traffic is allowed to pass over it. Concrete does not harden by drying as some think. Chemical action between cement and water brings this about. To make the hardening thorough and uniform the concrete must be protected from the hot sun and winds to prevent the water in it from evaporating. If the concrete is allowed to lose this water by evaporation, the cement mixture will be robbed of one of the elements necessary to the chemical process

which gives concrete pavements their great strength and durability. Both actual experience and laboratory tests have shown the value of proper curing. It has been found that concrete cured first in water and then in the air is from two to three times as strong as concrete which was allowed to harden without such protection. In tests of wearing qualities, also, concrete properly cured showed more than twice the ability to resist abrasion than concrete not properly cured. The greatest detriment

extreme permanency as a concrete track support. Since opening this pavement through the business district in 1909, the heavy double truck cars have literally pounded the light rails on decayed wooden ties out of shape and has left holes that permit surface water to seep into the sub grade and become soggy. If there is one place on the face of the globe where plain concrete pavements have stood the "acid test" it is right here in the City of Berlin, where they have given successful service during the



MAIN ST., BERLIN, N. H.
PLAIN CONCRETE ROAD BUILT 1909.

to the Main Street stretch which is paved between curb lines with plain concrete is the car track area where the wooden ties have gone into decay and permitted the rails to become depressed, thereby causing impact at each joint where bonds are disconnected from time to time, and it is necessary in such cases to chop away the concrete to insert new bonds and tighten the rail connections. It is thought that the best solution of the worn out track is to renew it with steel rails encased in concrete with twin steel tie construction that insures

thirteen years to the heaviest of truck traffic—frost has never hurt these pavements here in northern New Hampshire, neither has the extremely warm days had the slightest effect on them—although they are lying on all sorts of soil from clay to muck without any porous gravel layer or extra loose stone foundation these pavements are and have been always 100 per cent efficient all the time. The installation of porous foundation courses under concrete slabs is of doubtful value in that it offers a receptacle for water that

will freeze and thaw in colder weather when slush and ice prevents free movement to drainage. The mooted question of drainage is definitely settled where properly built concrete slabs are laid as pavements. One of the most severe tests any pavement can be put to was successfully accomplished here this April when a large pipe culvert collapsed and caused a large cavity under our old concrete slabs, and it had undoubtedly been there for weeks with traffic pounding over this large hole—the settling at the joint that separated the slabs directly over the cavity indicated something unusual at this point, and after investigation we found the large hole under the concrete, which had bridged the space for no one knows how long, and with no menace to the heavy trucks passing over it everyday—what other pavement under the sun can stand such a test? In my opinion if concrete slabs won't stand up under heaviest of traffic on all character of soils there is no sort of pavement that will. We have made many crack surveys to note their behavior all through the thirteen years and after the closest investigation we find that they are not serious, they are not detrimental to the structure and we cannot condemn it any more than we could condemn Abe Lincoln for having wrinkles in his face. The sterling qualities are there just the same.

The question of road surfaces is a very important one these days of swift heavy trucks. The best road bed is the absolutely solid one with as straight a surface as can be obtained to avoid impact of swift and heavy vehicles. Soft and yielding road surfaces that will bend under traffic have not the life because where there is elasticity there is friction and a subsequent waviness that increases and brings on more and more maintenance and frequent surface applications at close intervals. These soft and

bending surfaces frequently hug a very weak subgrade that becomes fluxed with water in wet periods. On the other hand, the bearing value of concrete is 3,000 pounds per square inch which is more than sufficient to carry the loads, but the bearing value of our soils is far below this and, therefore, a smooth rigid surface is best for modern traffic—best for the taxpayer who pays for the roads and best for the truck owner who pays for the broken springs and upkeep on his rolling stock—and again, best for those who desire to ride in comfort to avoid wash-board surface irregularities. From our extended experience with concrete we now favor steel reinforcement in all paving slabs of this material because we are convinced that steel prolongs the life of the structure, it preserves its integrity, minimizes maintenance, lessens the cracks and renders them innocuous and harmless.

As shown in one of the accompanying views of our Main street paved in 1909 with plain concrete it is one of the first “divided road construction” in the State—it is a very good method in that it gives a much stronger slab pavement and the joint through the center tends to keep traffic where it belongs—a very good feature on busy thoroughfares. Last year a half-mile stretch of re-inforced concrete was laid on the Berlin-Milan Road, averaging seven inches in thickness and the slabs were deposited directly on soil just as it came. This year arrangements are made to lay about a mile stretch of reinforced concrete on this road, which is a part of the East Side Trunk line road and the entire work is done by the State Highway department and the City of Berlin jointly. The reason why this type of pavement is chosen on this important trunk line road is because Milan has no rail connections

and it is therefore deemed necessary to have a connecting road that will furnish unrestricted traffic all the year round and get twelve months' returns from our road investment. The volume and weight of traffic is growing rapidly and some of our highways are now overtaxed. At a meeting of the Engineers' Society in Boston recently, the problems due to growth of motor transportation were discussed and it was enumerated that in Massachusetts 44 towns found that the roads bore only 360 tons of traffic per day in 1909.

These same roads now bear an average of 5,530 tons per hour.

The best investment this State can make with her wonderful natural resources, consisting of an unlimited supply of granite, is to build Reinforced Concrete roads that settle the question definitely. The very fact that we can now see every day after thirteen years of constant service the very pavements we invested our money in during 1909 is the best sort of evidence that such roads are an investment and not a mere expenditure requiring periodical renewals.

DEAR ECHOES

By Katharine Sawin Oakes

Baby, will you love the wind on a high spring hill?—

Smooth with tender fingers the pussywillow's coat;

Stop your play to catch the husky song the frog choirs
quote;

Lie awake to listen to the eerie whippoorwill?

Baby, when you thread your little trails, who'll run with
you?—

Shy Alice in white pinafore; Rapunzel from her tower;
Tom, the tiny chimney sweep; gay elves and witches
dour;

Glass-slippered Cinderella; Thumbeline, (her swallow,
too)?

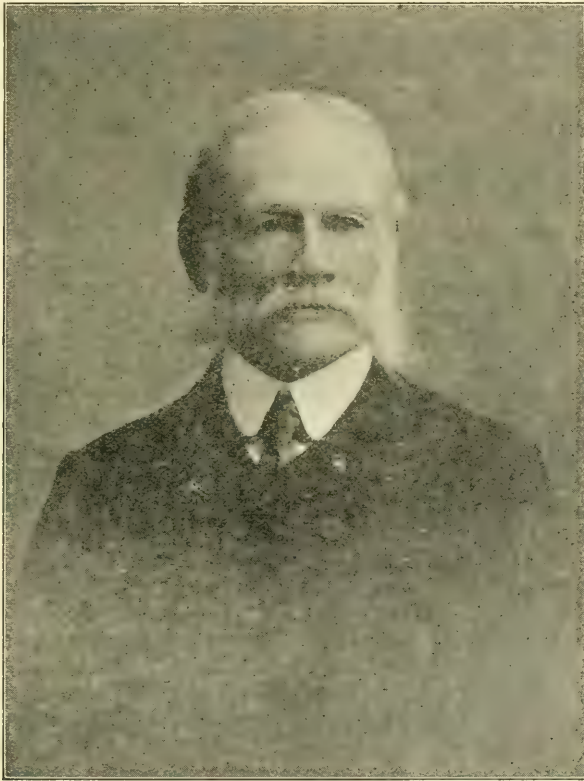
(I used to know a small girl once who hugged these to her
heart;—

Please let her come along, dear lass, and have a *little* part!)

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY.

At the 55th annual encampment of the New Hampshire department, Grand Army of the Republic, held in Representatives' Hall at the State House, Concord, on April 13, a present membership of 731 was reported. General Joab N. Patterson, the last survivor of New Hampshire's brigadier generals

cook and raised a company; was commissioned lieutenant of Company H, Second New Hampshire Regiment, June 4, 1861, and promoted to captain May 23, 1862, (wounded at Gettysburg, July 3, 1863); lieutenant-colonel, June 21, 1864; colonel, Jan. 10, 1865; brevetted brigadier general for courage and good conduct



GENERAL JOAB N. PATTERSON.

in the Civil War, was elected department commander. Born in Hopkinton, January 2, 1835, General Patterson graduated from Dartmouth college with the class of 1860, of which he is the secretary, teaching school in the winters as an aid in securing his education. Upon the outbreak of the Civil War he opened a recruiting office at Contoo-

to date from March 13, 1865; mustered out, Dec. 19, 1865. Returning to New Hampshire he was commander of the First Regiment, New Hampshire Militia, 1866-8 and brigade commander, 1868-71; colonel Third Regiment, N. H. N. G., 1878; brigadier general in command, 1889. Upon the outbreak of the Spanish War General Patterson enlisted as a

private, but was soon commissioned captain and served on the staff of Gen. J. P. Sanger; afterwards serving for three years as superintendent of public buildings in Havana, Cuba, during the American occupation of the island. He was agent for the state of New Hampshire for the transportation of the soldiers of the state to attend the 50th anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg in 1913.

In addition to his military service General Patterson has held many civic offices of trust and responsibility. He was a member of the legislature from Hopkinton, 1866-8; United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire for 19 years from 1867; second auditor of the United States Treasury at Washington for four years from 1889; and United States pension agent at Concord from 1908 to 1913.

This interesting and important statement has been made to the public by the state tax commission:

"The commission has just completed a series of thirteen public meetings, held one at least in each county in the state, the purpose of which was to inform the local assessors in regard to tax laws and methods, to urge upon them the necessity for a thorough re-valuation of all taxable property this year, and to inform the public as to our tax laws, and our methods and plans. Strange to relate the general public showed little interest in these meetings, where full opportunity was granted to voice complaints and to request explanations. The lack of public interest was disappointing, but the interest and co-operation of the local assessors was most gratifying.

The tax commission is asking for a revaluation of all taxable property this year. The Constitution provides that there shall be a valuation of the taxable estates taken

anew once in five years at least. In 1912, when the commission was first established, an extensive re-valuation was made. In 1917, the end of a five year period, an effort was made for a re-valuation, but war conditions engaged the interest and effort of the general public, and scant attention was paid to the ordinary processes of government. In 1922 we come to the end of another five year period, and, in obedience to the mandate of the constitution and of the law creating the commission, we are attempting to perform our duty.

The constitution of the state further provides, in terms, that all public taxes shall be distributed proportionately. The legislature has provided that in making such distribution all property declared taxable shall be appraised at its full and true value. It is, therefore, a primary obligation on the part of every citizen to bear his proportionate share of the public burden. The obligation is a moral one as well as a legal one. No good citizen will desire to escape that obligation. There can be no answer to this proposition. Any taxpayer who attempts to deny it simply asserts that his disposition is to evade his obligations as a citizen and to ask his neighbor to shoulder them for him. Our experience has been that the average citizen is a good citizen, and that it is his disposition to contribute his share of the expense of government provided he can be convinced that his neighbor is disposed to do, or required to do, likewise. We receive in this office hundreds of complaints, annually, regarding the valuation of taxable property in all sections of the state. The general tenor of these complaints is not that the taxpayer does not want to pay his taxes, but rather that he does not want to pay more than his share. Hence, there can be no dissent which is in any

manner justifiable that it is absolutely just that all taxable property be returned for taxation at its full and true value as nearly as human effort can determine it for the purpose of effecting a proportionate distribution of the public burden.

The tax commission is making this effort this year without fear or favor anywhere. In making the effort the question of the expediency of the methods employed to arrive at the desired result is immediately brought into issue. No proper justification of the methods we have employed can be made without a somewhat extended explanation of our tax system which, unfortunately, is too little understood by the average citizen. Under our general property system of taxation in this state we tax four principal classes of property,—(1) real estate of all kinds, improved and unimproved, including mills and machinery,—(2) live stock,—(3) stocks in trade of merchants and manufacturers,—(4) intangible property, so-called, including bonds, excepting bonds of the United States and of the State of New Hampshire and its municipal sub-divisions, money on hand or at interest, including National Bank stock, in excess of what the owner pays interest on, but excepting deposits in New Hampshire savings institutions, and excepting all corporate stock. Our problem has been to cover the whole state in the most practical way with the co-operation of the local assessors. Hence our study has been to determine the work which the local assessors could perform most effectively, and to take upon our shoulders the work of re-valuation with which they have the most difficulty. The property which is most easily valued by the local assessors is class (2), or live stock, and a considerable portion of class (1), or the ordinary real estate in

the nature of the ordinary farm and the ordinary home. These are the kinds of property of which the average assessor has the most intimate knowledge and which it is comparatively easy for him to appraise at full value. The extraordinary real estate in the shape of business blocks and mills present a very difficult problem for the average assessor. They are rarely sold, and the information upon which sensible and unbiased judgment should be based in arriving at the full value of those properties has not be commonly available. The result has been an extensive undervaluation due to the practical inability of the assessors to make a valuation based on the facts. The third class of property, stocks in trade, has likewise presented great difficulties because of the inability of the ordinary person to go into a store, or a mill, and, simply upon view of the property, to determine what the taxable value of a stock in trade is. This problem is further complicated by reason of the fact that the law makes the taxable value of stocks in trade the average value throughout the year rather than the actual amount on hand on April 1. The fourth class of property, intangibles, has been beyond the control of the local assessors. They have no opportunity to make valuations as they do in the case of real estate or live stock, and in the absence of an honest return from the taxpayer they are practically helpless.

The obvious result, of which we have ample evidence by various sorts of tests, made in different sections of the state, is that the property which the average assessor knows best how to value will be valued at nearest to its full and true value, and, as the difficulties of valuation by the local assessor increase in about the same measure does the undervaluation increase.

This is the actual fact as it exists in the state to-day. There are thousands and thousands of ordinary farms and ordinary homes which are valued at their full and true value. Many are undervalued, to some extent, many are overvalued. But the fact remains, and it cannot be successfully contradicted, that, as a class, the ordinary home and the ordinary farm throughout the state are valued at much nearer their full and true value than any other kinds of property. It is quite as much the duty of the tax commission and of the local assessors to prevent any taxpayer from being injured in being required to pay more than his share of the public burden, as it is our duty and theirs to see that others who have not been paying their just share are required to do so. In other words, equalization of tax burdens is the final result to be achieved, and in every effort towards equalization it should be borne in mind by the local assessors and by the general public that it is just as important to see to it that no man's property be overvalued for the purposes of taxation as it is to see that no man's property be undervalued. To the thousands and thousands of taxpayers throughout the state whose property is now overvalued, or fully valued, or valued at nearer full value than that of many others, the efforts of the tax commission are addressed with the hope that a real equalization ultimately may be effected.

In the effort to accomplish our purpose we have taken four distinct steps. We have taken these on a statewide basis to as great an extent as it is humanly possible to do with the physical and financial resources we have at our command. We have done it in a statewide way in order that the charge of discrimination or selection might

be reduced to a minimum, and in order that no man, or no group of men might say that they have been affected and others allowed to go unreached. There is no answer which we can make in effecting an equalization of taxes if we cause the property of the owner of an ordinary farm or home to be placed at its full and true value and permit the owner of a mill, or of a stock in trade, or of a business block, or of taxable bonds to continue to have his property remain undervalued. If that were done, the injury is just as great as if the property of some individual taxpayer in a town were placed at full value and all the other property in that town allowed to be undervalued. There are some phases of our tax system, created by the constitution and by the legislature which we believe need to be changed, but we cannot amend constitutions, nor can we legislate. We must administer the law as we find it and seek necessary constitutional amendment, or legislation, where equitable changes are necessary.

The first step which we have taken is to formulate a card on which the assessors in the various towns and cities are asked to obtain all the information relating to business properties, upon which, combined with a view of the property itself, a just valuation may be made. Income, expense of upkeep, location, construction, selling price are all evidence on which to base the value of this sort of property. And by these cards, which we believe furnish information which it is quite important for the owner himself to have considered, it is our expectation that the assessors will have before them all the information regarding troublesome properties which they never have had before, that it will be had in a uniform way throughout the state, and that the resultant valua-

tions will be based on facts rather than on guess.

The second step which we have taken is in the re-valuation of mills and machinery. Because of the varying kinds of mills it has been impossible to work out any state-wide blank or plan by which this could be done. We are attempting to cover all mills in the state by two methods. First, preferably, by talking with the owner, who ordinarily knows better than anyone else what is the true value of his property, convincing him first that there is no intention to injure him but the intention only to arrive at a just conclusion, and then asking him to help us in arriving at that conclusion. Our experience has been that in the great majority of cases, as soon as a mill owner could be convinced that he was to be dealt with fairly, that every one else and every other class of property was to be dealt with on the same basis throughout the state, the mill owner has demonstrated a most admirable and praiseworthy disposition to co-operate. In other cases some resort has been made to a valuation by experts, but manifestly without the same degree of satisfaction to the owner. Obviously, with only three commissioners and one able assistant, and with extremely limited financial resources, we cannot do all the mills at once unless the mill owners show the same public spirited co-operation with their local assessors which they have shown to us. With the assurance that it is furthest from our desires to injure anyone in the payment of his taxes, and with the further assurance that every complaint of over-valuation which has been, or may be made, has been, and will be given, the thorough consideration of this commission, we confidently expect the co-operation so urgently needed in the performance of a just, but difficult

and often unpleasant duty. Some complaint has been made because mill owners are being asked to have their property re-valued, which complaint has been grounded on a fear of injury to our industrial concerns. The logical answer to this complaint, of course, is that the legislature for over fifty years has authorized towns and cities to extend aid where it is needed to manufacturing establishments through exemption from the payment of local taxes. Approximately \$20,000,000 of this property is enjoying that exemption today. Consequently, with this consideration having been extended, the legislature cannot be understood as having intended anything else than that where exemptions were not granted that class of property should be valued on the same basis as any other. If that class of property is under-valued through fear of injury to it, the burden is shifted immediately onto the farming industry which has been many times termed the basic industry of the state. Clearly, the only just way is to treat all alike.

The third step which we have taken is in the much discussed re-valuation of stocks in trade and of the consequent return which has been sent out to every merchant and manufacturer in the state. In the outline above we have suggested some reasons why it is difficult for the average assessor properly to value stocks in trade. As a matter of fact every merchant and manufacturer knows that it resolves itself very largely into a question of book-keeping rather than a question of a valuation by a view of the property. Last year we went into several cities and towns in the state for the purpose of making thorough tests as to the validity of hundreds of complaints of under-valuation. The results were startling. We have for some time been convinced by evidence received from several

sources that this class of property was largely under-valued, but the results of our investigation went quite beyond our expectations. Let it be borne in mind that, while there is doubtless large under-valuation in this class of property, there are many manufacturers and merchants throughout the state who have been paying on the full value of their stocks in trade. Hence the inequalities become so much more marked. These tests made, perhaps, in fifteen or twenty places, naturally subjected us to the criticism on the part of the merchants and manufacturers in those places that we had picked them out and had not applied to all others the process which we applied to them. Therefore, we have endeavored to devise a practical method by which two things might be accomplished,—first, treatment of the same nature accorded fairly to every taxpayer owning that class of property at the same time, and, second, by a method which would at once effect the result and put the taxpayer to the least inconvenience possible. Accordingly we formulated a blank which has been the subject of much controversy. The taxpayers will please bear in mind that we had to consider that there are a hundred ways, figuratively speaking, of taking an inventory—that there are a hundred ways of book-keeping, and that there are hundreds of different kinds of business. Necessarily our blank had to be devised so as to reach all. There are questions on it which some cannot answer. There are some who cannot answer any, except the question relating to the average value of the stock in trade, question 1 (d). There are some who can answer them all. The question relating to average value is the question which every merchant and manufacturer for years has been required to answer on his ordinary inventory blank.

There is no question on the blank which does not afford some evidence of the taxable value of the stock in trade of some kind of business conducted within the state. Most of the questions on it afford tests by which it may be determined whether the taxable value of a great majority of the stocks in trade have been computed according to a correct method. This is as true with relation to the question of gross sales in some kinds of business as it is with relation to the actual inventory in all kinds of business. Occasionally a merchant is found who has never taken an inventory and never kept any books though those cases are now becoming rather rare. In such cases the taxpayer should answer according to the best of his ability based upon his honest judgment and nothing more can be expected. This statement applies, furthermore, to every taxpayer. All we expect is that, without requiring him to change his methods of doing business, he furnish us with all the information available from his books and, failing that, from his best judgment, which will enable us justly to determine the taxable value of his stock in trade. The suggestion that the figures should conform to income tax returns was inserted to establish the same standard of inventories that has been established by the federal government, and was inserted to make the standard uniform and to prevent confusion and was intended, purely and simply, as a help and guide to the taxpayer. Our attention has been called to an opinion given by a most eminent and reputable firm of attorneys who, while denying our authority in making this investigation, were extremely generous to us personally. It is not our intention to present here a legal brief in support of a position in which we have entire con-

fidence. It may not be out of place, however, to suggest some reasons, briefly, which appear to us incontrovertibly to support our attitude and action. The law creating the tax commission is found in chapter 169 of the Laws of 1911. Among numerous other duties it is provided that we shall receive complaints and "carefully examine into all cases where it is alleged that property subject to taxation has not been assessed, or has been fraudently or for any reason improperly or unequally assessed, or the law in any manner evaded or violated, and to order re-assessments of any or all real and personal property, or either, in any assessment district, when in the judgment of said commission such re-assessment is advisable or necessary, to the end that all classes of property in such assessment district shall be assessed in compliance with the law." Every town and city in the state is an assessment district. Every county is an assessment district. The state, as a whole, is an assessment district. To say that the law above quoted means that we must wait until proceedings have been instituted in court before we can act, in view of the fact that the court may or may not in its discretion refer any tax matter to us for decision, would result in requiring us to say to any taxpayer and every taxpayer who made any complaint to us that it was not the duty of the tax commission to pay any attention to his complaint but that he must resort to legal process at considerable expense and then if the court asks us to determine it we will do so but otherwise we will not. There is no doubt in our minds that, as a practical matter, if we took that attitude the protest would be statewide and justly so. In other words, we deem it our duty, and we have performed it, to pay

attention to every complaint of unjust taxation which is brought to our attention. There can be no other logical construction placed upon the statute. If nothing further had been said by the legislature than what has been quoted above, it would be presumed, in the absence of anything in the law to the contrary, that the legislature, having given us a duty to perform, intended that we should have the tools which would enable us to perform the duty. But the fact is that the law provides further that we may "summon witnesses to appear and give testimony, and to produce books, records, papers and documents relating to any tax matter which the commission may have authority to investigate or determine." It will be noted that this authority extends not only to those formal cases in the nature of court proceedings which, in the opinion of the learned counsel, we have authority to "determine," but that the law gives us this authority in cases which it is our duty or which we have authority to "investigate." We believe that if we have authority "to summon witnesses, to produce books," etc., to our office or to any place in the state, who are punishable for contempt for failure to obey the summons under the provisions of the tax commission law, there can be little doubt about our authority to ask them, for their own convenience, to place their testimony in the form of an affidavit in the preparation of which they are at liberty to seek all the advice of counsel they desire, rather than to cause them the discomfort, inconvenience and embarrassment perhaps of travelling some distance and bringing their books with them for the examination of state officials. Furthermore, suppose for example that some of the street railways, steam railways, telegraph companies and

telephone companies, many of whom are represented by the eminent firm who rendered the opinion in question, should complain to us when we value their property for taxation, as we are required to do, that their property should be undervalued because all other property in the state on the average is undervalued. They are required by law to pay only their proportionate share of the taxes the same as an individual. Such a complaint would immediately raise the question of the true taxable value of all other property in the state, and it is not conceivable that, if these attorneys should make that complaint on behalf of their clients, they would be satisfied with an answer from us that they must institute court proceedings before they should be granted redress. They would expect, of course, and have a right to demand that we investigate, employing our authority to summons if necessary, and if, after such investigation, we found that on the average throughout the state other property was on the whole assessed on a basis of seventy-five per cent of its true value the valuation of the property of their clients should be reduced accordingly in order to satisfy the constitutional rule of proportionality. But whether or not there is any doubt about our authority to formulate these blanks and require their return, there is surely no doubt of our authority to summon to produce books, papers, etc. That authority is given in terms. We do not desire to exercise it. It has been our intention to abstain from its exercise as fully as possible. The result has been the blank which we have issued and which can be made out by the taxpayer—perhaps at some inconvenience but at not so great inconvenience as would result to him if he were summoned before us,—in the privacy of his own office

without subjecting his books to the examination of strange eyes, and which can be made out after full opportunity for discussion either with the tax commission or with any attorney he may choose to employ. These returns are to be made to this office. No one will see them excepting two or three lady clerks who file them away as soon as they come in and the three members of the tax commission and their assistant who is an accountant. If we had the time, which we have not, we certainly do not have the disposition to carry in our minds the private affairs of some seven or eight thousand business men and peddle them abroad throughout the state for the delectation of their competitors. We propose to permit no one to see them except those connected with this office and the taxpayer who made the return. We propose to check up the information they contain, form our conclusions as to what is shown and then to check up those conclusions with the return made to the local assessor. If the return does not check with our conclusions we propose to take up the matter with the taxpayer. If the returns are not made on the blanks sent out by us we propose, likewise, to take it up with the taxpayer and make an examination of his books. In brief, all we seek is all the information available to be received from all the merchants and manufacturers all over the state at the same time and in the same way, based, so far as it can be, on their books, and, so far as it cannot be, then on their best judgment, and we seek it in the simplest, most practical way we have been able to devise. Once having succeeded in placing the valuation of stocks in trade on an equitable basis, we anticipate that there will be no occasion for repeating the process which we are going through this year.

The fourth step which we have taken is in regard to the taxation of intangible property. Let us repeat, we can not justify enforcing a full valuation of real estate, stocks in trade or livestock unless we make the same effort to procure a full valuation of intangible property. If a fifteen hundred dollar farm is valued at full value, as most of them are, and a hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds properly taxable is not taxed, the injury to the owner of the farm is quite as great as it is if the mill, the stock in trade or the business block is not taxed at its full and true value. There is no member of this commission who believes that intangible property can be taxed properly under our existing system. Most states of the union have learned by experience that it cannot be taxed and reached as general tangible property is taxed. They have changed their methods to some sort of system which will permit a man to invest in what he pleases, get a fair return on his investment, pay his tax, be honest and give to the state, the county, the city and the town, a largely increased revenue. Common experience has demonstrated that this combination of circumstances cannot exist under a system which attempts to tax this class of property as we attempt to tax it. It is estimated that nowadays the intangible wealth of a state is about equal to the tangible wealth. Assuming this to be true in New Hampshire, there is about five hundred million dollars of intangible wealth in this state. A large part of this, consisting of corporate stock, except National Bank stock, and of federal bonds, and of New Hampshire state, county and municipal bonds is not taxable here. Furthermore, owners of money at interest in this state are allowed to off-set money at interest which they owe on the first day of April which was not borrowed for the purpose of evading taxation. Therefore, a conservative

estimate of the intangible property actually taxable in New Hampshire might be placed at a hundred million dollars. Ten years ago, there was twenty million dollars of this class of property taxed in the first year of the life of the tax commission. Since that time this total has shown a remarkably regular decrease each year, until, in 1921, only about ten millions were taxed. Obviously, the system which we employ is driving it under cover and, furthermore, forcing men to be dishonest against their ordinary desire. In the attempt to tax this class of property at its full value we have made a revision of the ordinary inventory blank. The revision consists of two changes, one of form and the other of substance. The change in form consists in asking the taxpayer to state the amount of intangible holdings which he has, which are taxable, by classes, because there are several different kinds of this property which are taxable, instead of asking him, according to previous custom, how much he had by enumerating all the different classes taxable in one general question. In other words the general question has been taken apart and itemized in order that there may be as little confusion as possible as to what kinds of this class of property are actually taxable. It is a change similar to what would have been done if we had been in the habit of asking the taxpayer to state on his blank how many live-stock he had and had now changed it and asked him how many horses, how many cows, etc. No one who has answered this question truthfully in previous years will find any difficulty in answering the questions truthfully now. The same property is taxable this year which has been taxable before. The second change, one of substance, relates to the off-sets of money at interest which may be deducted from the amount of taxable money at interest owned on April 1. Under the old

form of question the taxpayer was permitted to strike the balance in his head. We have asked him to strike it on the inventory blank. The reason for so doing is that all money owing is not a legitimate off-set. In the first place, indebtedness incurred for the purpose of evading taxes is not a legitimate off-set. In the second place, ordinary accounts outstanding, or any money owing, but not at interest, is not a legitimate off-set. It is only indebtedness which bears interest which may be off-set. Any taxpayer who has been able to compute the off-set properly before will find it easier to do so now, and we believe that it is perfectly legitimate to ask a taxpayer to specify what he claims as an off-set in order to enable the assessing officers to determine whether or not his claim is a proper one. Having made all the effort we can to enforce the tax laws relating to this class of property, one of two things will happen. Either it will be returned for taxation or the people of New Hampshire will be convinced that some change, either legislative or constitutional or both, is necessary in order to derive any financial benefit of any consequence from the taxation of this class of property.

Speaking generally there are further reasons which call quite as insistently for an equalization of tax burdens this year as does the direct command of the constitution. Regardless of soaring tax rates the people in the town meetings are voting to spend more money than ever before. Last year, notwithstanding a very general cry for economy, a cry which must evolve into a habit of economy if present tendencies continue, the taxes assessed in the towns and cities of New Hampshire increased from about twelve million dollars to over thirteen million dollars. The valuation of the state was increased about twenty million dollars, which increase was due almost entirely to the correction of previously

existing undervaluation in different sections of the state. But this increase in valuation was by no means sufficient to take care of the increased taxes. Consequently tax rates continued to rise, and the average rate of taxation, which includes the unincorporated towns where there are no local taxes, rose from \$2.37 to \$2.48. This year all the indications are that taxes will further increase. We have no additional sources of revenue on which to rely. If undervaluation exists, as it does, as taxes increase the inequalities become more distressing. In the poorer farming towns the tax rates are well on their way to four dollars. We had a call from a board of selectmen recently who stated that, unless they received some help from the tax commission this year in finding undervaluation and in equalizing the distribution, their tax rate would reach, if it would not exceed, four dollars. In the face of such complaints, and calls for help, and with our knowledge of existing inequalities we would be most derelict in the performance of our duty if we did not render every effort, in compliance with the law and with the constitution, to equalize tax burdens. The average good citizen will rejoice after the result is achieved to see such an equalization effected. The citizen who has been escaping and who desires to continue to escape will continue to protest with ever increasing vehemence.

Further than that, the tax commission has in the last two years gone into some thirty-five or forty towns and thoroughly re-valued every piece of taxable property in the town. Next spring the legislature will make a new apportionment of the state and county taxes for every town and city. Those towns whose property has been placed at full value have a right to insist, and do insist, that all others shall be brought up to the same standard, because the distribution of the state and county taxes is based for

all practical purposes on the comparative assessed valuations of the towns and cities. If one town is assessed at full value and another, on the whole, is assessed at fifty or seventy-five per cent of its full value, injustice is done to the town assessed at full value in the distribution of the state and county taxes if the others are not brought up to full value. The relation of one town to another so far as the payment of state and county taxes is concerned, is about the same as the relation between an individual taxpayer in a town and all the other taxpayers in the same town. If the property of one is at full value and the others are not, the one is injured and the others escape. This the constitution does not permit, the law does not sanction and the tax commission will not tolerate, so far as its ability exists to eliminate it.

The tax commissioners are appointed by the supreme court of the state, each for a term of six years. It was the intent of the legislature so far as possible to provide for the appointment of a commission which would be placed in a position which

would best enable it to enforce the tax laws without partisanship or partiality. It is equality, not exact but practical equality, which is sought and required. There can be no equality where there is partiality. So far as we are concerned personally, having accepted the office, we can pursue any one of the three courses. First, we can rest idle, draw our salaries and merit the contempt and ridicule of the state. Second, we can urge that the ordinary farm and the ordinary home, which are the easiest properties to appraise, be placed at their full value and the extraordinary real estate, the stocks in trade and the intangibles be allowed to remain as they are, thereby doing greater injury to some taxpayers and greater favors to others,—and merit the contempt and ridicule of the state. Third, we can see to it that all property of all classes, whether owned by rich or poor, is taxed at its full and true value under the law, thereby rendering equality to every one, and, regardless of protests, rest content in the consciousness of work honestly performed.

THE WINDING ROAD

By Nellie Dodge Frye

I came upon a little winding road,
It led, I knew not where.
To follow fancy-free, I dropped the load
Of every carking care.

The wild anemones were at my feet,
A meadow brook ran by.
Gray pussy-willows waited Spring to greet,
Above was azure sky.

My world was full of warmth and love and
peace.
To me 'twas Nature's call.
I felt my faith and sympathy increase,
And God was over all,

EDITORIALS

New Hampshire clings to its spring holiday. Repeated efforts to have the legislature repeal the statute constituting Fast Day a legal holiday have failed. Very few fast. Not many pray. But practically all except the bed-ridden get out of doors and give thanks because winter has come and gone and spring, for some time on the way, has arrived. The form of Fast Day observance, as Governor Brown neatly put it in his proclamation, "like that of the observance of the New England Sabbath, has yielded something of its strictness to the liberal tendency of the times. Actual abstinence and the political sermon have given place to sports and pastimes. Nevertheless," the governor continued, "the day is still worthy of religious commemoration and its preservation may well become an object of civic effort and a subject of earnest prayer." Such an object and subject in this year 1922 the Governor, from the bottom of his heart provided, when, in the second paragraph of his proclamation he said: "Among our supplications for timely blessings let us include a petition, from heart and soul, for permanent and profound peace in the industries of the state. With such peace our manufactures should prosper and our people thrive. Without it disaster and want must ensue. May Divine Providence cause a spirit of justice and co-operation to prevail among employers and employed and thus prepare the way for them so to unite their interests in the ownership and operation of our great industrial enterprises as not only to eliminate strikes and lockouts but also, in other respects, to benefit themselves and the state." It is safe to say that no gubernatorial proclamation in the history of the state

ever evoked a heartier "Amen!" from the people of the commonwealth.

Comparatively few of the many thousand summer residents of New Hampshire are readers of the state magazine, the Granite Monthly. All of them ought to be because we know that they are interested in what the magazine aims to do, viz., preserve the past, record the present, aid the future of the state which they have chosen for their holiday homes. Highly appropriate books to choose as furnishings of New Hampshire summer homes are the bound volumes of the Granite Monthly, containing, as they do, a great amount of interesting and valuable matter about the Granite State. As a special inducement to increase the number of our readers among the "summer folk" we offer a year's subscription to the magazine and a bound volume of the numbers for another year for \$2, a "two for one" proposition.

Every now and then we find something in the Granite Monthly's mail which makes us think it is worth while to keep the New Hampshire state magazine going even without personal reward or pecuniary profit. For instance, here is a letter from John B. Abbott, vice-president and treasurer of the William B. Durgin Company, Concord, one of the state's oldest and best known industries, in which he says: "I congratulate you on the splendid appearance of your publication as well as upon its contents. The article in your April issue on New England industries ought to be broadcasted all over New England." Mr. Charles Emerson of

Lynn, Mass., accompanies his subscription check with the remark that "the Granite Monthly is a magazine in which every native of New Hampshire should be interested." "The articles by Mr. Upham are very valuable" writes Mrs. W.

K. Daniels of Plainfield. From away down in Alabama Mr. Charles M. T. Sawyer of Fort Payne, formerly of New Hampshire, sends us word, with a check, that "Your work is interesting."

ARBUTUS!

By Edna Logan Hummel

I know a slope that faces the south
Where the earliest spring flowers blow
A sun-caressed slope where the delicate buds
Of trailing arbutus grow.

Glorious skies and blustery winds—
The lamb and the lion together;
Eager, I seek that warm sunny slope,
For this is arbutus weather.

Surely some frolicsome elves danced here
Joyous and buoyant of wing,
With rosy tipped censers of fairyland
Exhaling sweet attar-of-spring.

And then some mischievous mortal passed
Disturbing their fairy glee;
They scattered in haste from that sunny slope,
Dropping their censers for me.

I gather you tenderly, fragrant flowers
Rusty green leaves and all.
I love you, I love you, frail beautiful buds,
And the fairies who let you fall!

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

The probably large number of people who are suffering from literary indigestion caused by the prevalence of raw meat and tainted fish in their fiction diet should take "The Island Cure" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Company, Boston). Under this title Miss Grace Blanchard has told one of the prettiest love stories of recent publication. It is simple, it is dainty, it is charming; a delightful accompaniment to a summer outing in New England, while in process either of planning or of consummation. The publishers have shown good taste in the setting of the story and in its illustration from excellent photographs.

New Hampshire interest in the book is two fold; arising from the personality of the author and from the fact that the first and last of the islands where her heroine takes the cure, which is, by the way, the well known love cure, are Granite State territory. Miss Blanchard's vocation is that of being the experienced and efficient head of the multum in parvo Concord city library. Her avocation, in which she achieves equal success, is the telling of clean, sweet stories, hitherto for and about girls, but in the present volume taking a wider range.

Jean Beverly had many delightful experiences on the islands of our Atlantic coast from Mount Desert to Nantucket, but the "island of their heart's desire," meaning Jean and her man, was found, as the front-piece shows us and the last chapter tells us, on "Big Squam." The roundabout journey there, with the Unitarian meetings on Star Island at the Shoals as the starting point, is one well worth taking, for with Miss Blanchard as the guide interest never slackens nor are entertaining incidents ever lacking.

As the story of "The Island Cure" ends on an islet in Asquam lake, so does that of "The New Gentleman of the Road" find its finish on the shores of Lake Sunapee, where, for many years, has been the summer home of Mr. Herbert Welsh, the Philadelphia publicist, whose name is so familiar in connection with many good causes, from righting the wrongs of the Indians to preserving and protecting the forests of New Hampshire. Although he has passed his 70th year it is the annual custom of Mr. Welsh to make the 500-mile journey from his city home to his country place entirely on foot; reaching his destination in such condition as to prove to physicians that if the number of pedestrians should increase their patients would decrease in proportion.

The story of two of his long walks through Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York, Connecticut, Massachusetts, Vermont and New Hampshire, Mr. Welsh has told in a most readable way and put in print within the covers of a handsome volume which it is a pleasure and a privilege to add to one's library. His adventures are not thrilling. Not once, he says, has he been "held up" or even had his pocket picked. But his chance acquaintances of the road are most interesting people as he describes them. Occasionally he waxes eloquent as when he tells of his custom "to steal out in the twilight before dawn to watch by the waters of the Lake the glorious sun suddenly and silently come up at a certain point over Garnet Hill, tracing in an instant fantastic forms in gold and rose on the morning violet of the northern sky. All this was framed by the trans-

lucent delicate boughs of hemlocks, pines and birch trees." But for the most part his chronicles are in the simple manner of Mr. Pepys and to us worthy of mention in the same breath with the immortal diary.

Another successful author with whom the writing of books is an avocation rather than a vocation is William Dana Orcutt, native of West Lebanon, New Hampshire, son of the late Hiram Orcutt, deservedly famous educator of days gone by in the Granite State. For some time past the younger Mr. Orcutt has given us, as the spirit moved and time sufficed, some very readable works of fiction, "The Moth," "The Lever," "The Spell," etc. Now the Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, publish from his pen "The Balance," which they well characterize as "an unusual story of love and business." The jacket illustration, as they further say, "sounds the keynote of the

story, 'When Justice recognizes its injustice, then is justice possible.'" "The Balance," which, in the story, it is sought to restore, is that of our social order, grievously wrenched and distorted by the world war, far as that was from our hearthstones and mill-doors. The author saw the war in its progress over seas. He has come into intimate touch with some of the problems it has left behind, here, among us; and in the course of this story he deals with them with insight, sympathy and wisdom. As a story, moreover, it is a good story; with a fast moving plot, exciting episodes, a murder mystery, etc. Some readers have identified the scene of the story with Norwood, Mass., the place of Mr. Orcutt's own residence; but the theme, the people, the lesson to be learned are not to be localized. They exist everywhere in America to-day and Mr. Orcutt's book deserves a correspondingly wide attention.

OH, COME AND WALK WITH ME

By Mabel Cornelia Matson

Oh, come and walk an hour with me.
 The sky is blue as gentians,
 The breeze is sweeter than sweet spices are
 And it will carry far away
 The little nagging worries of the day
 And set your spirit free.
 Oh, come and walk an hour with me.

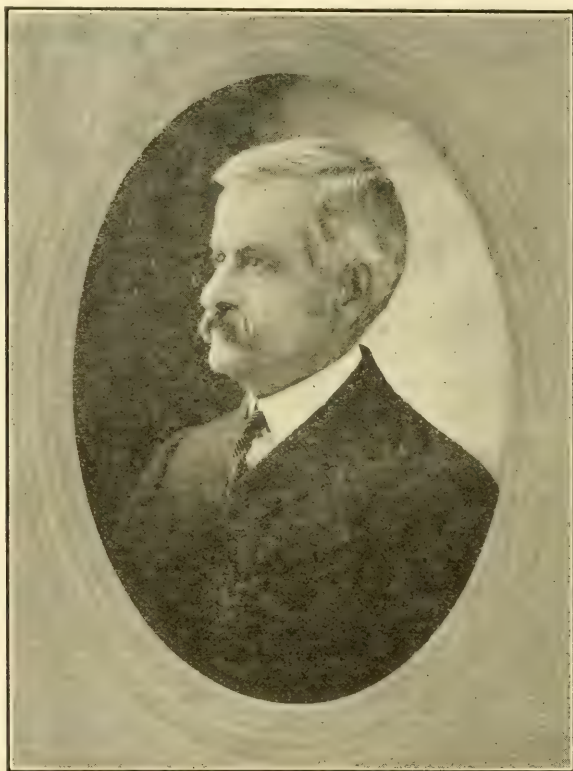
Oh, come and walk a day with me.
 And you shall stand on yonder blue-veiled hill
 And watching there the sunset flame and fade
 Shall backward look and forward, unafraid,
 Seeing the past washed clean of bitterness,
 The future safe with God.
 Oh, come and walk a day with me.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

WILL B. HOWE

Will Bernard Howe, for almost 30 years Concord's efficient and popular city engineer and one of the best known men in the country in that line of professional work, died suddenly at his home on Saturday, April 1. He was born in Concord, July 3, 1859, the son of William Holman and Mary (Carlton) Howe, both his father and mother being

office of Charles C. Lund, C. E., in Concord, in the fall of 1878. He worked with Mr. Lund until the latter's death in December, 1880, as a rodman, principally on railroad work, including the construction of the Profile and Franconia Notch R. R. and the location of its Bethlehem branch. After Mr. Lund's death, Mr. Howe continued in the employ of his successors, Foss & Merrill, in the construction of this Bethlehem



THE LATE WILL B. HOWE.

of old Revolutionary stock. He was a direct descendant of Joseph Howe, who fought in the French and Indian War and was also a Minute Man at Lexington. The old Howe tavern at Sudbury, Mass., immortalized by Longfellow as "The Wayside Inn," was built by an ancestor and occupied by three generations of Howes.

Mr. Howe graduated from the Concord High School in the class of 1876 and began his life-work by entering the

branch; in location work on proposed extensions of the Boston, Concord & Montreal R. R. in the White Mountain region, in maintenance work on the B., C. & M., the Concord R. R. and branches and in miscellaneous engineering work including surveys for the developments of the Sewalls Falls water power in the Merrimack river, now the property of the Concord Electric Company.

In September, 1883, Mr. Howe went to Nova Scotia as principal assistant

engineer on what is now known as the Central Railway, with headquarters at Bridgewater, N. S., and assisted in relocating portions of that railway and in the construction of that line until May, 1888, being acting chief engineer in 1887. Returning to Concord in the month named he assumed the management of Foss & Merrill's general engineering office and so continued until March, 1893, when he was chosen as Concord's first city engineer and in that position remained until his death.

Of Mr. Howe's long and faithful service as a municipal officer many monuments remain. One is the map of the city, pronounced by experts a splendid piece of work, which accompanied the official History of Concord. Another is the invaluable assessors' map, which he had brought up to date not long before his death. One of the first important municipal contracts awarded after he became city engineer was for the sewer from the State Hospital on Pleasant street through Clinton street; and it is recalled that, in order to be sure of its completion according to the terms of the contract, he entered the sewer and crawled through its entire length on his hands and knees, a painful and laborious progress. When it became necessary for the city to spend large sums on steel bridges, in the city proper and at Penacook, he took a special course in bridge engineering that he might be able to give their construction competent personal supervision.

As illustrating his standing in his profession he had served as vice-president and as treasurer of the American Society for Municipal Improvements, of which he had been a member since 1894, and last year he was voted in as a "member without dues," for the remainder of his life, this being the nearest approach to honorary membership possible under the society's constitution. He was a member and had served as secretary of the New Hampshire Good Roads Association. He had also been a member of the Boston Society of Civil Engineers since March, 1896, and of the National Geographic Society since January, 1913. He was affiliated with the Masonic bodies of Concord, being a member of Blazing Star Lodge, Trinity Chapter, Horace Chase Council, and Mount Horeb Commandery. He was also a member of Bektash Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., the New Hampshire Society of Veteran Free Masons, and was vice-president of the Council of the Order of High Priesthood. He

had served Trinity Chapter as high priest, and was a past thrice illustrious master of Horace Chase Council. He was a trustee of the Concord Masonic Association.

Mr. Howe was a member of the New Hampshire Society, Sons of the American Revolution, serving as secretary and treasurer the past two years and holding those offices at the time of his death. He was also a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society; the Men's Club of the South Congregational church; the Wonolancet Club; and the Concord Gun Club. He was a Republican in politics.

In Nova Scotia, on January 22, 1889, Mr. Howe married Ida May Starratt, younger daughter of James Starratt, Jr., and Elizabeth Waterman, his wife. A daughter, Myrna, is their only child. He is also survived by a sister, Mrs. George S. Milton.

Efficiency economy and good sense were Mr. Howe's attributes as an engineer. To them he added a quiet but sincere devotion to the best interests of the community which was manifested in many ways. An earnest hope, which had not been fulfilled when death took him away, was for a modern, safety-bringing building code in Concord. In all his relations, official, professional, personal and social, Mr. Howe was genial, kindly, helpful and just.

IRVING W. DREW

Irving Webster Drew, eminent New Hampshire lawyer and United States Senator, died April 10, after a brief illness of pneumonia, at the home of his daughter in Montclair, N. J. He was born in Colebrook, January 8, 1845, the son of Amos Webster and Julia Esther (Loving) Drew, his father being twice a State Senator in Civil War days and a man of influence and prominence in the North Country. Irving W. Drew prepared at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, for Dartmouth College, where he graduated in the class of 1870 with the degree of A. B., subsequently receiving that of A. M. He studied law with the famous Lancaster firm composed of Congressman Ossian Ray and Judge William S. Ladd and succeeded the latter as a partner. Other members of the firm in later years were the late Henry Heywood, the late Governor Chester B. Jordan, the late General Philip Carpenter, the late William P. Buckley, and, now surviving, George F. Morris, judge of the U. S. District court,

Merrill Shurtleff, Eri C. Oakes and Irving C. Hinkley, the last three comprising the present firm. Mr. Drew was very successful and highly esteemed in his profession, as was shown by the extent of his practice and the character of his clients and by the fact that he was honored in 1899 by election as president of the New Hampshire Bar Association.

In other business relations he was president of the Upper Coos Railroad, director of the Hereford railroad, president of the Siwooganock savings bank, and director of the Lancaster National Bank.

In politics Mr. Drew was an active Democrat until the days of Bryan and free silver and represented his party as a delegate to its national conventions of 1880, 1892 and 1896, being one of the considerable number who withdrew from the last-named gathering. He was a delegate to the constitutional conventions of 1902 and 1912, and a state senator in 1883, but never sought higher office although often urged to do so. September 1, 1918, he was appointed by Governor Henry W. Keyes as United States Senator to fill the unexpired term of the late Jacob H. Gallinger and during his brief stay at Washington much impressed his associates in the higher branch of the national legislature with his ability.

Mr. Drew was a Mason and Knight Templar, a member of the I. O. O. F. and the New Hampshire Historical Society. In religious belief he was an Episcopalian. In youth he served in the National Guard attaining the rank of major in the Third Regiment. At the time of his death he was president of the William D. Weeks Memorial Library association at Lancaster; and the people of that town further showed their respect for him by making him the president of the day

on the occasion of the 150th anniversary in 1914; by securing his services as chairman of their "war chest"; and by asking him to make the official address of welcome when President Harding was given the greetings of Lancaster in 1921.

On November 4, 1869, Mr. Drew married Caroline Hatch Merrill, of Colebrook, who died July 17, 1919. Their first son, Paul, died in infancy; their second, Neil Bancroft, in young manhood. Their surviving children are Pitt Fessenden Drew, successful Boston attorney, and Sara Maynard, wife of Edward Kimball Hall of New York City and Montclair. One brother, Benjamin F. Drew of Colebrook, and one sister, Mrs. F. N. Day of Auburndale, Mass., also survive.

The wide range of Mr. Drew's friends and admirers was shown by the messages which came, in the days following his death, to his children and his partners, and by the attendance at his funeral, which was held at St. Paul's church in Lancaster on April 13. The rector, Rev. A. J. Holley, conducted the service, assisted by Mr. Drew's nephew, Rev. Edward Cummings, of Cambridge, Mass., and Rev. J. A. Haarvig, pastor of the local Congregational church. The bearers were nephews of Senator Drew and the honorary bearers were Governor Albert O. Brown of Manchester, Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of the Supreme Court, Chief Justice John Kivel of the Superior Court, Judge Robert J. Peaslee of Manchester, George F. Morris of Lancaster, judge of the United States District Court, Hon. W. B. C. Stickney of Rutland, Hon. Herbert B. Moulton of Lisbon, A. N. Blandin of Bath, Prof. Harry Wellman of Dartmouth College, Councilor Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover.

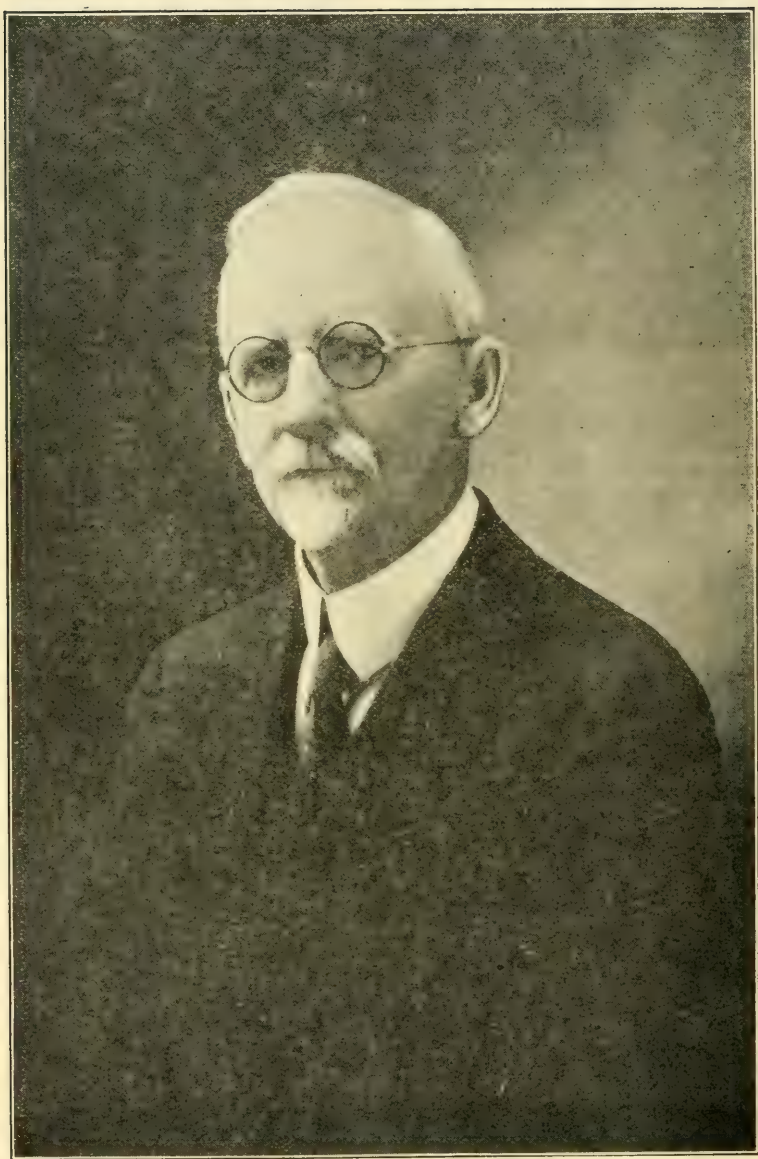
TREASON

By Helen Frazee-Bower

My heart that swore allegiance to
A cottage green and gray,
Is traitor now to roof and walls
Since April came this way.

For eyes that closed on naked lines
Of orchard boughs last night,
This morning woke to fragrance blown
From blossoms pink and white.

They say that treason is most black—
My heart denies it though
When I from gray-green comfort turn
To drifts of petal-snow!



HON. ARTHUR G. WHITTEMORE

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HON. ARTHUR G. WHITEMORE

A man who has served usefully and with distinction in both branches of the State Legislature and in the Executive Council, as mayor of his city and as the head of an important state department is given by that experience such equipment for the further office of Governor as few Chief Executives in the history of New Hampshire have been able to bring to the position.

The fact that such a record belongs to Honorable Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover is cited by his many friends and political supporters as the first among many reasons why his candidacy for the Republican gubernatorial nomination in 1922 should meet with popular favor and acceptance. They point to his years of public service and declare that in every position he has held he has shown a quiet, tactful, unwearied efficiency of which the people have reaped the benefit in worthy and valuable results achieved.

A member of the New Hampshire bar since his graduation from the Harvard Law School in 1879, his practice has been extensive and lucrative and he holds an honored place in his profession, despite the fact that so much of his time has been required for public service.

This service began in 1887 when he was elected a member of the first board of water commissioners of the city of Dover and in that capacity handled successfully various difficult and important matters relating to land damages, contracts and the actual installation of the system of supply.

For three terms, beginning in 1900, he was elected and re-elected mayor of Dover and gave his municipality what was recognized as an up-to-date Twentieth Century administration. During it a new public library building was erected and the construction of a new high school building was commenced; yet the tax rate was lowered, the bonded indebtedness was reduced and at the close of his third and final term the cash balance in the city treasury had increased to \$63,-000.

Mayor Whittemore progressed from city to state politics in 1902, when he was elected to the House of Representatives from Ward Three, Dover, by a vote of 318 to 82 for his opponent. At Concord his ability was at once recognized and he was named by Speaker Harry M. Cheney to the most important standing committee, that on the Judiciary; which, at this session, was of unusual distinction, including, as it did, the late Gen. A. T. Bachelier of Keene, chairman, Judge William F. Nason of Dover, the late Daniel C. Remick and the late William H. Mitchell of Littleton, the late William P. Buckley of Lancaster, Councillors John B. Cavanaugh of Manchester and John Scammon of Exeter, the late Judge Herbert I. Goss of Berlin and others.

Mr. Whittemore's excellent work as a legislator attracted general attention and when, in May, 1903, a vacancy occurred in the state railroad commission he was named for the place by Governor Nahum J.

Bachelor and subsequently was re-appointed for three year terms by Governors John McLane and Henry B. Quinby. In 1909 he became the chairman of the board, upon the death of Hon. Henry M. Putney of Manchester.

A delegate from Dover to the convention of 1912 to propose amendments to the constitution of the state, Mr. Whittemore was appointed by President Edwin F. Jones on the standing committee on Legislative Department and also was called upon by the president to act as chairman of the Committee of the Whole during one of the liveliest and most important debates of the convention. Those within and without the convention who followed its proceedings carefully will remember Mr. Whittemore's active participation in its work.

In November, 1918, Mr. Whittemore was elected to the executive council from the second district, receiving 8,312 votes to 6,854 for his Democratic opponent. In his home city the vote was 1,399 to 918 in his favor. In organizing the council for the important work of his administration, Governor John H. Bartlett named Mr. Whittemore upon the finance committee, the state house committee and the board of trustees of the state prison and made him chairman of the highway committee.

In these several capacities he rendered valuable service, one instance of which, to name no more, was the adoption by the highway department, at his suggestion, of the policy of owning, instead of hiring, necessary equipment, and of purchasing gravel banks in their entirety rather than paying more for them, load by load.

During the World War Mr. Whittemore was one of the men to whom the nation owes much,

the hard-working, pains-taking, justice dispensing members of the selective service boards. He served throughout the war as chairman of the Strafford County board, with eminent efficiency and fairness, and received the thanks of the War Department for the manner in which the affairs of his board were handled.

This war service, as well as other considerations, made it natural that Mr. Whittemore should be made chairman of the committees named to procure certificates and medals for New Hampshire soldiers and to erect in the state house at Concord an appropriate tablet in memory of the men from the Granite State who gave their lives for liberty in this most recent and terrible conflict.

In 1920 Councilor Whittemore was nominated without opposition as the Republican candidate for the state senate in the 21st district and was elected in November by 3,965 to 2,024, carrying his home city by 3,054 to 1,496. At the session of 1921 he was chairman of the principal standing committee, that on the Judiciary, in the upper branch and conducted its affairs with such good generalship that no minority report came from his committee and that every report made by it was adopted by the Senate, a most remarkable record. Senator Whittemore also served on the standing committees on railroads, banks, finance, and fish and game.

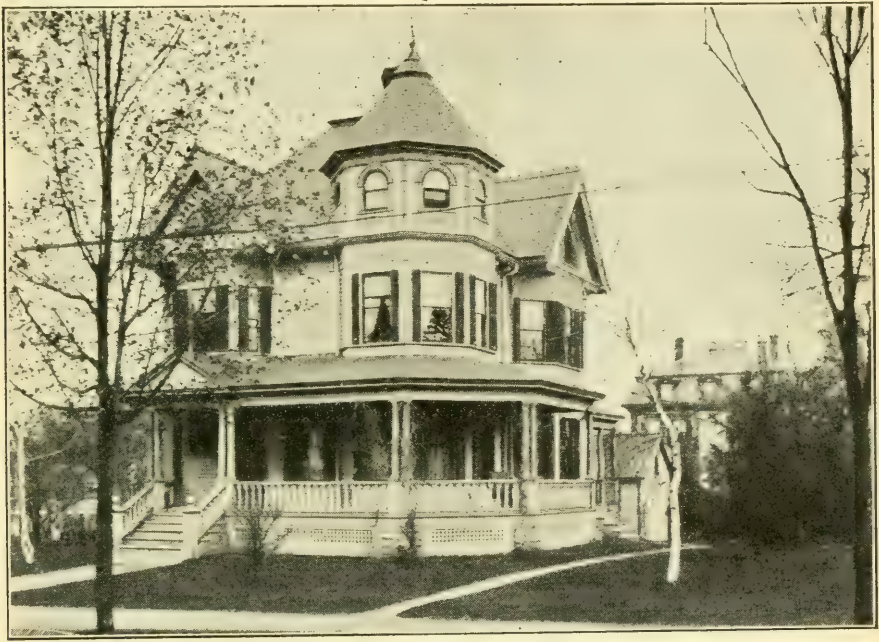
His connection with banks is of long standing, dating back to 1895, when, as receiver of the Dover National Bank he liquidated its assets so successfully as to pay the depositors in full with interest and a substantial dividend to the stockholders. At the present time he is vice-president of the Strafford Savings Bank, a director in the

Strafford National Bank and a director in the Dover Realty Company.

At the hands of the present state administration, as of so many others, Mr. Whittemore has received recognition, being named by Governor Albert O. Brown upon the state commission to arrange for the celebration in 1923 of the tercentenary of the first settlement of New Hampshire.

the president of the New Hampshire Genealogical Society and governor of the New Hampshire Society of Colonial Wars.

He believes that every man must stand or fall by his own acts and in his individual case lays no stress upon the record of his own ancestors for almost three centuries in America. But the wellknown writer, Hamlin D. Brown, in a contribution to the Independent Statesman, Concord, tells



The Whittemore Residence, Dover.

That his selection to act in this capacity was most fortunate is shown by the degree of interest which already he has aroused for the celebration in his section of the state. A somewhat similar service he has been called upon to render is as a member of the committee which will place a suitable tablet upon the Memorial Bridge joining Maine and New Hampshire at Portsmouth.

Mr. Whittemore's interest in and knowledge of history and biography is indicated by the fact that he is

the story in a most interesting way, in part as follows:

"Six hundred and ninety-two years ago over in England there was a prominent family, one of whom, Sir John, was knighted on the battlefield for valorous conduct in the year 1230 and was given a tract of land called 'Whytemere' and received the title Lord John de Whytemere.

"The name was changed to Whittemore and Thomas Whittemore emigrated to America in 1641 and

settled in a part of Charlestown now Malden, Mass.

"His son, John, who was born in Kitchen Parish, Hertfordshire, England, four years before, came with his father.

"Benjamin, grandson of Thomas, was born in Cambridge but moved to Concord, Mass., where his son, Rev. Aaron Whittemore was born in 1711. Aaron graduated from Harvard College in 1734 and March 1, 1737, became the first pastor of the Congregational church of what is now Pembroke, N. H.

"Hon. Aaron Whittemore, great-grandson of Rev. Aaron Whittemore, became one of the prominent men of New Hampshire. He represented Pembroke in the Legislature, served his town as selectman, treasurer, etc., was connected with the militia of the state, was promoted to be brigadier general and held many positions of trust.

"His son Aaron Whittemore, I knew in Pittsfield for several years. He practised law, became state senator and was one of the representative men of New Hampshire. His brother, Arthur Gilman Whittemore, was also born in Pembroke, July 26, 1856, educated at Pembroke Academy and Harvard Law School and settled in Dover, where he has practised law.

"During these years he has been one of the foremost men of the state.

* * *

"Councilor Whittemore still owns the old farm in Pembroke, where he spends his summer vacations.

"Arthur G. Whittemore has good executive ability, integrity and is dependable. During my recent visit in the towns and cities of New Hampshire, I talked with many of the business men and found them interested in the Whittemore gubernatorial candidacy and I gladly recommend him to the voters of my native state as the next governor candidate.

For 280 years the Whittemore family has been one of the foremost of the state and I believe Arthur G., would make one of the best Governors of New Hampshire."

Mr. Whittemore married June 27, 1887, Caroline B. Rundlett, who has been president of the Dover Woman's Club and otherwise prominent in the social life and beneficent activities of that city. Their children are Manvel, a graduate of Dartmouth College and of the New York Law School, for some years successfully engaged in the practice of his profession in New York City, and Caroline (Radcliffe College, 1919) now connected with the Brookline, Mass., Public Library.

Mr. Whittemore is a member of St. Thomas' Episcopal church at Dover; was one of the founders of the Bellamy Club there; and was for several years the president of the Dover Board of Trade.

Mr. Whittemore's candidacy for governor is a direct result of the following resolution adopted and signed by the Republican members of the Strafford county delegation in the legislature of 1921:

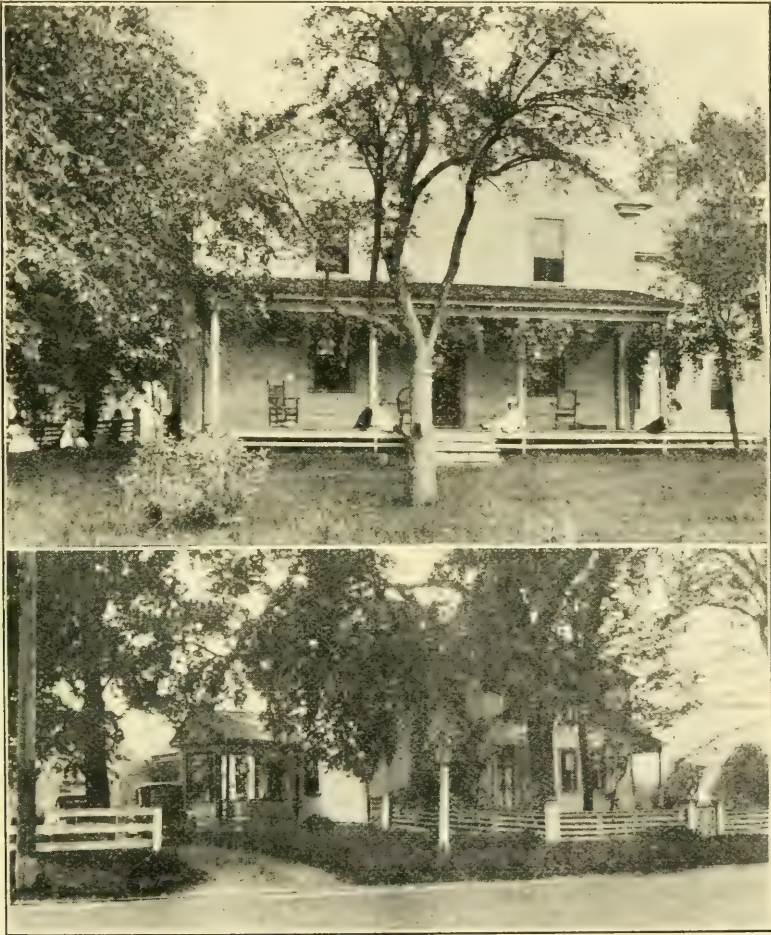
"Whereas, the Honorable Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover, by reason of his executive experience and familiarity with state matters, by reason of his services as mayor of Dover for three terms, as a Representative in the Legislature, as a member of the Governor's Council, and as a State Senator, in all of which offices he has shown marked ability and judgment and strict attention to the duties of the several offices, always producing results beneficial to the public by his keen business acumen and untiring energy; wherefore, be it

"Resolved, That we, the Republican members of the Strafford County Delegation to the present General Court, believing it to be for the best interests of the State of New Hamp-

shire to have his services as chief executive, we hereby request him to become a candidate for the Republican nomination for the office of Governor at the next primary, and we pledge to him our hearty support. Be it further

To this expression of desire and of confidence, Mr. Whittemore made reply in an opportune time in the form of the following address to the Republican voters of New Hampshire:

"In compliance with a promise made to the Strafford County Re-



The Whittemore Homestead, Pembroke.

"Resolved, That the Chairman of this Delegation is hereby directed to communicate this resolution to Senator Whittemore.

"HARRY H. MEADER,
Chairman.
H. K. REYNOLDS,
Secretary."

publican delegation requesting me to become a candidate for Governor at the next primary election, I hereby announce my candidacy, for the office of Governor of our State, and I earnestly solicit the support of all the Republican men and women voters of the state.

"In making this request I wish to assure the voters that it is not merely for personal honor or gratification, but for the purpose of giving to my State the benefit of that knowledge and experience acquired in its service through the different public positions which it has been my honor to hold. In these several positions I have gained an intimate knowledge of State affairs, which will enable me to insure the State an efficient administration of its Government for the ensuing term.

"My record for efficiency and progressiveness in these various public offices is known to many of my fellow citizens, and I hope during the campaign to inform those of you who are not familiar.

"The abandonment of the farm and decrease in our farming population concerns us all. I shall use every effort to promote all measures that will tend to remedy these conditions. Whatever adds to the contentment and prosperity of the farmer adds to the well-being of the State.

"The World War has left in its

wake, to Nation, State, City and Town, a legacy of increased taxes, which has become a heavy burden to all our citizens, and if allowed to continue will arrest the development, growth and prosperity of our State.

"I favor a reduction of the poll tax and a suspension of the former regular poll tax as applied to the women of the State. The addition of two dollars (which is to be levied for five consecutive years beginning 1920) to the regular poll tax for the purpose of redeeming the bonds issued to pay the soldiers' bonus, makes this form of tax excessive and in many cases burdensome. The proposed change would not conflict with the soldiers' bonus act.

"It will be my purpose to check and reduce these burdens of taxation by eliminating from the budget all non-essentials, and I promise you that, if nominated and elected, I will use all my influence and the power given me by my office to eliminate in the interest of economy every custom or expense not required for an efficient administration."

INSPIRATION

By Eleanor W. Vinton

When the garden is gay with a bevy of jonquils
Their cups filled with gold from the heart of the sun;
When the wood-path I follow is violet bordered
And sweet with the fragrance of summer begun;
When downy white clouds change to rose in the sunset
While vibrant with rapture a robin's note rings,—
Then in uttermost skill would my pen be abounding
To gladden the world with the song my heart sings.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

By George B. Upham

III.

Over the next letter of the Claremont schoolmaster is cast a faint shadow of the coming Revolution. This letter like the last is derived in part, that in brackets, from the abstract entered in the records of a Meeting of the Society in London, Journal, Vol. 19, p. 152, and the remainder from the extract published in the History of the Eastern Diocese, Vol. I, pp. 179, 180.

[A Letter from Mr. Cole Schoolmaster at Claremont, New Hampshire, N. E. dated April 29, 1771, in which he acquaints the Society that] My school is enlarged by the addition of 7 or 8 children from among the dissenters, who submit regularly to the orders and instruction of the school by the approbation of their parents, most of whom have never been baptized, and some attend school that are sixteen or seventeen years of age, whose parents are conformists to the Church.

[The inclemency of the weather, and a river lying between them made it inconvenient for the little children to attend in winter, but he hopes that will be remedied by the building of a bridge.]

And although the school house is raised and the sides and ends are covered with planks, yet it is not finished. For the Sons of Liberty, (as they affect to call themselves), by their own [Non-] importation agreement made it impossible to procure glass, and indeed some few nails were made here, but their price was almost double to what it used to be, but these obstacles are soon to be removed.

[He thinks that 2 or 3 dozen psalters would be very useful in the school for they are not printed nor used by the Dissenters, and therefore seldom to be had. He has lately furnished the school with 2 doz. of spelling books.]

[Agreed to recommend, that 3 dozen of psalters be sent to Mr. Cole for the use of his Scholars.]

The [Non-] "importation agreement" of the "Sons of Liberty,"

which, as Mr. Cole wrote, "made it impossible to procure glass" for his schoolhouse, was the agreement of 1767 and 1768 by which the merchants of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, and many other places, bound themselves to order no new merchandise from England and to countermand all old orders. This was in retaliation for the Act of Parliament of June 29, 1767, known as the Townshend Act; by which, to the utter astonishment of America, so soon after the repeal of the Stamp Act, duties were placed on various articles imported into the colonies, and steps taken to enforce collection. Among the rates fixed were 4s. 8d. per hundred weight on glass. 12s. per ream on paper of good quality, and, with most disastrous consequences for this was not repealed, 3d. per pound on tea. Not that the latter was an excessive duty; it was in fact a moderate one, less than it had been, indirectly, before; but with the colonists it was a matter of principle. Another factor, not so fully recognised, was that tea and other dutiable articles for years had been smuggled. The merchants and ship-owners, adepts in that gentle art, cared little what duties were laid, or what restrictions placed on commerce and navigation, so long as the words merely encumbered the statute books but when George the Third and his subservient Parliament showed they meant to enforce the laws, that was—different.

The immediate effect of the non-importation agreement, coupled with the widespread indignation of the colonists, was that the value of British goods exported to New England, New York and Pennsylvania fell from £1,330,000 to £400,000 in a single year. Washington, when he

sent his annual order for supplies to London, enjoined his correspondent not to forward any of them unless the offensive Act of Parliament was in the meantime repealed. The Townshend Act brought into the British Treasury a paltry income of £300. The retention of even a part of it cost Great Britain, directly, at least five thousand times that sum in loss of trade; indirectly, an incalculable sum of money, besides the loss of the better part of a continent.⁽¹⁾

This letter of Mr. Cole shows how knowledge of the Townshend Act, and of the means taken to combat it, had found the way even to remote frontier settlements up the Connecticut River valley. They were, doubtless, the subject of much indignant discussion in the flickering firelight of many a cabin kitchen. Charles Townshend, young, brilliant, rash, aptly described by Trevelyan as "master of the revels in the House of Commons," had surely, short as his life was, started his name sounding down the ages, to be remembered discredibly perhaps as long as Edmund Burke and Charles Fox, leaders of the opposition, will be remembered creditably, almost reverentially, by all the English speaking world.

The Townshend Act, excepting the tax on tea, was repealed on April 12, 1770, but a vigorous effort was made to continue the Non-Importation Agreements. This was for a time successful, except at Portsmouth, N. H., in Rhode Island and New York City. At a "Meeting of the Trade of Boston," June 18, 1770, it appeared that "the Merchants of Portsmouth, N. H., have very lately imported large Quantities of British and East India Wares which are now exposed for Sale".... "Therefore, Re-

solved, That we will have no Trade or Commercial Intercourse with the Merchants of the Colony of New Hampshire, or any of its Inhabitants while they are counteracting the laudible Exertions of the other Colonies for the common Good."..... and "Resolved,—That the Committee of Exports and Imports be desired to keep the strictest lookout that no sort of Goods are imported into this Town from any part of the New Hampshire Government, or exported hence to said Province," Vessels arriving from Portsmouth were driven from the port of Boston.

Similar resolutions were adopted in other colonies. At Hartford, Conn., the boycott was limited to "the people of Portsmouth," instead of the entire Province of New Hampshire.⁽²⁾ But notwithstanding all such efforts the attempt to continue the Non-Importation Agreements, entered into when the Townshend Act was passed, failed, greatly to the delight of the Tories.⁽³⁾

Had Charles Townshend never been born the Revenue Act which bears his name, and which had so much to do with bringing about the American Revolution, would have been enacted none the less, for George the Third would have found some other instrument through which to work his will—Trevelyan shows, perhaps more fully than ever shown before, the extent to which George the Third was *personally* responsible for the Revolution; shows how the people of Great Britain knew little or nothing of America; how under the rotten borough system, then prevailing, they were but poorly represented in Parliament; how the ablest statesmen of the period were opposed to taxing or coercing the colonists; and how against the powerful, persistent in-

(1) Trevelyan's *American Revolution*, Vol. I, pp. 74, 93.

(2) See *Massachusetts Gazette*, June 28 and July 5, 1770 also other Boston Newspapers published during July, 1770.

(3) These Non-Importation agreements must not be mistaken for the later ones; known as the "Solemn League and Covenant," circulated after the passage of the "Boston Port Bill" in 1774, and which will be considered later.

fluence of the Sovereign they were powerless. The King, by ousting his Ministers, who against his wishes had effected the repeal of the Stamp Act, by substituting for them men of little or no character, by persistent, misdirected industry, by intrigue and favor,—finally had his way; a stupid, aggressive, German way,—for only German blood flowed in his veins; a way as stupid and unseeing as that of some of his German descendants in recent years. Pitt was, to be sure, nominally Prime Minister when the Townshend Act became law. Shattered in health, temporarily impaired in mind, in his absence, but in his name, "the step was taken which in one day reversed the policy he had nearest his heart and undid the work of which he was most justly proud."⁽⁴⁾ And this the man who had made the continent English; the greatest administrator of world affairs, among the many great, the British Empire has produced.

Trevelyan further shows, by facts and reasoning incontrovertible, how in fighting against the tyranny of George and his Ministers, the colonists were fighting the battle for the English constitution, and how their submission must soon have been followed by a revolution in England.⁽⁵⁾

The King had his way; yet the time came when Lord Shelburne,—later Prime Minister,—"told the House of Peers, with a near approach to truth, that George the Third had but two enemies on earth;—one the whole world, and the other, his own Ministry."⁽⁶⁾

Returning to the subject of window glass, the lack of which was so inconvenient for the Claremont school, it appears doubtful when or

where it was first made in America. Coarse bottles were made at Jamestown, Virginia, soon after 1607, and a little later glass beads for trade with the Indians. Bottles and some other articles of glass were made at Salem, Massachusetts, as early as 1639; but the first window glass was probably made at Allowaystown, Salem County, New Jersey, a short time prior to 1750. In considerable commercial quantities it was first manufactured in Boston, about 1792, by the Boston Crown-Glass Co., which was aided by an exclusive right and a bounty. In 1798 Boston produced glass, said to be superior to that imported, to the value of \$82,000. It was widely used and became known throughout the country as "Boston window glass."

The manufacture of glass was first attempted in New Hampshire at Temple, in 1780, by one Robert Hewes of Boston.⁽⁷⁾ A substantial building with the necessary furnaces was constructed. The glass-blowers are said to have been Hessian and Waldecker soldiers, deserters from the British army. Only glass bottles and decanters were attempted. After a very short period of operation, and prior to 1781, the works were burned. Attempts made to revive the industry, even though aided by a lottery, were unsuccessful.⁽⁸⁾

The Embargo Acts and the War of 1812 led to the establishment of the glass industry in Keene in 1814. It flourished there until about 1850. John Eliot and Aaron Appleton built the first factory, on Prison Street. Later a rival factory was built on Marlboro street. About 1840 three glass factories were in operation in Keene. At times the business was

(4) Trevelyan's *American Revolution*, Vol. I, p. 5.

(5) *Ibid.*, Vol. III, Ch. XXIV.

(6) *Ibid.*, Vol. IV, p. 166.

(7) Mr. Hewes appears to have been a versatile character. In the Boston Directories, between 1780, and 1830, he is described as a "tallow-chandler," "manufacturer of soap and glue," "late hog-butcher, now out of business," "fencing matter," "surgeon-bone-setter," "starch maker," "Teacher sword exercise," "Gentleman," "Manufacturer of Hewes's Liniment," but is not credited with being a glass manufacturer.

(8) *History of Temple*, Chap. XVII, pp. 166-173.

exceedingly profitable. In the earlier years bottles and decanters appear to have been the principal products, later the manufacture of window glass was carried on.⁽⁹⁾ The superior facilities at Pittsburg finally put an end to the industry in New England.

Sheet mica was the only substitute for window glass known to have been used in western New Hampshire, where its shining outcroppings attracted the attention of the early settlers. In southwestern New Hampshire more marketable mica has been produced than in any other locality in the United States. The old Ruggles mine on Glass Hill in Grafton,—about ten miles north of Sunapee Lake,—has produced mica for nearly one hundred and fifty years; yielding an estimated aggregate in value of over eight million dollars worth of that material. This mine at one time furnished four-fifths of the total consumption in the United States. In the adjoining town of Danbury two mines are in operation, producing mica of excellent quality, free from spots and very clear. In Alstead, on the northern border of Cheshire county, three mica mines are in successful operation. Mica is now used principally for electrical insulation. The waste is ground and serves to give brilliancy to wall papers, also to Christmas Trees and decorations.⁽¹⁰⁾

The high cost of transportation, the Non-Importation Agreements, and the conflict at arms, doubtless led to the frequent use of mica locally as a

substitute for window glass, both before and during the Revolution. The sheets were usually set in diamond-shaped panes about the size of a man's hand.⁽¹¹⁾

Immediately following the statement that the [Non-] "importation agreement made it impossible to procure glass," Mr. Cole tells us that "some few nails were made here, but their price was almost double to what it used to be, but these obstacles are soon to be removed." How the obstacles to glass were to be removed, we know not, unless by the expected arrival of glass from Portsmouth, or, more likely, of a pack-horse load of mica from some place nearby. Respecting nails, the schoolmaster probably had in mind the completion of Benjamin Tyler's Forge and Slitting Mill, then under construction at a small water-power a few rods upstream from the present site of the B. & M. R. R. "High Bridge" in Claremont.

Nails made there, as elsewhere in New England, involved various crude steps and processes. The bog-iron ore⁽¹²⁾ mixed with much mud, was dug from swamp-land at Charlestown-Number Four, carried to solid ground to be washed and dried, and then reduced in crude furnaces or "bloomeries," to something resembling iron, at least in weight, but still mixed with much refuse. The resulting lumps were carted eight or ten miles over rough roads to Tyler's Mill, there to be reheated with char-

(9) Griffin's History of Keene. See index, "Glass factory," and the pages there referred to.

(10) India ranks first in the production of mica; Canada second, producing about half as much in value as India. The United States ranks third with rather less than half as much in value as Canada. The production of other countries is insignificant. Outside of New Hampshire the principal deposits of the United States are in the mountains of North Carolina, the Black Hills in South Dakota, and in eastern Alabama; unless the work in these states has been greatly increased of late New Hampshire still leads in production. See "Mica, its Occurrence, Exploitation and Uses" by Fritz Cirkel, Ottawa, 1905, published by the Canadian Government; "Mineral Industries" by A. Hoskins (1899) p. 507, and Holme's "Mica Deposits of the United States," published by the U. S. Geological Survey.

(11) The Town Histories occasionally mention the use of mica as a substitute for window glass, but the general absence of any index, except to the names of persons, renders it a prodigious task to find anything in them.

(12) Bog ore is essentially a hydrous oxide of iron, of which the mineralogical name is *limonite*. It is found in swampy places, and frequently at the bottom of lakes and ponds. It is usually of very recent origin. In 1785 the Mason Proprietors "impowered a Committee to treat with" certain persons "respecting a grant of an exclusive right to all the Iron Ore in Ossipee Pond..... for a term of time not exceeding twenty-four years." N. H. State Papers, Vol. 29, p. 592. Respecting Tyler's bog ore in Charlestown, see Cheshire County Records, Vol. 9, pp. 430, 486, and note that Daniel Greene's occupation is bloomer.

coal and bellows to an almost white heat, and further separated from impurities while being hammered and flattened into sheets under successive blows of the "Tilt Hammer,"—we now call it trip-hammer. The sheets were then cut into strips, called nail-rods, in the Slitting Mill, which was merely a power shear or gang of shears, "working on the principle of scissors and sometimes cutting three rods at a time." The rail-rods were sold to the settlers who, of winter evenings by the kitchen fire, cut them into desired lengths and pointed and headed the nails by hand labor.

Except in the vicinity of Salisbury in the northwest corner of Connecticut, and in western Massachusetts, nearly all iron produced in New England, during the eighteenth century and earlier, was from bog ore. The manufacture of iron in New Hampshire dates from about 1722 when several bloomeries, using bog ore, were in operation on Lamper Eel River which flows through Durham and Newmarket and into Great Bay.⁽¹³⁾ Bar Iron was made at Kingston between 1749 and 1756.⁽¹⁴⁾ Early Iron Works were in operation in Exeter. Before the Revolution Iron Works existed at Tamworth, where it is claimed that parts of the famous chain that barred the British ships of war from going up the Hudson were made. At all these places bog ore was the only source from which iron could be obtained. The magnetic ore of Winchester was first smelted at Furnace Village in 1795 by a Rhode Island Company. The Franconia furnace was built in 1811 by a company organized six years earlier.⁽¹⁵⁾

When Tyler began the construction of his Iron Works, about 1770, the erection and continued existence of

such a Mill was, and had been for twenty years, prohibited by law. Furthermore, Tyler knew it; for he was a man of wide experience, and the law had been widely and repeatedly promulgated. But a law unreasonable, contrary to the wishes of a large body of the community, and practically impossible of enforcement, is never feared or respected for any considerable length of time. So it was with the Act of Parliament, 23 George II, Chapter XXIX, providing "That from and after the twenty-fourth Day of *June* One thousand and seven hundred and fifty, no Mill or other Engine for slitting or rolling of Iron or any Plateing Forge to work with a Tilt Hammer, or any Furnace for making Steel, shall be erected or after such Erection continued in any of His Majesty's Colonies in America." Every such construction was to be "deemed a common Nuisance," and "abated" by the Governor and other officials under penalty of £500 for neglect, also disability "to hold or enjoy any Office or Trust under His Majesty, his Heirs or Successors."

The purpose of all this was, clearly, to retain for England the monopoly of supplying all wrought iron and steel on this side of the Atlantic. The gentlemen of England in Parliament assembled knew as little of the difficulties of transportation in America as they did of the temper and mechanical aptitudes of men who for five generations had been obliged to supply their own necessities, or go without. Severe penalties were provided for each and every infraction of this law, and ingenious provisions made for its enforcement. But Benjamin Tyler was too busy building his dam, raising his building, constructing furnaces, reducing

(13) N. H. State Papers, Vol. 24, p. 424.

(14) *Ibid.* Vol. 23, p. 468.

(15) The best article known to the writer on the early manufacture of iron in America is that written by James M. Swank under the title "Statistics of Iron and Steel Production in the United States." Published by the U. S. Gov't in 1881 as a part of the Tenth Census—see pp. 80; 84-90—Swank is mistaken in placing the beginning of operations at Lamper Eel River as late as 1750.

bog-iron ore, designing and constructing his machinery,—to bother himself about any such fool legislation enacted three thousand miles away,—thirty thousand as we reckon distance, in time, to-day. The same may be said of young Peak, the blacksmith, brought when an infant to Claremont, in 1764. He, at about the same time as Tyler, had a dam and a small home-made "Tilt Hammer" in his blacksmith shop on Walker Brook, near where it crosses "Peak Hill Road."⁽¹⁶⁾

As to the thirteen colonies the above quoted statute of 23 George II was practically repealed by the Declaration of Independence; but in Canada and the British West Indies it remained nominally in force until repealed by the Statute Law Revision Act of 1867. There were enacted before the Revolution no less than twenty-eight similar statutes restricting colonial commerce and industries.

Among the ninety instructions sent by George the Third to Gov. Benning Wentworth, under date of June 30, 1761, was the following: "And it is our express Will & Pleasure, that you do not upon any Pretense whatever, upon Pain of our highest Displeasure, give your Assent to any Law or Laws for setting up any Manufactures and carrying on any Trade which are hurtful and prejudicial to this Kingdom, and that you do use your utmost Endeavors to discourage, discountenance and restrain any Attempts which may be made to set up such Manufactures or establish any such Trades."⁽¹⁷⁾

There never yet has been published a careful study of the Acts of Parliament and Royal Orders restricting colonial industries, showing the extent to which these contributed in preparing men's minds for a separation from the mother country.

To be continued.

(16) See Memoir of John Peak, Boston 1832—p. 18. "Peak Hill Road" is that leaving the "Great Road" (about three-quarters of a mile north from the road to the Connecticut River Bridge) crossing the railroad and then leading up a steep hill. This road and the hill to the north of it were named for John Peak, who came to Claremont before the town was incorporated and settled in that vicinity. The fact of the blacksmith shop and trip-hammer on that road and brook was told the writer by Miss Nancy Grannis, who heard it from her father. No tradition could be more reliable, Walker Brook crosses the "Great Road" a few rods northwesterly from the Cupola House. See Walling's Map of Sullivan County, 1860

(17) See N. H. State Papers, Vol. 18, pp. 377, 378, 536, 537. Vol. 6, pp. 7, 8.

A. D. 1623

By Elwin L. Page

For two centuries and a half there has been a general and rather vague belief that New Hampshire was first settled in the spring of 1623 at both Little Harbor and Dover. Nevertheless there has been considerable confusion about the subject. This prompted the writer recently to examine the original sources of information with a view to an analysis of the evidence. These sources proved surprisingly numerous and interesting, but when the material was gathered, it was discovered that this article had been anticipated nearly a half century ago by two earnest antiquarians, Mr. Charles Deane and Mr. John S. Jenness, whose monographs include practically every bit of evidence which is known to-day. However, as we look forward to the tercentenary of next year, a review of the sources may be worth while for the information of the present generation.

The confusion spoken of arose in the first place from the statement by Hubbard in his *General History of New England* (1680). In effect this statement seemed to be that David Thomson settled at Little Harbor in 1623 and that Edward and William Hilton, sharing the voyage with Thomson, planted at Dover at about the same time. One would think that Hubbard, writing barely more than half a century after the fact, would have at least a reliable tradition at hand, whatever may have been his lack of documentary evidence. Consequently his dictum, a rather vague one at best, has been somewhat uncritically followed by the historians of New Hampshire. It should be tested again by the contemporary evidence; that is, by the documents of 1623 and the few succeeding years.

The records of the Council of New

England make frequent mention of David Thomson in the latter half of 1622. On November 16 he was given a patent of six thousand acres and one-half an island, both unlocated. About two weeks later he made a proposition that the Council transport ten persons with provisions to his patent. This apparently came to nothing, for on December 14, 1622, he made an indenture with three Plymouth merchants to send him out "this present year" in the ship "Jonathan." It was common in those days to set out for New England so as to arrive in March, the first month of the old-style year. Thus we can imagine the "Jonathan" sailing from Plymouth that "present year." Imagination, however, is not to have a place in our discussion, except where it finds support in evidence.

Edward Winslow, in his *Good News from New England*, published in 1624, relates that Captain Standish went out for provision and returned in July, 1623, accompanied by "Mr. David Tomson, a Scotchman, who also that spring began a plantation twenty-five leagues Northeast from us, near Smith's Isles, at a place called *Pascataquack*, where he liketh well." The date is fixed by Winslow as at the same time that the drought of 1623 was broken. The latter event Bradford places in the middle of July. Some imagine that Standish, who had been out to get provision, visited Thomson's settlement, but this is not certain. Yet we have contemporary proof that Thomson arrived on schedule in the early part of 1623.

Governor Bradford therefore spoke from almost first-hand information when, under date of 1623, he set down in his history *Of Plimouth Plantation* the entirely casual sentence: "Ther were also this year

some scattering beginnings made in other places, as at Pascataway, by Mr. David Thomson, at Monhigen, and some other places by sundrie others." Nor was Thomson's visit to Plymouth in July Bradford's sole touch with the planting of the new settlement.

Thomas Weston, one of Plymouth's London adventurers, came over with the fishermen in 1623 to inquire into the wreck of his plantation at Wessagusset (Weymouth). Under disguise he left his ship and went ahead in a shallop with a man or two. Somewhere between the Merrimack and the Piscataqua he was shipwrecked. The Indians stripped him of everything but a shirt. Thus shorn of his disguise, Bradford tells of his getting at last to Pascataquack, where he got clothes and found means to get to Plymouth. Later he recovered his ship, of which we shall presently hear again.

About the middle of September, 1623, there arrived at Wessagusset, Captain Robert Gorges. Bradford relates that Gorges sailed thence eastward, but was turned back by a storm and sought a pilot at Plymouth. Gorges was the son of Sir Ferdinando, and bore a commission from the Council of New England "to be generall Gove^r of y^e cuntrie." This commission, of which Bradford was allowed to take a copy, named as assistants to Governor Gorges, Captain Francis West, Christopher Levett and the Governor of Plymouth for the time being. For fourteen days Gorges stayed at Plymouth. During that time official relationships must have made necessary the fullest discussion of the several plantations which Gorges, with Bradford's advice, was to oversee.

One of the other assistants was then in New England, or off its shore. West does not appear in our story except by name, but Levett gives us eye-witness testimony as to Thomson's plantation. He published

at London, in 1628, *A Voyage into New England, Begun in 1623, and ended in 1624*. From this it appears that Levett first visited the Isles of Shoals. Thereafter his account runs thus:

"The next place I came unto was Panaway, where one M. Tomson hath made a plantation, there I stayed about one month, in which time I sent for my men from the east: who came over in divers ships.

At this place I met with the Governor, who came hither in a bark which he had from one M. Weston about twenty days before I arrived in the land."

The Governor was, of course, Robert Gorges. While he was at Plymouth, Weston came in with his recovered ship. Gorges at once charged Weston with certain miscarriages in his now abandoned plantation at Wessagusset. By Bradford's intervention a sort of truce was patched up, and Gorges went overland to Wessagusset, leaving his ship to proceed to Virginia. Weston remained at Plymouth, but Gorges, regretting his leniency, sent back an order for the arrest of both Weston and his ship. Bradford advised Gorges by letter not to press his point, as Weston's ship was poorly provisioned and the owner deeply engaged to his men for wages, which could not but burden Gorges. But Gorges persisted, and in Weston's ship made his trip eastward, which turned so to the former's loss that towards spring he restored the ship to the owner, made restitution of the provision used, and returned to England, "having scarcely saluted y^e cuntrie in his Governement, not finding the state of things hear to answer his qualitie & condition."

At Piscataqua there was probably little to encourage Gorges in that winter of 1623-1624. Levett proceeds:

"In that time I stayed with M. Tomson, I surveyed as much as possible I could, the weather being unseasonable, and very much snow.

In those parts I saw much good timber, but the ground it seemed to me not to be good, being very rocky and full of trees and brushwood.

There is great store of fowl of divers sorts, whereof I fed very plentifully.

About two English miles further to the east, I found a great river and a good harbor called Pascattaway. But for the ground I can say nothing, but by relation of the sagamore or king of that place, who told me there was much good ground up in the river about seven or eight leagues."

The rest of the narrative relates to Levett's trip eastward to a little beyond the Kennebec. The portion quoted is the only contemporary account of the Piscataqua settlement from the hand of an actual visitor in the first year. It is striking, though not wholly conclusive, that one coming to New Hampshire in the winter of 1623-1624 makes no mention of any settlement at Dover. It was only six miles from "Pannaway" to the point where Hilton made his settlement. Perhaps an explorer would not have gone even that short distance through unaccustomed snow and trees and brushwood, but he had a ship and could have reached Dover by the "great river and good harbor called Pascattaway." Yet, as Levett was looking for a place to settle, he might not care to go to another plantation, when his only interest in inhabited places was to find a brief sojourn, for which "Pannaway" sufficed. After all, however, would not the sagamore have known if Dover had been settled in 1623; in that case, when he praised the ground up-river, would he not have mentioned the fact that some Englishmen had already settled perhaps one-third the way up to the "good ground"; would Levett not have noted that? Reasonable answer must be in the affirmative, even though there be room for doubt.

Leaving for a moment the strictly contemporary documents, we may re-

fer to an interesting narrative that was written many years later. When the evidence was documented, the experience it related was of such ancient memory that we should give it comparatively little faith except as confirmatory of primary evidence written contemporaneously by those who had means of knowledge, or at least trustworthy information. But in this case the secondary evidence checks so completely with the primary as to reduce greatly the chance of an inaccurate or imaginative memory.

When, in 1623, Weston's people at Wessagusset were threatened with extinction by the Indians, one of the settlers, named Phinehas Pratt, came stumbling into Plymouth to ask for relief. Good neighbors ever in such matters, the Pilgrims sent aid on March 24, 1623, having, indeed, already planned to do so on their own initiative. The people at Wessagusset declined hospitality at Plymouth and, as Bradford records, sailed in their small ship eastward, hoping to meet Weston. Nearly forty years afterward Phinehas Pratt wrote *A declaration of the affaires of the English people, that first inhabited New England*. After telling of his trip to Plymouth and of Standish's expedition to the relief of Wessagusset, Pratt places the time by referring to the fact that one of Weston's men died on ship before they came to the place where at that time of year, it being March, ships came to fish. Then he continues: "At this Time ships began to fish at y^e Islands of Sholes and I having Recovered a Little of my [heal]th went to my Company near about this Time. . . . the first plantation att Pascataqua the [governor] thereof was Mr. David Tomson at the time of my arivall(?) att Pascataqua." The quotation is made exactly from the manuscript published in the Massachusetts Historical Society Collections, with the inclusion in brackets of what one

might reasonably suppose were the letters which, because illegible, the print omits. The question mark appears in the printed narrative.

Some caution is necessary in view of the date of the narrative, and possible tricks of memory, but the story fits perfectly with all the known facts. As to the time of Thomson's settlement it is entirely consistent with the contract for transportation, which would bring the "Jonathan" to our shore at about the season when the fishermen were wont to arrive for the spring fishing. It fits with Winslow's statement that Thomson settled in the spring of 1623. It is consistent with the fact that Weston came over with fishermen and had relief at Piscataqua after his shipwreck. It is a reasonable deduction, also, that Thomson would not have visited Plymouth (in July, 1623) until he had spent some months getting his habitation in order and his servants disciplined and contented enough to leave with safety while he called on his neighbors. So we may accept it as a well-proved fact that Thomson was settled on New Hampshire soil in the early spring of 1623. Little Harbor as the place is determined by the story of Levett.

The statement of Phineas Pratt assumes importance with respect to the date of the Dover settlement when one considers the words "the first plantation at Pascataqua." When he recorded the visit, he must have had in mind that there were, at the time of writing (1662), two settlements on the Piscataqua—Portsmouth and Dover—and a third, if Exeter be assumed to be on a branch of that river. Did he consciously declare that they were all antedated by Thomson's plantation at Little Harbor? Perhaps that would be claiming too much—not because Pratt had not ample means, in 1623, of knowing whether Dover was then in existence, but because of the possible failure of memory in nearly forty

years. Yet here, again, it may assume some evidentiary value when compared with other evidence, or lack of evidence, as to the time of Dover's planting.

We return now to Hubbard, who states that the Plymouth merchants sent over in 1623, "one Mr. David Thompson, with Mr. Edward Hilton and his brother, Mr. William Hilton some of whom first in probability, seized on a place called the Little Harbor the Hiltons meanwhile setting up their stages higher up the river, toward the northwest, at or about the place since called Dover. But at that place called Little Harbor, it is supposed the first house was set up that ever was built in those parts." It will be noted that Hubbard's statement is chiefly suppositious. He says "in probability" the first settlement was at Little Harbor; "it is supposed" the first house was built there. He says boldly however, that the Hiltons came over with Thomson and settled at Dover at about the same time, though "probably" a little later.

Thus Hubbard set going a chain of guesses which have been written into New Hampshire history ever since. As far as his suppositions about the first settlement and the first house are concerned, he is supported by the evidence we now have at hand. How about the rest of it?

There is not a shred of proof that Edward and William Hilton came over with Thomson. As to the former, we simply do not know how or when he came. As to William there is competent evidence.

Captain John Smith in *New England's Trials* tells the story of the founding of Plymouth, of the return of the "Mayflower," of the immediate fitting out of a ship (the "Fortune") to take supplies to the new colony, of her reaching there on November 11, 1621, of her return eastward, her capture by the French, her final arrival in England on Febru-

ary 14, 1622, bearing a letter in part as follows:

"LOVING COUSIN, at our arivall at New Plimmouth in New England, we found all our friends and planters in good health..... We are all freeholders, the rent day doth not trouble us,—I desire your friendly care to send my wife and children to me....."

WILLIAM HILTON"

So William Hilton came to Plymouth in the fall of 1621. He liked so well that he sent back immediately for his family. Naturally he waited for them; he did not go back to England and re-sail in the "Jonathan" to an experimental, unlocated colony. At Plymouth he waited until his family arrived on the "Anne" in July, 1623, several months after Thomson, without him, landed from the "Jonathan" at Little Harbor—indeed after Thomson had himself visited Plymouth. Hilton was allotted some land at Plymouth in 1623. How long he stayed there is uncertain. After 1627 it is sure he was no longer at Plymouth. The first evidence of his presence at Dover is as late as 1631.

Of course this does not prove that Edward Hilton was not at Dover in 1623. On the other hand the only ground we have to place him there is Hubbard's statement (made fifty-seven years later, without offering any proof) that Edward and William came over with Thomson and set up their fishing-stages at or near Dover. Hubbard was notoriously inaccurate and unreliable. On the face of them, his allegations about the Dover settlement are "probabilities"; his flat statement that Edward and William came with Thomson is provably erroneous as to the latter, and entirely unsupported as to the former. It is to be regretted that some of our historians lacked the documents; while others, having the documents, have not been over-critical in handling them.

Edward Hilton is first located in New England by Bradford's record that in 1628 he paid one pound sterling towards the expenses of ousting Thomas Morton from Merrymount. This happened probably in the summer; for Bradford says that shortly after that, Endicott came over. Endicott arrived the early part of September. If Hilton planted in the spring of 1628 he was in time for this event. Yet he may have come earlier.

Hilton was given a patent on March 12, 1629-30, "for and in consideration that Edward Hilton & his Associates hath already at his and their owne proper costs and charges transported sundry servants to plant in New England aforesaid at a place there called by the natives Wecanacohunt otherwise Hilton's point lying some two leagues from the mouth of the River Paskataquack in New England aforesaid where they have already built some houses, and planted Corne, And for that he doth further intend by Gods Divine Assistance, to transport more people and cattle." Livery of seizin was given on July 7, 1631, in the presence of William Hilton and others.

This preamble may not at first reading indicate much as to the date of Hilton's planting. Reread it several times, however, in the light of the knowledge that such preambles usually incorporated the most favorable statement of the deserts and good faith of the patentees, and one will be struck with the omission to set forth occupation and cultivation since 1623. Fortified with such a long-standing colony as the inveterate tradition assigns, Hilton would have had much earlier ground for a patent, and in 1629 far stronger statement would have been made. "Already," "some houses," "planted Corne," are colorless words to describe a plantation of six years standing; they connote rather, as Jenness points out, a rather young settlement; they point to the assumption of 1627

or 1628, rather than the year of "Pannaway."

And this is where the primary evidence as to Dover leaves us: There is no proof of any settlement before 1628. In the year 1623, both Levett and Bradford (William Hilton was then at Plymouth) had opportunity to know if Hilton's plantation then existed. Both wrote contemporaneous narratives from which they would hardly have omitted reference to the settlement if existent. Neither mentions it. What primary evidence there is negatives a settlement at Dover as early as 1623. Secondly, Pratt had opportunity of knowledge; though his silence might be explained by forgetfulness, his declaration that Thomson's was the first settlement has at least a remote value.

For secondary evidence, documented many years later, we have the declaration made in 1654 to the Massachusetts General Court by John Allen, Nicholas Shapleigh and Thomas Lake, who humbly presented "That Mr. Edward Hilton was possessed of this land [in Dover] about the year 1628, which is about 26 years ago." The petitioners were seeking to show title to the land in question, and had every reason to date their claim from the earliest possible year. If in their belief they could have placed the origin back to 1623, would they not have done so? The tendency of those times (as perhaps of others) was always to make the claim at least as broad as the proof would warrant—if not to enlarge it a bit.

There remains for discussion one other important document, a petition by William Hilton, Jr., made to the Massachusetts General Court on May 31, 1660. The preamble follows: "Where as your petitioners father William Hilton came ouer into New England about the year Anno: Dom. 1621: & yo^r petitioner came about one Yeare & an halfe after, and In a little tyme following set-

tled our selues vpon the River of Pis-chataq, with Mr. Edw: Hilton, who were the first English planters there." This document has by some historians been accepted as proving beyond doubt the settlement of Dover by the Hiltons in 1623. The argument is that "In a little tyme" means immediately; the rest is the mere addition of one and a half to 1621, making 1623.

Let us consider it carefully. First, we must remark that memory plays strange tricks after a lapse of thirty-seven years, which must lead us always to scrutinize any writing based on old memory. Here is a case in point. The petitioner says his father came over "about" 1621. That happens to be the correct year, as shown by the records of Plymouth Colony, but obviously the son did not trust his memory fully enough to give the date with assurance.

There is a special reason for assigning to this writing only a secondary evidential value. It states not only a thirty-seven-year old memory, but a memory of childhood events. To a child, a little time is usually long; to a man of middle life, somewhat lengthy periods of childhood may seem "a little tyme." Was it otherwise in this case? Mrs. William Hilton, Sr., and her two children arrived in Plymouth on the "Anne." The exact date cannot be fixed. The "Paragon" came the latter part of June, 1623. How long she stayed at Plymouth does not appear. A fortnight after she left for Virginia, Bradford says the "Anne" came in. So the arrival of the Hilton family must have been after the middle of July.

The Plymouth Records show that William Hilton was allotted one acre in 1623. After the "Anne" came in, there was an allotment to the settlers whom she brought, and Hilton's wife and "two children" were assigned three acres. Unfortunately there is no record showing when any of these

holdings were conveyed by Hilton, or when the Hiltons left Plymouth; but the grants to them as late as midsummer of 1623, when no further crops could be raised (and they could not be used for grazing, there being no cattle then in the colony) negatives the idea that on the arrival of the "Anne" the Hiltons had any thought of settling on the Piscataqua in a short time, even that William then knew of any definite plan of his brother to plant there. The writer is aware of the fact that the grants of 1623 were for that year only; but they were renewed in fee in 1624, and it is quite possible that when the passengers on the "Anne" received their grants it was foreseen they would soon be made permanent. The internal evidence of the records shows clearly that the grantees of 1624 received the identical lots they had in 1623.

So it is a quite possible inference that the William Hilton family intended to stay in Plymouth for the season of 1624, if not indefinitely; or they may have kept secret their plans and taken the land as a sort of unjust enrichment; or neither assumption may be true. Now we come to a tradition handed down by Hubbard and to be received rather critically. This states that the original trouble with Lyford and Oldham arose from the baptism of a child of William Hilton, unpermissible because the father was not of the Plymouth church. If this be true, the Hiltons were at Plymouth in 1624, for Lyford did not come over until that year. Whatever be the trustworthiness of such a tradition, it is at least consistent with the first of the three infer-

ences that William Hilton was still at Plymouth in 1624. If, then, his son was correct in declaring that Edward and William Hilton were the first English planters on the Piscataqua (waiving the question of the priority of Thomson at the smaller mouth of the river, and taking the statement to mean, as it seems to mean, that Edward and William went to the river together), it surely results that neither was at Hilton Point as a planter in 1623. So the secondary evidence leaves us just where the primary evidence did.

We shall therefore next year celebrate with assurance only the planting at Little Harbor. But Thomson abandoned his settlement in 1626 or soon after, and in 1630 his house was leased as headquarters for the servants of the Laconia patentees. They in turn abandoned it by 1633. Who thereafter occupied it we do not know. Long ago it fell into ruin, and nothing of it now remains except a few stones guessed to be the foundation of its chimney. There is no clear connection between "Pannaway" and the settlement begun at Strawberry Bank about 1631. So to Dover, whenever planted, belongs the honor of being our oldest plantation with an unbroken history.

That is honor enough. The signing of the settlement of Dover to the year 1623 has never, since the days of Hubbard, been more than an unnecessary assumption—an assumption glorified by repetition into a well-nigh general belief. One is reminded of the saying of Doctor Johnson: "Many things which are false are transmitted from book to book, and gain credit in the world."

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY.

Two memorial occasions in the month of May in New Hampshire centered public attention, each for a day, upon the greatest figures in the history of the Granite State, Daniel Webster and John Stark. On Tuesday, the 16th, at Nashua, the markers placed by the state at the beginning of the Daniel Webster Highway, near the border line between Massachusetts and New Hampshire, were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, including a very interesting address by Judge Charles R. Corning, president of the New Hampshire Historical Society, upon Webster, which we hope to print in full in the next issue of the Granite Monthly.

On Tuesday, May 9, at Manchester, under the auspices of the local Historical Association, due honor was paid to General Stark, of whose death the previous day had been the 100th anniversary. Captain Frank H. Challis presided, the High school pupils furnished music, Mayor George E. Trudel and others spoke and Governor Albert O. Brown delivered the principal address of the occasion as follows: Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen:

New Hampshire may well be called the mother of men. From the earliest times her sons have distinguished themselves on almost every accessible field of human endeavor. In public service they have been conspicuous and in private affairs, prominent. They have found advantage and comfort in peace and sacrifice and glory in war.

At the breaking out of the Revolution they constituted, from environment, a race of farmers and hunters. They were inured to arms. Indeed, until the end of the Seven Years War they had not for a moment been free from the Indian menace. But with the peace of

1760 many found their occupation gone. It was not for long, however. The war for independence in which they were to bear such a noble part, and chiefly in other states for theirs was not invaded, soon followed.

A list of great names adorns the pages of our early history, both as a province and a state. Bartlett, Whipple and Thornton, signers of the immortal declaration, Weare, Wentworth and Langdon, executives and legislators, and Stark, Sullivan and Cilley, soldiers in the field, may be taken as the representatives of a much larger group. The name of Stark stands at the very top of the list and is most often upon the tongues of men.

If it should seem strange that John Stark, born upon a frontier beset with savages, reared apart from schools and almost entirely deprived of the use of books, was able to acquire a considerable knowledge of military science and to gain admission to the society of such trained men as Howe and Washington, let it be remembered that his father was a native of Scotland and educated at the ancient University of Glasgow. It is natural to believe that during the long winter evenings as well as in other periods of enforced leisure, the father imparted to the son something of the learning he was so fortunate as to possess. Moreover there is proof of instruction by the mother. At all events, young Stark learned something of history. Among other things he became familiar with the campaigns of Alexander and of Charles the XII, both of whom he greatly admired.

To the knowledge gained at home he soon added that of the wilderness. As a hunter and trapper in the northern wilds, as a

prisoner of the Indians in Canada and as a forest ranger for many years, he learned all there was to know.

In the war between England and France his name and his presence were feared all the way from Albany to Quebec. His exploits and escapes were more remarkable even than those of Major Rogers himself. So highly was his opinion regarded that in the campaign of 1758 he was summoned by Lord Howe for a conference at headquarters, and the night before Howe fell the two men lay side by side on a bear-skin in the forest and for hours discussed the position of Ticonderoga and the best methods of approach.

It is known to every careful student that, despite the neglect of historians resident abroad, the battle of Bunker Hill was fought and won, so far as it was won at all, by New Hampshire men. In numbers, in valor, and in everything that makes for efficiency, they were far in the lead in that memorable conflict. As they approached Charlestown Neck their advance was halted by a body of deserters and skulkers who could not be forced into action over that narrow passage, even then swept by the fire of the British fleet. They were requested to advance or give way and let Stark pass. They did the latter. And Colonel Stark led his regiment, which marched slowly and with the precision of veterans, through the disordered mass and then through a rain of grape and canister, to its position on the hill.

In this connection it is fair to remark that not all of the men of the Revolutionary period were heroes. But it is comforting to believe that not one of those who had traveled all the way from their northern homes to engage the enemy wherever he might be found, joined the rabble behind the lines

or united with those faithless soldiers who from another hill looked down upon the battle, without rendering the aid or furnishing the supplies that would have meant victory to the American arms.

Stark's men were opposed by the Welsh fusileers, veteran soldiers with a proud record to maintain. Three times they advanced to the attack. Three times they were swept back with terrible loss. That morning they had numbered 700 strong. The next morning they could muster but 83 men.

Verily "the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd."

How did the men from Amoskeag fight on that eventful day? Captain John Moor and his small company strewed 96 dead bodies along the Mystic shore, exclusive of the officers, who were removed before the count was made.

When the powder which Sullivan had seized at Fort William and Mary at New Castle, at the time he began the war by the reduction of that fortress, and with which the battle of Bunker Hill was fought, failed, and Prescott was compelled to retreat, it was Stark who protected his rear and then withdrew his own troops in the same good order in which they had come upon the field.

It is true that the glory of Bunker Hill belongs at least to all who participated in the battle, but if it be asked who contributed most of experience, of daring, of military capacity and aptitude, to the fortunes of that day, the answer must inevitably be, John Stark.

There is no question about Bennington. The credit for that victory, as an achievement of command, belongs wholly to Stark. It was his capital service, and was in itself a supreme accomplishment.

Bennington, like Gettysburg, was the turning point of a great war. And it was relatively more important than Gettysburg, for the army of Lee escaped while that of Burgoyne was made an easy prey to General Gates. The attempt to separate New England from New York failed, and the way was opened for the French alliance. Thenceforth the fortunes of the colonies were in the ascendant.

Stark, although somewhat imperious, jealous of his rank and self-willed to the point of insubordination, continued in favor. He was gradually advanced until at the time of the fall of Yorktown he was stationed at Saratoga in full command of the Department of the North.

This assignment indicates that he was fitted for duties of a far more comprehensive nature than those that devolve upon a mere scout or even a combat officer. His appointment as a member of the court marshal that tried and convicted Andre points in the same direction. That he was possessed of great wisdom and prudence in civil as well as military affairs must be the conclusion of all who will read his letter to Governor Chittenden on the relations of Vermont to New York and New Hampshire.

General Stark needs a biographer just as the state needs a historian. If some author would perform for him a service similar to that recently rendered to his loyalist contemporary, John Wentworth, by Mayo, he would stand forth more plainly than he does now as the great military genius which all those who have investigated for themselves know him to have been. He would clearly appear as second only to George Washington among the great commanders of the Revolution.

By a joint resolution of long standing the legislature has called upon our successive governors to proclaim an Arbor Day at this season of the year. This has generally been done. In the present instance the day was made to fall upon the one hundredth anniversary of the death of New Hampshire's greatest soldier and trees have been set for him as well as those who have died in war that we may live in peace. It would not seem inappropriate to make Arbor Day and Stark Day permanently identical to be devoted, in some part and among other purposes, to memorial trees and vines and shrubs.

ENCHANTMENT

By J. Roy Zeiss

Lure of the stream, and evergreen pines,
 Fragrance of clover and honeysuckle vines;
 Blue of the mirrored lake in early morn,
 Rise of the sun in splendor reborn;
 Call of the quail, and song of the lark,
 Lap of the waves on the side of your bark;—
 Fall of the fly and leap of the trout,
 Flash of the silver! Your line running out!
 Flicker of the shadows in the camp-fire's gleam,
 Joys of the follower of forest and stream!

DANIEL WEBSTER, NEW HAMPSHIRE'S GIANT

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer.

Two men grow upon me as I grow older, and as I have more to do with political and public life—they are Lincoln and Webster. Lincoln, for his quiet wisdom and ability to get things done. Webster for his native powers of intellect. Webster was a giant. His poise in public life came from an intellect confident of itself.

Capt. Webster of Kingston, born 1739, married 1761, was the first to move into the "North Country" in New Hampshire after the French and English treaty of 1763 opened upper New Hampshire to settlement by the English along the coast. In the little two room frame house there was born on January 18, 1782, the greatest son of New Hampshire. Only the robust survived, and Daniel grew to be a man possessed of fine physical presence and great physical endurance. A boyhood spent among the hills, his sports those of the pioneer, fishing, hunting, he from the out-door life learned to love Nature, to see things from the out-door standpoint—to see them big. He loved to see the sunrise upon the eternal hills of upper New Hampshire—to gaze upon the vast ocean at Portsmouth and Hampton, and later from his adopted home at Marshfield. He loved the great friendly ox—the best friend of the settler; majestic, slow-moving, but sure and strong—they were like himself. And the last act of his life was to have his oxen driven on the lawn before his sick room window, so he might watch them feed. Life was hard and dull in the country of Webster's early life; no papers, few books, hardships and never-ending toil—but such environment stirred lads of native endowment like Lincoln, Greeley, Ballou, Webster—and he read and meditated and became a

man of wide information and sound knowledge.

Such was the life of the lad and young man, and as he steps upon the forum he seems fitted for that calling above all else. Just as Whitefield was fitted to be a great open-air preacher, so Webster was fitted for the forum of public life. His fine imagination, his stately eloquence, his love for his country—these fitted him to stand in Washington as America's Greatest Senator. President he was not destined to be, and it was well; the office of president would have detracted from his glory as America's greatest figure in parliamentary life and activity. And Webster won his fame, not at a time barren of great men—his colleagues were Clay, and Calhoun—"there were giants in those days" in the federal senate.

Alongside of the classics from Greece and Rome in their glory, we Americans can place the speeches at Bunker Hill, the Eulogy on Adams and Jefferson, the September speech at Marshfield, and the second speech on Foote's Resolution.

Webster symbolizes an epoch—he is the classic voice of America in the forming. Just as Washington stands for America struggling to be free and as Jefferson stands for America drawing up its form of organic government—so Webster stands for America as it finds itself and stands among the nations of the earth, the youngest, most alert, most virile, most just—of the earth's nations. He stood the great voice of the federal parliament, in that government, which as he himself expressed it is "The peoples' government, made for the

people, made by the people, and ever hear the name of Webster answerable to the people." spoken, without drawing a long No native of New Hampshire breath of pride, that he too, was who knows human history, will born in the old Granite State.

DILEMMA

By Cora S. Day

Riches and Greed and Pleasure
 Passed by me on the road.
 And not a one of them turned his head,
 Or helped me with my load.
 Then Love came by a-singing,
 And stopped to chat with me
 And before I knew he had taken all
 My load, and set me free.
 No—all he asked was the heart of me!
 Now—am I bond, or am I free?

THE WOODSEY TRAIL

By Adeline Holton Smith

I have no use for the highway
 Where automobiles glide:
 Give me the little woodsey trail
 That runs through the trees to hide.
 The trail that climbs to the ledges,
 The one to the shady pool,
 The one that wanders down the hill
 To the river swift and cool.

Give me the trail to the birches
 Where, on either side
 Under the ferns and mosses
 The Christmas berries hide.
 And the trail that crosses the pasture
 Where the drowsy cattle are
 That takes me straight to the shining gate
 Of sunset and vesper star.

EDITORIALS

Memorial Day, 1922, in New Hampshire, was well observed. Of all our holidays, it retains and expresses the most of the purpose for which it was instituted. This has been largely, though not by any means wholly, due to the fact that behind its observance is an organization once powerful by virtue of its numbers and still potent because of the great achievement to its credit in preserving the unity of our nation on the one right basis. So long as one veteran of the Civil War remains in a community as a living symbol of what Memorial Day means, that community is not likely to allow May 30 to pass without some fitting recognition of the war which saved the Union and the men who fought it.

But when the last member of the Grand Army of the Republic has answered the final roll-call, when the Boys in Blue are only a glorious memory, will their holiday be allowed to lose its meaning and become merely one more free day for motoring, sports and recreation? We hope not. There are very few places in this country where July 4 gives any justification for being known as Independence Day; but in the hundred thousand cemeteries where the grave of every dead soldier is carefully marked with flag and flowers Memorial Day means something, to the youngest child who follows the band and the soldiers, as well as the oldest survivor who enlisted under the Stars and Stripes when but a child himself.

Let us whose generation came between, who were too young to fight in the Civil War and too old to fight in the World War, try to do something of our part for patriotism by making certain, so far as the enacting of laws and the educating of sentiment can do it, that the decorating of these graves continues, in the manner and the spirit of those who founded and have faithfully carried on this beautiful custom.

Just the kind of a letter, for three reasons, which the Granite Monthly likes to receive, came in today's mail from Mr. Charles W. Aiken, the distinguished inventor and manufacturer, of Brooklyn, N. Y., whose old home town is Franklin, N. H. The three reasons were these: First, the letter enclosed a check in advance payment subscription; second, it said "The Granite Monthly is interesting and very well worth while;" third, it offered a valuable suggestion as to increasing the magazine's subscription list. Enough of that kind of mail makes a perfect day for an editor and publisher. "It is a valuable work you are doing and I will lift my mite," writes J. M. Post of Mascoma, accompanying a check. The current catalogue of Libbie, of Boston of New England history, listing 50 volumes of the Granite Monthly, says the set is "a veritable storehouse of historical matter relating to the state, with much valuable genealogical information, biography, local history, etc., not to be found elsewhere."

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

As interesting as the best fiction, yet of much value as an accurate historical record, is "The Cowboy," by Philip Ashton Rollins (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York). Mr. Rollins is a member of that distinguished New England family which has made so many important contributions to the literature of the nation as well as to its statecraft and finance, and, to its list the present work is a worthy addition. It is evidently a labor of love and one so well performed that even the casual reader, before he has turned many pages, comes to share the interest of the author in the subject of his portrait, "The Cowboy," not the theatric figure of the movies, but "an affirmative, constructive factor in the social and political development of the United States."

Mr. Rollins shows that he has read books, ransacked archives and consulted authorities in order to achieve correctness and completeness; which he has achieved to such an extent that we should call his work monumental, if that adjective was not likely to convey a false impression as to the readability of the narrative. But it is not his diligence as a student which is the main factor in the undoubted success of Mr. Rollins's book; it is the vivid variety of his personal experiences, dating back to the days when Jim Bridger told him about Kit Carson, and coming down to the present time. Through long years he has been the cowboy's close companion and warm friend; so that he knows him from sombrero to chaps; at work and at play; at the round-up or on the trail. Beyond that, and this is where the public gains an interesting story as well as a valuable source of information, Mr. Rollins makes his reader see the cow-

boy as he was and is; to appreciate his virtues and to understand his faults; to recognize in him "the spirit of the West." So true a picture, so honestly painted, deserves a permanent place in our national gallery of American types.

Publishers send us occasionally books which have not New Hampshire connection, but which we can recommend as of interest, for other reasons, to our readers.

Coningsby Dawson's "The Vanishing Point" (Cosmopolitan Book Corporation) is a thrilling tale of world war aftermath, in which the gifted author foresees monarchy and anarchy in mortal combat and America once more quelling the storm, this time with bread instead of bullets. Very famous people appear in the story under thin disguises and the "pull" of the plot in which they strangely figure never slackens.

"The Wild Heart," by Emma Lindsay Squier (Cosmopolitan Book Company) is an engaging record of friendships between a boy and girl, on the shore of Puget Sound, and a sea gull, a jack rabbit, a deer, a bear, a heron, a seal, a quail, a hawk. The degree of rapport attained between the humans and the wild things seem almost incredible, yet the story is told with a simplicity that breathes truth in every line. The publishers have given the book an attractive form, with illustrations and decorations by Paul Bransom.

"The Red Cavalier," by Gladys Edson Locke (The Page Company, Boston) is a mystery story of old England and old India with all the necessary ingredients of love, jealousy, murder, jewels, a cypher,

etc., skilfully mingled so that the interest does not flag through the 372 pages.

"Henrietta's Inheritance," by Lela Horn Richards (The Page Company, Boston), continues through another volume the life story of a girl heroine already very popular with a large circle of young readers; subjecting her to severe trials but bringing her in the end a college degree, a fortune and a lover; of all of which she will make good use, judging from the portrait of

her which Thelma Gooch has painted for the book cover.

The Page Company "Little Cousin" series now has reached a total of more than 50 titles, showing the popularity of this successful attempt to impart useful knowledge in pleasant form. Emily Goddard Taylor is the author of the latest issue which tells of the interesting island of Barbadoes and its Caribbean neighbors under the title, "Our Little West Indian Cousin."

THE TREE

By T. P. White

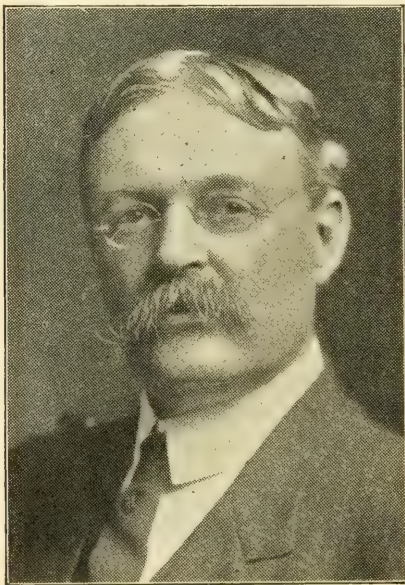
Silent and bare it stood when autumn days had past,
Gray as the leaden sky, braving the wintry blast.
Withered and sear there held onto its lofty arms
Scattering leaves of brown—remnants of glory's charms.
Weary and old it seemed, yet, sturdy, grand and strong,
Awaiting spring again, the balmy days, the song
Of mating birds. Its heart asleep dreamt of the time
When Nature's hand renews its work sublime.

Gladsome and gay there came the gentle winds of May;
Then with the tender leaves springing in wild array
Clothed and screened, the tree, out to the sky of blue,
Offering God its crown, extended arms anew.
Elfin and fairies danced under the swaying boughs,
As softly sighed the breeze carrying lovers' vows;
And Nature smiled. With sadness, mirth, laughter and
tears,
Onward, ever onward roll the seasons and years.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

CHARLES R. WALKER, M. D.

Charles Rumford Walker, M. D., died in Concord, April 22. He was born in that city, February 13, 1852, the son of Joseph B. and Elizabeth L. (Upham) Walker and a descendant in the fourth generation from Rev. Timothy Walker, first minister of Concord. He attended the public schools of Concord; then graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy in 1870, from Yale in 1874 and from the Harvard Medical school in 1878. After postgraduate work abroad, in Dublin, Lon-



DR. CHARLES R. WALKER

don, Vienna and Strassburg, he began the practice of his profession in Concord in 1881 and so continued until his death, not only winning high honors as a physician and surgeon, but also doing an amount of good as a doctor, citizen and friend which is beyond estimate, because so much of it is known only to the persons benefited.

He was a member of the New Hampshire Medical society, of which he was president in 1899; of the American Medical association; of the staffs of the Margaret Pillsbury and New Hampshire Memorial hospitals; and for 16 years was physician to St. Paul's school. During the war with Germany he served on the selective service board for his district.

Outside of his practice, Dr. Walker was best known as the active member of the board of trustees of the Timothy and Abigail B. Walker Lecture Fund, in which capacity he added greatly to the opportunities of the people of Concord for culture and entertainment. A Republican in politics, he could spare but little time from his profession for public service, but was a member of the board of aldermen in 1892 and of the state legislature in 1895 and had served on the Concord water board. At the time of his death he was president of the New Hampshire Savings Bank and trustee of the Rolfe and Rumford Asylum. At one time he was a surgeon in the New Hampshire National Guard. His clubs were the Wonolancet and Snowshoe of Concord.

June 18, 1888, Doctor Walker married in Boston, Frances Sheafe, by whom he is survived, with their two sons, Rev. Sheafe Walker and Lieut. Charles R. Walker, both graduates of Phillips Exeter and Yale and now of New York City.

JOSEPH W. LUND

Joseph Wheelock Lund, lawyer and sportsman, but best known, perhaps, for his activity as an alumnus of Harvard, died in Cambridge, Mass., May 5. He was born in Concord, March 14, 1867, the son of the late Charles Carroll and Lydia (French) Lund, and fitted at Phillips Andover academy for Harvard, where he graduated in 1890, being permanent secretary of the class. He graduated from the law school of the university in 1893 and had practised his profession in Boston since that date. He was an ardent rowing enthusiast, a trustee of the Weld Boat club at Harvard, and also was devoted to hunting and fishing. He was one of the chief workers in the campaign which resulted in erecting the handsome house of the Harvard Club of Boston and was chairman of the club's first house committee. He also was very active in the endowment drive of the university and in general was unceasing in his labors for Harvard. Mr. Lund never married. He is survived by a brother, Fred B. Lund, M. D., of Boston.

GEN. J. M. THOMPSON

Brigadier General John Milton Thompson, U. S. A., retired, died at Berkeley, Cal., April 6. He was born at Lebanon, August 1, 1842, the son of Ira and Cyn-

thia Wheeler (Spaulding) Thompson. He enlisted as a private in Company E., 7th N. H. Vols., Nov. 7, 1861, and served with distinction throughout the great conflict, being commissioned captain Nov. 7, 1863. July 28, 1866, he was appointed second lieutenant in the 38th U. S. Infantry and after almost 40 years of service was retired with the rank of brigadier general Aug. 9, 1903. Congress by special act issued three bronze medals in recognition of General Thompson's bravery, one for the Civil War, one for the Indian wars and one for the war in the Philippines. He was a member of the G. A. R., the Loyal Legion and the Sons of the American Revolution. Dartmouth college conferred upon him the honorary degree of master of arts in 1907. He is survived by his wife, Mrs. Carrie Ellis Thompson; a sister, Mrs. Ferdinand Davis, of Pomona, Cal.; a brother, Elbridge H. Thompson of Lebanon; and a son, J. Walcott Thompson, of Salt Lake City.

SPRING PROMISE

By M. White Sawyer

Pale yellow green of Spring is seen
Near brimming brooks, new grass is growing.
All living things from bondage spring
As waking Earth new life is showing.

The tulips start two leaves apart
In pensive mood the garden dreaming
Cool lilies lure with colors pure
In myriad shades the glades are teeming.

So may our hearts renew their hopes
Let Charity enrich our living
And like the flower laden slopes
Let Love rejoice in Kindness giving.

BITTE

By Walter B. Wolfe

If at Maytide I should die
let me lie
buttercups about my head,
faery bluets for my bed,
where some shady apple tree
snows white petals over me.

Should I die while lilacs bloom
and perfume
lazy breezes with their scent—
when the willows redolent
in their spring time fragrance wave,
let their shadow be my grave.

When the robin's roundelay
fills the day
pray, do not close me in a tomb
but in sunlight give me room—
where the lark has built her nest
couched in grasses I would rest.

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Common Stock	1,000,000	866,300
Secured 7% Notes, Due 1921-1930	1,067,500	1,067,500
First Mortgage and Prior Lien 6% Bonds	5,000,000	1,886,000

*In hands of public.

EARNINGS STATEMENT

Years Ending	Gross	Net	Gross
Dec. 31, 1920	1,837,401	404,124	22%
Aug. 31, 1921	1,960,924	491,489	25%
Oct. 31, 1921	1,977,054	519,992	26%
Dec. 31, 1921	2,015,275	547,560	27%

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PROPERTY VALUE approximately \$5 887,000—after deducting par value bonds and notes outstanding. valuation remaining is nearly three times the amount of Preferred Stock outstanding.

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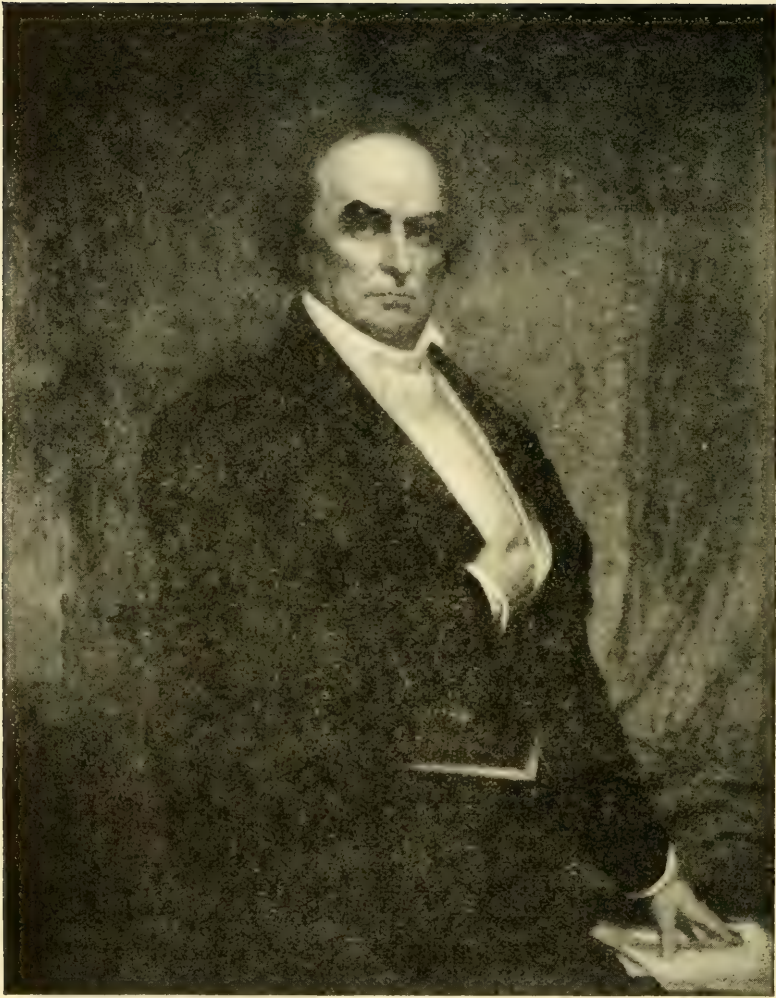
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DANIEL WEBSTER

The Pope Portrait, presented to Dartmouth College by Edward Tuck.

(Kindness of the Dartmouth Alumni Monthly)

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JULY, 1922

No. 7.

THE DANIEL WEBSTER HIGHWAY

In the city of Nashua, on the boundary line between New Hampshire and Massachusetts, there were dedicated with appropriate ceremonies, on Tuesday, May 16, 1922, two granite monuments, bearing bronze tablets which tell the world that there begins the Daniel Webster Highway.

Notable addresses were delivered by Judge Charles R. Corning of Concord, the orator of the day, Governor Albert O. Brown, representing the State of New Hampshire, and State Highway Commissioner John N. Cole of Massachusetts, representing that state in the regretted absence of Governor Channing H. Cox, New Hampshire native. Former State Senator William F. Sullivan of Nashua acted as master of ceremonies for the occasion, plans for which were made by Hon. George L. Sadler of the Executive Council, with the assistance of the Nashua Rotary Club. Mayor Henri A. Burque gave an address of welcome and Nashua people generally manifested their interest in the event by participating in an imposing automobile parade.

The address of Governor Brown was as follows:

"Mr. President, Ladies and Gentlemen: As with appropriate exercises we dedicate the monuments the state has set up to mark the beginning, within New Hampshire, of the great highway to which, by legislative enactment, she has assigned the name of her foremost son, it may be well briefly to recall the events which have led up to this celebration.

"The New Hampshire Bar association at its annual meeting in 1920 passed a resolution presented by the

Honorable Edgar Aldrich which requested its president to appoint a committee of 15 to make known the fact that it was the sense of the association that as a tribute to a son of New Hampshire—and to the most famous expounder of the Federal Constitution—one of the main boulevards from the Massachusetts line to the northern boundary of the state, or as far northerly as might be deemed most appropriate, should be statutorially designated and properly marked as the Daniel Webster Highway.

"In pursuance of this resolution a committee was created, with Judge Aldrich at its head. A letter from the committee to the governor was transmitted to the Legislature for consideration. Thereupon a statute was enacted which provides that the great New Hampshire highway beginning at the Massachusetts boundary and running northerly through many cities and towns to Colebrook be given the name of Daniel Webster Highway.

"Soon after this enactment, The John Swenson Granite company of Concord proceeded, in accordance with an offer previously made, to quarry, cut and donate to the state the two beautiful markers of New Hampshire granite, which, with the highway itself, afford the occasion of our coming together.

"The bronze tablets were cast by William Highton and Sons company of Nashua. The foundations were laid and the monuments placed in position by the Highway Department of the state government.

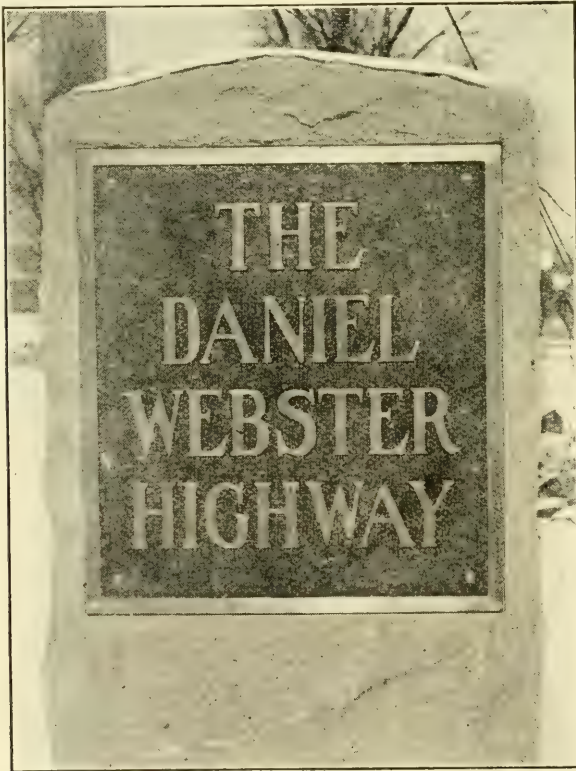
"The state can pay no higher tribute to her most illustrious son than to name for him her greatest avenue of

travel. Over it he journeyed, for many years between his home in Massachusetts and his home in New Hampshire. He always admired it as he went, and well he might.

"It lies in the broad basin of the Merrimack; it follows the indented shores of the lakes; it winds in and out among the foothills; it ascends the steep valley of the Pemigewasset; it threads the Franconia notch; it

Hampshire and gave to her such noble features. It is nature, the painter, that, in the course of each revolving year, illuminates those features with all the colors of the rainbow.

"Over this road, in wagons and in sleighs, once went the commerce of the north. Then it sought the river and the rail. Now, with the improvement of the road bed and



passes close to the Flume, the Pool, the Old Man of the Mountain, Echo Lake and the giants of the Presidential Range; it crosses the rich intervals of the Connecticut, and is lost among the green hills of Vermont. In short, for nearly two hundred miles within our borders, it traverses a region of unequalled and magnificent beauty. It was nature, the sculptor, that fashioned New

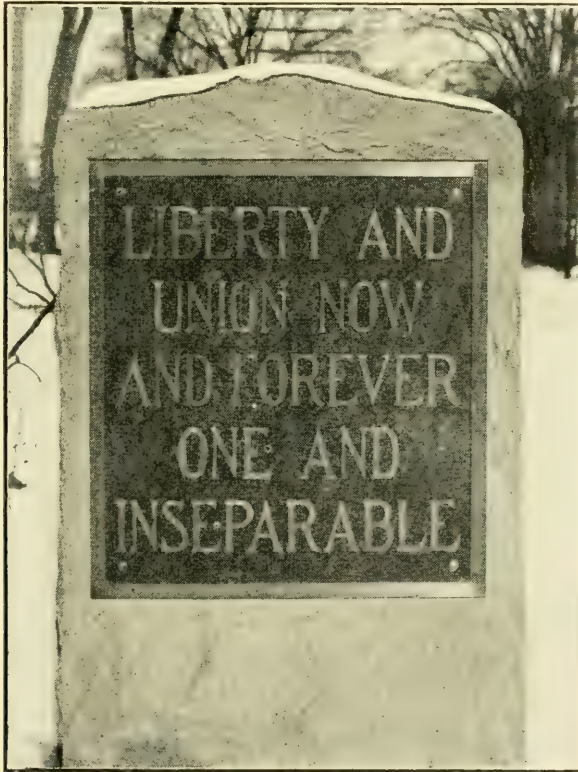
the advent of trucks, it is coming back again.

"It will doubtless remain and increase. Here will pass at least the local traffic of the future. Over this road, too, during each vacation season, there will come, as there does at present, a multitude of people from every section of our own country as well as every quarter of the globe. It is

assuredly fitting that the state should dedicate this great highway, now properly designated and suitably marked, to the memory of him whom she gave to the country to be its foremost lawyer, orator and statesman.

"This occasion should not be allowed to pass without some tribute to the distinguished jurist who so ear-

no similar evidence of another habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. He was graduated from the law department of the University of Michigan at 20 and later received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from that institution as well as from Dartmouth college. To him belonged the unique distinction of admission to the bar



nestly sought the legislation that has resulted in these exercises. He was born in the northernmost town in the state and within a few miles of the line established by that capital achievement in diplomacy, the Webster-Ashburton treaty. He could say of his father's house, substantially in the language of the great statesman he desired to honor, that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills there was

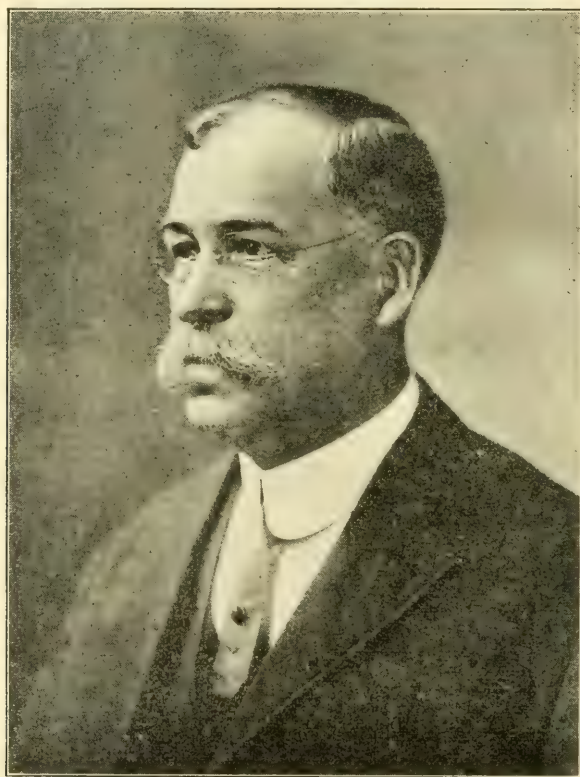
before the constitutional age of 21.

"For nearly 25 years he practiced his profession with conspicuous success. For 30 years he graced the bench of the Federal Court for the District of New Hampshire, devoting most of his time, however, to the work of the United States Circuit Court of Appeals in Boston. It is safe to say that no judge ever administered the affairs of the court for this district with greater tact, dignity and ability

than did Edgar Aldrich. And when upon a recent date his death was announced, it was universally felt that a capable lawyer, a competent judge and a public spirited citizen had been called to his reward."

The oration by Judge Charles R. Corning, President of the New Hampshire Historical Society, was as follows:

Nearly seventy years have passed since the burial at Marshfield, yet criticism continues to take liberty with his memory, biographers are not of one mind, and even historians find the scales difficult to adjust. His character has been summoned before the judgment seat of the anti slavery period and a verdict rendered followed by criticism as bitter as it is persistent. To many of us all this



GOVERNOR ALBERT O. BROWN

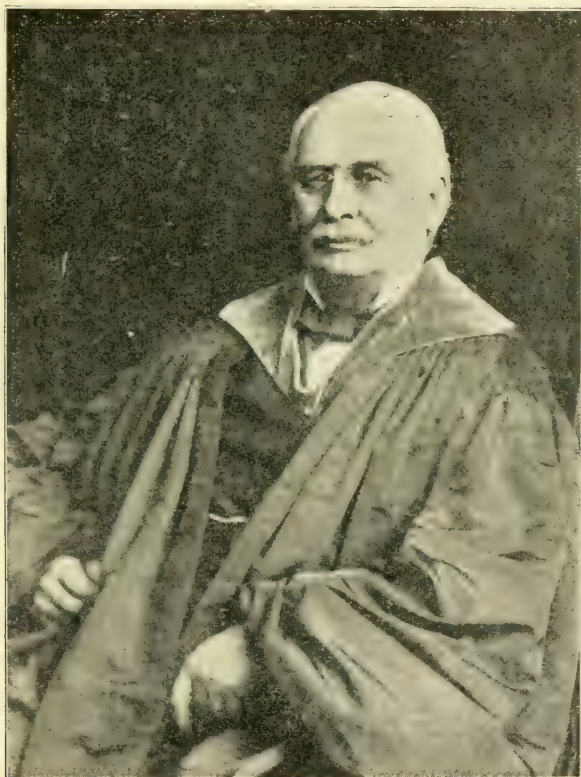
It is a pleasure and an honor to be asked to speak of Daniel Webster at any time but it is a peculiar gratification to speak of him on an occasion like this. Moreover, this is a representative gathering of New Hampshire citizens which Mr. Webster so loved and welcomed. Some of his most felicitous remarks were made at gatherings of this kind.

is explained when we consider that at the time of the Seventh of March speech in 1850, the public mind of the North had ceased to regard slavery as an economic question, and looked upon it as a great moral issue. Webster's death two years later had no effect on partisan rancor; his was an ever open grave.

At a memorial meeting in Concord

assembled in the Representatives' Hall on Monday, the day after his death, Franklin Pierce then in nomination for the Presidency, uttered these impressive sentiments: "How do merely earthly honors and distinctions fade amid a gloom like this! How political asperities are chastened—what a lesson to the living! What an admonition to personal malevolence, now awed and subdued,

Franklin Pierce and yet Daniel Webster lives. He lives in our imagination and we sons of New Hampshire cherish his memory and love to recall his great career with its splendid achievements. My purpose today is not to speak of Mr. Webster as a public or professional man but as a nature lover. He frequently remarked that he ought to have been a naturalist and written a work describ-



THE LATE JUDGE EDGAR ALDRICH.

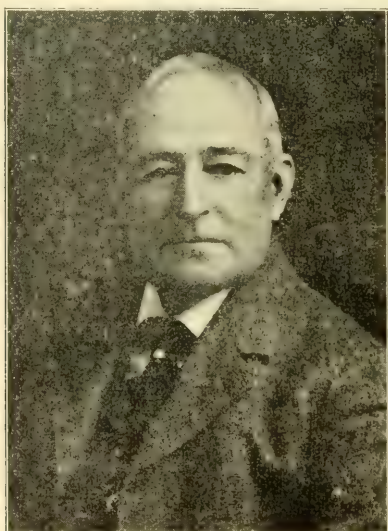
as the great heart of the nation throbs heavily at the portals of his grave." Alas, these words spoken by a lifelong political opponent, sweetened with an appeal for Christian charity, fell upon the unforgiving and caused the flame of passion to glow and sparkle.

More than two generations have gone since the eloquent words of

ing the varied scenery of New Hampshire and the awful majesty of the ocean. His love of nature attended him through life and no visitor was more welcome than Mr. Audubon, the ornithologist. Consequently the Daniel Webster Highway impresses us as a singularly appropriate name to bestow on this picturesque thoroughfare. Through those granite por-

tals shall pass countless thousands during the years to come eager to behold the gentle valley of the Merrimack, the rising foot hills beyond comely Kearsarge, the serene and manifold charms of Sunapee, of Squam and of Winnepesaukee onward to the eternal White Hills which Webster knew so well and loved so dearly.

Our State always found a warm and earnest eulogist in Mr. Webster, he missed no occasion to describe New Hampshire, to tell her history and recall her legends.



JUDGE CHARLES R. CORNING.

Speaking as the presiding officer at the famous festival of the Sons of New Hampshire held in Boston in 1849, he painted this picture of our little state—"We value it for what Nature has conferred upon it, and for what her hardy sons have done for themselves. We have not forgotten that its scenery is beautiful; that its skies are all healthful; that its mountains and lakes are surpassingly grand and sublime. If there be anything on this continent, the work of Nature, in hills, and lakes, and seas, and woods,

and forests, strongly attracting the admiration of all those who love natural scenery, it is to be found in our mountain State of New Hampshire." "It happened to me lately to visit the northern parts of the state. It was Autumn. The trees of the forests, by the discoloration of the leaves, presented one of the most beautiful spectacles that the human eye can rest upon. But the low and deep murmur of those forests, the fogs and mists, rising and spreading, and clasping the breasts of the mountains, whose heads were still high and bright in the skies,—all these indicated that a wintry storm was on the wing; the spirit of tempests would speak. But even this was exciting; exciting to those of us who had been witnesses before of such stern forebodings, and exciting in itself as an exhibition of the grandeur of natural scenery. For my part, I felt the truth of that sentiment, applied elsewhere and on another occasion, that

"The loud torrent and the whirlwind's roar,
But bound me to my native mountains more."

Daniel Webster was born in Salisbury, now a part of Franklin, January 8, 1782, where his birthplace is preserved and cared for, situated but a short distance from the highway bearing his name. In an address at Saratoga in 1840, he has this to say of that spot. "It did not happen to me to be born in a log cabin; but my elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, raised amid the snow drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that, when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney, and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada. Its remains still exist. I

make it an annual visit." When Daniel was a child his father moved to the farm three miles to the East known for many years as the Elms, and in our day as the Webster Place now owned by the New Hampshire Orphans' Home. There Webster grew to youth and amid the invigorating and inspiring great out-of-doors which created an admiration and love that grew stronger with advancing years.

date always appealed strongly to his sentiments and affection and there he spent many happy and carefree days year after year, his last visit being a few weeks before his death. Horace did not love his Sabine farm more passionately than Daniel Webster loved his paternal acres at Franklin. Perhaps Mr. Webster idealized his possessions as this letter to his friend Blatchford might suggest. Here it is:



COUNCILOR GEORGE L. SADLER.

The Merrimack was only a few yards away and the foot hills of the White Mountains were in plain view. The Pemigewasset "the beau-ideal of a mountain stream, cold, noisy and winding" as Webster called it, a mile or two distant never lost its charm to the boy or the man.

Elms Farm, which came into Mr. Webster's possession at an early

Elms Farm, October 23, 1850,
Tuesday morning before sunrise.

My dear Sir:—

This castle has a pleasant seat; the air kindly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses—

"Throw physic to the dogs: I'll none of it;

Nor rhubarb, senna, nor a purgative drug."

But Dunsinane was a poor, foggy, sickly spot, compared with Elms Farm; nor did Scotland ever see such a forest prospect as the sun at this moment begins to shine upon. The row of Maples, by the side of my field, for half a mile, shows like a broad line of burnished gold; and the hill-side, west of the house, displays every possible variety of tint, from the deepest and darkest evergreen to the brightest orange. In half an hour I shall be ascending some of the hills. It seems to me the finest morning I ever saw. "Chips" enough; and, by the looks of John Taylor's larder, we can "laugh a siege to scorn."

John Taylor was head farmer at the Elms, a friend and companion, between whom and Mr. Webster a tender and confidential intimacy always subsisted. His familiar letters to Taylor about planting, harvesting and cattle and sheep, filled with practical suggestions and embellished with pertinent quotations from Virgil show the great man at his best. Horses and dogs Mr. Webster never particularly cared about but big and sleek cattle found in him a passionate lover. On the Elms Farm a hundred head of those creatures grazed silently under the eyes of their devoted master. The neighborhood, its legends and its inhabitants were dear and interesting to him, he loved to talk with the farmers and their wives, he gained strength by his walks along the old paths and hilly highways. A fisherman all his days from Punch brook with its trout to Marshfield with its cod, he took a lively delight in the placid water of Lake Como, as he called the picturesque body which we recognize in our day as Webster Lake, some three miles from the Elms. There he kept a boat for himself and his angling friends. To meet him in those days of rec-

reation was to see a man in farming clothes, a white slouched hat, carrying a stout stick, looking like a stalwart drover or a well to do farmer. And yet, the impressive presence of the man arrested one's attention, instinctively suggesting that he was typical of the scenery surrounding him. In a letter written in 1845 Daniel Webster has this to say about his New Hampshire home.

"This is a very picturesque country. The hills are high, numerous and irregular—some with wooded summits, and some with rocky heads as white as snow. I went into a pasture of mine last week, lying high upon one of the hills, and had there a clean view of the White Mountains in the northeast, and of Ascutney, in Vermont, back of Windsor, in the west; while within these extreme points was a visible scene of mountains and dales, lakes and streams, farms and forests. I really think this region is the true Switzerland of the United States." Whether or not that reference to Switzerland originated with Mr. Webster, I am unable to say, but it has always appeared to be an exuberant expression scenically delusive when we consider that New Hampshire possesses no Alps and Switzerland has no sea coast. We cannot picture this sincere and devoted worshipper of Nature and its majestic mysteries without associating him with another spot he dearly loved and constantly longed for, Marshfield. And in this connection I am certain that I express the lively hope of all people of our state that the Daniel Webster Highway, beginning at the last home of Webster may wend its way across the old Commonwealth to these granite posts, thence along the serene river valley to the birth place and then northward to the unchanging peaks.

"Marshfield and the sea, the sea,"

was his only home during the last twenty years of his life. It was there that he entertained his friends and indulged in the pleasures and perils of the gentleman-farmer. To breed fine oxen was his passion, he gloried in their sturdy patience and power and in his last hours we see the dying man seated at the window feasting his fad-

the limitless sea, amid brown marshes and sand-dunes, where the sense of infinite space is strongest." "I take to myself the wings of the morning," he used to exclaim when oppressed with public labors and his thoughts flew to Marshfield, for there he said he grew stronger every hour. "The giants grew strong again by touch-



HON. WILLIAM F. SULLIVAN.

ing eyes on the sleek herd driven slowly by for his inspection. In the words of Senator Lodge: "He loved everything that was large. His soul expanded in the free air and beneath the blue sky. All natural scenery appealed to him,—Niagara, the mountains, the rolling prairie, the great rivers—but he found most contentment beside

ing the earth; the same effect is produced on me by touching the salt Seashore."

In these days of costly construction and expensive maintaining of our state roads suitable for the travel thereon, as the legal phrase has it, let us think back a hundred years more or less and try to picture the means of communication

during the greater part of Webster's life. It is interesting to recall that the railroad from Nashua to Concord was built only ten years before Webster's death. We know from his letters and speeches to what extent Mr. Webster travelled up and down the highways and turnpikes of his day and we know from these sources what he thought about good roads. I venture to say that Daniel Webster was one of the first men, if not the first, to foresee and predict the economic and gratifying results of a good highway. His imagination saw the possibilities of the future while his all embracing comprehension pictured the Republic as an ever growing interlacement of highways, canals and railroads. Webster had long turned his fiftieth birthday before transportation by steam became a common experience even in New Hampshire. And from his early years he was a not infrequent traveler over the rough and toilsome country roads. Here is an incident interesting to modern Nashua. Mrs. Ezekiel Webster, at that time a visitor here, received this note dated at Boston, June 14, 1831. "*****it is our intention to set off on Thursday morning for Boscawen, by way of Nashua Village. Weather being favorable, we may be expected Thursday afternoon at Nashua and shall be happy to have you go north with us. I am under the necessity of being at Concord, at noon on Friday; so that I shall be obliged to put you to the distress of an early rising on that day."

The time enumeration may seem curious to us motor car enthusiasts but we should bear in mind that in the year 1831, methods of public travel had not changed much since the Golden Age of Rome.

The incident I shall now mention affords interest and mild amusement concerning the subject of

good roads. It appears that along in the eighteen twenties Mr. Webster was an owner of a domain consisting of wild lands somewhere in the region we in our day know as Dixville Notch. But a century ago a landed proprietor in that remote part of New Hampshire was an object of commiseration rather than of envy and Daniel Webster was no exception. During the longest day in midsummer 1829 Mr. Whittemore at Dixville wrote to Webster at Boston a description of the local situation. "The inhabitants of this town," he says, "are now reduced to two. The roads are so bad there is little travel. Last year the bridges were all carried off, and two large slides came down in the Notch. We did seventy days work on the road before teams could pass." And then is added a direct appeal for aid. "I am no beggar all I ask is justice among men. Your lamented brother told me that Daniel would be willing to lay out a hundred or two dollars on the road, if that would satisfy me, but that you considered such sum only as an entering wedge for a larger sum you can guess pretty near what men say, when they get their horses off the Notch, and have them lay in the gulf two or three days, which has several times been the case. Now, sir, if you will assist in repairing the road, you will let me know how and when."

Mr. Whittemore signs his letter as 'your long neglected and humble servant.' What effect that had on Mr. Webster's sense of responsible proprietorship is not disclosed among his correspondence. But we possess proof that good roads was a subject of frequent thought and consideration to him all his life long.

In my collection is a letter to Israel Kelly, written April 16, 1835, apprising him of a visit to his old home: "I intend to go to Franklin

soon, but am willing to delay for a little while, in hopes of better weather and better roads."

In August 1847, the Northern Railroad was completed as far as Grafton, where a celebration was held bringing together a large number of persons, for it was understood that Mr. Webster would be present. In that informal address he recalled his early associations with the surrounding country, its localities and its inhabitants and furnished us with an account of the early conditions as he had known them in his youth. No where in all his Works and Letters is there anything more historical in incident or more appropriate to be repeated on this occasion. Listen to what Mr. Webster had to say about himself and his experiences during the early years of the last century.

"In my youth and early manhood I have traversed these mountains along all the roads or passes which lead through or over them. We are on Smith's River, which, while in College, I had occasion to swim. Even that could not always be done; and I have occasionally made a circuit of many rough and tedious miles to get over it. At that day, steam, as a motive power, acting on water and land, was thought of by nobody; nor were there good, practicable roads in this part of the State. At that day, one must have traversed this wilderness on horseback or on foot. So late as when I left College, there was no road from river to river for a carriage fit for the conveyance of persons. I well recollect the commencement of the system of turnpike roads. The granting of the Charter of the fourth turnpike, which led from Lebanon to Boscawen, was regarded as a wonderful era. I remember to have attended the first meeting of the proprietors of this turnpike at Andover. It was difficult to per-

suade men that it was possible to have a passable carriage road over these mountains. I was too young and too poor to be a subscriber, but I held the proxies of several absent subscribers, and what I lacked in knowledge and experience I made up in zeal. As far as I now remember, my first speech after I left College was in favor of what was then regarded as a great and almost impracticable internal improvement, to wit, the making of a smooth, though hilly road, from the Connecticut River opposite the mouth of the White River, to the Merrimack River at the mouth of the Contoocook. Perhaps the most valuable result of making these and other turnpike roads was the diffusion of knowledge upon road-making among people; for in a few years afterward, great numbers of people went to Church, to electoral and other meetings, in chaises and wagons, over very tolerable roads." Toward the close of that impromptu speech Mr. Webster introduced a touch of humor. "Fellow citizens, can we without wonder consider where we are, and what has brought us here? Several of this company left Boston and Salem this morning. They passed the Kearsarge on the left, the Ragged Mountains on the right, have threaded all the valleys and gorges and here they now are at two o'clock at the foot of the Cardigan Hills. They probably went to the market this morning, ordered their dinners, went home to a leisurely breakfast, and set out on their journey hither. By the way, if they had thought fit, (and it would have been a happy thought) they might have brought us a few fish taken out of the sea at sunrise this morning, and we might enjoy as good a fish dinner as our friends are now enjoying at Phillips's Beach or Nahant. This would have been rather striking; a chowder at

the foot of the Cardigan Hills would have been a thing to be talked about."

And so during his life Daniel Webster availed himself of fitting opportunities to express his love of New Hampshire and his appreciation of its serene and rugged scenery.

To a man with an imagination so strong and vivid the opening of the railroad with the immense possibilities awaiting its extension moved him profoundly and caused him to look into the future with prophetic vision. His mind comprehended the whole Republic. I do not venture to say that the railroad inspired him with awe but its swiftness of communication as compared with the methods of his youth and middle age never ceased to impress him. In a note written from Elms Farm a year or two before his death we detect this thought. He writes: "I am here, in two hours and three-quarters from Boston, ninety-two miles, without fatigue, and feeling pretty strong." In a little note containing fewer than fifty words, his love of Nature and homely comforts are delightfully disclosed. "The weather cold—a little cloudy—heavy frost yesterday morning. The foliage *in-describably beautiful*. John Taylor straight up. Henry and I his only guests, and three glorious chip-fires already burning. Can you resist that?"

Sydney Fisher, one of the fairest of biographers, says that Webster's mind and memory evidently worked entirely by the picture method. His knowledge was all pictured concretely in actual scenes, usually from nature. One sees this constantly in reading his speeches. He seems to be walking among these scenes and fields of his memory and picking up the information which he describes from its locality.

Nature in every form appealed and spoke to Mr. Webster all his life long

and the writing of a book on the subject of Natural History was never wholly absent from his mind. What the result would have been it is idle to discuss, yet where was there a man better equipped by observation and love of Nature than Daniel Webster?

One more quotation and I am done. Surely a man who in a letter to a friend describes one of the most sublime spectacles in the pageantry of Nature as Webster described Niagara Falls removes our doubts concerning his competency as an author. Nearly a century ago Mr. Webster, with Judge Story, visited Niagara and this is Mr. Webster's picture painting.

"Water, vapor, foam, and the atmosphere are all mixed up in sublime confusion. By our side, down comes this world of green and white waters, and pours into the invisible abyss. A steady, unvarying, low toned roar thunders incessantly upon our ears; as we look up, we think some sudden disaster has opened the seas, and that all their floods are coming down upon us at once; but we soon recollect that what we see is not a sudden or violent exhibition, but the permanent and uniform character of the object which we contemplate. There the grand spectacle has stood for centuries, from the creation even, as far as we know, without change. From the beginning it has shaken, as it now does, the earth and the air; and its unvarying thunder existed before there were human ears to hear it."

The likeness which I have tried to present to you is of the man Webster, who interpreted the meaning of the sun, the moon, the stars, the restless ocean, the valleys, the hills, and the mountains, the brooks and rivers, the lakes here and everywhere, whose wonderful mind loved to contemplate the homely life of our ancestors and to invest their annals and legends with a living reality. I have spoken of Webster as one of us; not as a

giant genius apart but as a New Hampshire man whose great nature overflowed with love for his native State. And so may we not all agree that the Daniel Webster Highway is not a meaningless name, and may we not hope that Divine Providence permits Webster's spirit to look down upon us to-day with benign approval.

LODESTARS.

By Fanny Runnells Poole.

SHE

Here where the Sea glows like an amber wine,
 Here let us rest, your head upon my knee;
 Here where your eyes more softly-radiant shine,
 As if for love of me.

Because so great a love hath made you wise,
 Perchance you know the secret of the Sea,—
 Some mystery that in her bosom lies,
 Which pray reveal to me!

HE

Greater than Love no mystery abides;
 But would you brave the deep beyond the bar,
 Fix not your faith upon the changing tides,
 But on your guiding star.

Each heart must bear the joy and pain of life;
 Heaven grant us power to wrestle with the tides,
 And faith, above the peril and the strife,
 To find the star that guides.....

And if my whole heart hath gone forth full fain
 To twin-lights in one angel-woman's brow,
 Guidance that should be Heaven's, do I in vain
 Entreat such guidance now?

SHE

Forgive me, Love, that I have been too proud
 To own myself the recompense you prize.
 And as to lodestars, though a myriad crowd,
 Mine long have been your eyes.

PRE-REVOLUTIONARY LIFE AND THOUGHT IN A WESTERN NEW HAMPSHIRE TOWN.

By George B. Upham.

IV.

A report made in 1771 by the Society's Missionaries in Massachusetts and New Hampshire gives us an outside glimpse of the parochial school in Claremont. It is to the effect that "Mr. Cole's School, lately established by the Society at Claremont, answers their expectation. He has near 30 constant Scholars, besides some children of Dissenters."⁽¹⁾

Of the next letter of the Schoolmaster we have only the brief abstract in the *Journal*, Vol. 19, p. 245.

Meeting.....15 May, 1772

A Letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, N. Hampshire, N. E. dated Nov'r 4, 1771 acquainting the Society that there has been an addition to his school from the Dissenters and the whole number is now forty.

In teaching forty children, if he had nothing else to do, our aged schoolmaster must have been exceeding busy; but Samuel Cole, Esquire was farmer as well as schoolmaster. This we learn from private marks of owners of cattle, sheep and swine, recorded in the Town Clerk's office in 1771. The "Salary of £15 per ann." had apparently proved insufficient to keep body and soul together.

The day's work in chill December began long before the light of day, by a candle's struggling rays emitted through holes punched in a sheet-iron cylinder, for such was the lantern of the period. The

early work done in this precarious light was the feeding and care of domestic animals. Then after shovelling paths, carrying and piling the day's supply of wood by the home hearthstone, and a hasty breakfast in the kitchen, came the hurried tramp to the schoolhouse. There, with perhaps the aid of an older boy, more wood to be carried and piled and the fire started in the great stone fireplace against the coming of the children. Then, maybe, a path to be shovelled through the drifted snow.

The children come in groups of twos and threes or more, with perhaps a frosted ear requiring immediate attention. The little tots, with their well thumbed primers, place their low three-legged stools nearest the fire. The long plank benches are drawn up and quickly filled behind. Furthest from the fire, and where little of its friendly warmth reaches him, the kindly old schoolmaster reads the morning prayer, hears and explains answers in the Catechism; and then three hours of earnest work broken only by a short recess. Faint hearts struggling with the alphabet and words of one syllable are to be encouraged; those in various stages of the three R's, to be helped along; the spelling classes for the older boys and girls excite interest and emulation; and then, perhaps, comes the teaching of a little Latin, Greek and mathematics to an older boy, ambitious to enter "Dr. Wheelock's School at Hanover."⁽²⁾ In the afternoon

(1) See *Historical Magazine* (Morrisania, N. Y.) Vol. VII, Second Series, p. 358. The only clergymen of the Church of England at that time, 1771, in New Hampshire were the Rev. Arthur Browne of Portsmouth and the Rev. Moses Badger, Itinerant Missionary of the Society in this Province.

(2) The name Dartmouth College, in honor of its benefactor Lord Dartmouth, had been given in the charter granted by Gov. John Wentworth, acting in the name of George the Third, December 13th, 1769. But as "Dr. Wheelock's School at Hanover" it was known to many for a considerable time thereafter.

three hours more, much the same, ending with the singing class trying some old Christmas Carols, anticipatory of that festal day and Christmas Eve with its evergreens and many candles. As the children leave for home the childish trebles of the carol continue sounding 'neath natures beautiful cathedral, the tall, columnar, snow-laden pines. But the farmer-schoolmaster's labors are far from finished, for all the home chores of the morning must be repeated before the old man's day's-work is done.

The abstract of the next letter to the Society is short. (Journal, Vol. 20, p. 96). Some information may, however, be gathered by reading between the lines.

Meeting.....18 March 1774

A letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, New Hampshire, May 26, 1773 in which he writes that the people are impatient for the return of Mr. Cossit and have made good progress in the building of their Church. The town increases. There are in it 78 Ratables, in which is included 23 Conformists. Some families border in principle upon the Seventh Day Baptists. The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters and *Delaw's Plea*, are industriously spread by the Dissenters notwithstanding which the Church of England encreases.

The Mr. Cossit mentioned is the Rev. Ranna Cossit who had been appointed by the Society to the parishes of the Church of England at Haverhill and Claremont. He was at the date of this letter at his home in Connecticut, or, perhaps, still on the long voyage back from England where he had been ordained by the Bishop of London. The words, "impatient for the return of Mr. Cossit," indicate that he had been in Claremont before, which seems not unlikely for his brother, Ambrose Cossit, was one of the early settlers.

The statement in this letter of May 26, 1773 that "the people..... have made good progress in the building of their Church" indicates that probably it was begun in 1772; for

the difficulty of carrying on building operations in the winter, especially digging for foundations, and the almost impassable condition of the roads in the spring, render it unlikely that much progress could have been made in the latter days of May, if the work had been begun in 1773.

"Ratable" is a term still used in England to designate a person having property sufficient to be assessed for taxes.

The "Seventh Day Baptists" are distinguished from other Baptists mainly by the observance of the seventh day of the week,—Saturday, as their day of worship, instead of Sunday. They have the words of the fourth commandment to back them, and probably use the argument that Sunday, (the Sun's day,) was originally the title of a pagan holiday; an argument somewhat weakened by the fact that the names of the six other days are also of pagan origin. The Puritans of the Bay Colony, under the leadership of the Rev. John Cotton, got over this difficulty by a compromise, making their holy day from Saturday evening to Sunday evening.

"The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters," referred to as "industriously spread," is in full title "The Dissenting Gentleman's Letters and a Postscript in Answer to Mr. J. White on that Subject," signed "A. Dissenter," but known to have been written by one Micaiah Towgood. This book was published in numerous editions in London, and in several in New England. The "Letters",—and those to which they reply,—are typical of the dreary, yet pungent, controversies that theologians of the eighteenth century indulged and delighted in. Almost unintelligible today, their sole interest is in showing the indigestible nature of the intellectual pabulum our forefathers were expected to study and assimilate.

"De Laune's Plea," also "industriously spread," was likewise controversial. The full title is "A PLEA for the Non-Conformists; Shewing The true State of Their CASE." "By Thomas De Laune." The first edition was published in 1683. It was reprinted at least six times before the vigorous Preface written for the edition of 1706 was added. This was contained in all of the many subsequent editions in England and America. Much of the argument of the "Plea" is so confused that it is impossible to follow it. We are, however, left in no doubt that the Reverend author disagreed with somebody about something.

It may be suspected that the Preface, written by Daniel Defoe, author of "Robinson Crusoe," and the added "Narrative of the Sufferings" of De Laune in prison, were of far more effect than the "Plea" itself. Defoe, himself an active dissenter, here belabors the established church in lucid and lively style; he also scores the dissenters for their parsimony in refusing to subscribe £66 to pay the fine, and procure the release of their champion from the prison in which he died for his belief, "in the Days of that Merciful Prince, King Charles the Second."

Aside from the household of the schoolmaster, and the homes of those of the supposedly learned professions, the books mentioned in the foregoing letters, together with a smoke-begrimed and tattered almanack hanging by the fireside, and possibly a copy of *The Pilgrim's Progress* or *Paradise Lost*, are about all in print that would have been found in the homes of the early settlers in Claremont, and of pre-Revolutionary settlers in nearly all of the smaller New Hampshire towns. The toil required to gain shelter, fuel, food and clothing,—the care of domestic animals included,—left little time for reading, even to those who were thus

inclined. The quaint and often blurred print of these old books rendered them not easy reading in the dim light of a pine knot or of a sputtering tallow candle.

The next and last letter received by the Society in London from Mr. Cole is abstracted in its *Journal*, Vol. 20, p. 351, as follows:

Meeting.....April 21, 1775

A Letter from Mr. Cole, Schoolmaster at Claremont, N. Hampshire, dated Dec'r 26, 1774, apologizing for his not writing before on account of the difficulty of getting a letter transmitted to Boston. He has met with rough treatment from the Mob, having been threatened and seized, but was rescued by the friends of Government. The fury is little abated. He taught in his school last winter the usual number. The Selectmen of the Town have all signed the Solemn League and Covenant. He shall always serve the interests of Learning and Loyalty to the utmost of his power.

If it was difficult to get a letter transmitted to Boston in 1774 how much more difficult must it have been after the fight at Lexington and Concord a few months later.

An entry in the Society's *Journal* in 1776 records that "very few letters have been received from the Society's Missionaries in New England"; and in 1779, "The situation of affairs in these [New England] colonies hath cut off almost all correspondence with the Missionaries."⁽³⁾ This fact and the fact that Mr. Cole did not long survive the outbreak of the Revolution accounts for the failure of the Society to hear from him again.

We may imagine something of the excitement in this sparsely settled frontier town when, months before the fight at Lexington and Concord, a kindly old gentleman who for five years had taught the children, at no cost to their parents, "met with rough treatment" at the hands of the people, necessitating his "rescue by the friends of the Government," that

(3) See *Historical Magazine*, Vol. VII, New Series, p. 359.

is, by the Loyalists. We may, however, rejoice that the treatment of Mr. Cole and of other "friends of the Government" was no worse, and that New Hampshire was not disgraced by the cruelties so frequently perpetrated in Massachusetts at about this time.

The "Solemn League and Covenant" which Mr. Cole tells us had been signed by all the Selectmen of Claremont,⁽⁴⁾ it probably had also been signed by many others in the town,—had its origin in the Boston Committee of Correspondence and was promulgated in June, 1774. It was drafted by Joseph Warren, killed at Bunker Hill. It began: "We the subscribers.....Do in the Presence of God, Solemnly swear and in good faith Covenant and Agree, with each other" etc. It provided for the suspension of all commercial intercourse with Great Britain until the act blocking up Boston Harbor had been repealed. This was the "Boston Port Bill," closing the harbor until that town should pay for the tea thrown overboard, and the King should be satisfied that thereafter the people would obey the laws. The subscribers to the Covenant agreed not to purchase or consume any goods, wares or merchandise which should arrive in America from Great Britain after August 31st, 1774, and to break off all commerce and dealing with all who should continue to import goods from Great Britain, or should purchase from those who did so import, and finally to purchase no articles of merchandise from those who have not signed this or a similar covenant. Copies of this document were circulated in

the New England Provinces, and signed very generally in the Massachusetts towns, also to a considerable extent in the adjoining Provinces. A Committee of Correspondence was organized at Portsmouth in June, 1774, and the covenant, in a somewhat modified form, was sent to all towns in New Hampshire with a letter requesting the "utmost Endeavors that the Subscription paper" be signed by "all adult Persons of both Sexes as soon as possible." The principal modification was in excepting from the prohibition of purchase "such articles as shall be adjudged absolutely necessary by the Majority of the Signers hereof." That the document should have reached small, recently settled towns in western New Hampshire attests the activity of the Committee which so soon had been organized in Portsmouth, the town which, only four years before, had been in such disfavor because some of its merchants had bought English goods. In Concord, N. H., the covenant was signed, with the modifying clause, by seventy-three of its inhabitants. It closed with the following: "Lastly, We hereby further engage, that we will use every Method in our Power to Encourage and promote the Production of Manufactures among ourselves, that this Covenant and engagement may be as little detrimental to ourselves and Fellow Countrymen as possible."⁽⁵⁾

The documents sent out from Portsmouth must have been carried by special messenger, for it was before the days of Post-riders in the interior.⁽⁶⁾ Of what interest it would be had this messenger kept a diary

(4) The Selectmen of Claremont in 1774 were Thomas Gustin, Matthias Stone and Stephen Higbee.

(5) See *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 35, pp. 188-196. The Concord Covenant is the only one in New Hampshire of which the original has been preserved. Not even a copy of any other has been found.

(6) The House of Representatives at Exeter, on Sept. 18, 1776, "Voted, To establish a Post rider to ride weekly from Exeter to Charleston (No. 4) and back again to carry letters to & from the Northern Army." A committee was at the same time appointed to determine the route and compensation to be paid. N. H. State Papers, Vol. 8, p. 339. This was the first provision for a post rider in the interior. For later provisions, see N. H. Hist. Society Proceedings, Vol. 7, pp. 211, 263; *Granite Monthly*, Vol. 52, p. 54; *History of Amherst*, pp. 446-7.

of the incidents of his journey; described the condition of the bridle paths; told where he had to look out for blaze-marks on the trees; noted the inns and farmhouses where he slept the night, or where his couch was under the stars in field or forest; and, most interesting of all, if he had written of his reception in the villages when he told of the "Boston Port Bill," and explained the purpose of his mission. Had he done this his name, now unknown, would long be remembered in New Hampshire history.

All drafts of the Covenant contained a reference to the "Act for Blocking up the Harbour of Boston," but in few places was the language quite so vigorous as in the town where it originated, which was natural since Boston was the chief sufferer.

"On the first of June, 1774 the blockade was proclaimed, and the ruin and starvation of Boston at once began. The industry of a place which lived by building, sailing, freighting, and unloading ships was annihilated in a single moment. The population which had fed itself from the sea, would now have to subsist on the bounty of others, conveyed across great distances by a hastily devised system of land-carriage in a district where the means of locomotion was unequal to such a burden. A city which conducted its internal communications by boat almost as much as Venice, and quite as much as Stockholm, was henceforward divided into as many isolated quarters as there were suburbs with salt or brackish water lying between them."⁽⁷⁾ "The law was executed with a rigor that went beyond the intentions of its authors. Not a scow could be manned by oars to bring an ox, or a sheep, or a bundle of hay from the islands. All water carriage from pier to pier, though but of lumber, or bricks, or lime, was strictly forbidden. The boats that plied between Boston and Charlestown could not ferry a parcel of goods across Charles River; the fishermen of Marblehead, when they bestowed quintals of dried fish on the poor of Boston, were

obliged to transport their offerings in waggons by a circuit of thirty miles. The warehouses of the thrifty merchants were at once made valueless; the costly wharfs, which extended so far into the channel, and were so lately covered with the produce of the tropics and with English fabrics, were become solitary places; the harbor, which had resounded incessantly with the cheering voices of prosperous commerce, was now disturbed by no sounds but from British vessels of war."⁽⁸⁾

The King took "infinite satisfaction" in this work, for he hated Boston, seeing red whenever he thought of it. "The capital of Massachusetts, in the eyes of its Sovereign, was nothing better than a centre of vulgar sedition, bristling with Trees of Liberty and strewn with brickbats and broken glass; where his enemies went about clothed in homespun, and his friends in tar and feathers."⁽⁹⁾ The passage and enforcement of the "Boston Port Bill" caused as much joy to George as it did indignation and suffering in the classic but insubordinate town which he was determined to subdue. Never in history has the malice of an individual had such wide reaching effects.

For further information respecting the first schoolmaster and happenings in Claremont before or at the beginning of the Revolution we must look elsewhere than in his correspondence with the Society in London. The records of Claremont reveal that at its fourth Town Meeting, held at the house of Captain Benjamin Brooks⁽¹⁰⁾ on March 12th, 1771, Samuel Cole, esquire was chosen Town Clerk, an office to which he was re-elected in 1772 and 1773. He had been appointed a Justice of the Peace,⁽¹¹⁾ an office of some distinction at the time, entitling him to be addressed as Esquire. Originally in England the title Esquire ranked next in degree below that of Knight, being given to

(7) Trevelyan's American Revolution, Vol. 1, p. 180.

(8) Bancroft's Hist. of the United States, Vol. VII (7th ed.) p. 57.

(9) Trevelyan's American Revolution, Vol. I, p. 10.

(10)-(11) See following page.

the eldest sons of Knights. Before the Revolution it was not in such general and misapplied use as later. In the several contemporaneous lists of early residents of Claremont this title was added to the name of Samuel Cole only, and to his name it was invariably appended. Of military titles, Captains, Lieutenants, Sergeants and Ensigns, there were a plenty, but only one Esquire.

At a meeting of the vestry of the Church of England in Claremont

held in November, 1773, Samuel Cole, Esquire was appointed Clerk. This was the first meeting after the coming of the Rev. Ranna Cossit as rector. A coming which brings into the annals of a little settlement in the upper Connecticut River valley a story of intrigue, great risk and daring now buried in the vast accumulation of unpublished manuscripts in the archives of the British Museum.⁽¹²⁾

(10) In this house, on March 8th, 1768, was also held Claremont's first Town Meeting. See Waite's Hist. of Claremont, pp. 30, 31. The Brooks house was built on land now a part of the Upham homestead farm, a few rods west from the Great Road and a short distance south from the woods skirting the beautiful, deep ravine. This ravine is crossed by the Great Road about half a mile south from Lottery Bridge, at the foot of a steep pitch and high above an old stone culvert built when the road was built, probably in 1768. Near it the writer found a fine, old strap-hinge and some other iron work, probably hammered out by Benjamin Tyler or one of the blacksmiths in his employ. A part of the Upham farm consists of Lot No. 4 and the greater part of Lot No. 3, both being of the "First Division of Fifty Acre Lots" as shown and numbered on the "Proprietor's Map" of Claremont, drawn on a sheepskin in 1765 or 1766. These lots were divided by the literal drawing of lots by the original grantees of the town. We are enabled to fix the location of the Capt. Brooks house by the language of a deed of Lot No. 4, made by Ebenezer Rice to Beriah Murray, Shoemaker, dated July 8, 1768, describing it as "Butted on the North by the lot Capt. Benjamin Brooks now lives on, South and East on Highways."—see Cheshire County Records, Vol. 4, p. 546. The highway on the east is the Great Road, that on the south the branch leading west to the now Upham and Jarvis homes. The "Proprietors Map" shows Lot No. 3 adjoining Lot No. 4 on the north; that Capt. Brooks owned it is shown by his deed of the entire lot to Levi Pardee "except one acre sold to Benjamin Towner at the North east corner."—Cheshire County Records, Vol. 9, p. 109. Careful surveys show that this acre was just north of the ravine and that the cellar hole of the Towner house is that near the Great Road and just south of the branch leading to the summer home of J. Duncan Upham. From this little house Benj. Towner Jr. was one of the first to shoulder his musket and march away to join the Continental Army. Fifty years ago a then nearly filled depression showed the outlines of the large cellar of the Capt. Brooks house at the place first above indicated. Capt. Brooks was a large landowner, a man of considerable means, and his house, in 1768, probably the largest in the town. He was a loyalist, and so much disturbed by consequent annoyances that he returned to his former home, in New Haven, Conn., soon after the beginning of the Revolution. His departure was a distinct loss to the town. The frame of the Brooks house was probably used in some one of the many old buildings now or formerly standing on the Upham or Jarvis farms.

(11) The office of Justice of the Peace is more ancient than the English Bible. In name it dates back to an Act of Parliament in the reign of Edward III; but in the substance of the office, to the time of William the Conqueror, or perhaps even to the Roman age in England. "The whole Christian world," said Lord Coke, "hath not the like office as justice of the peace if duly executed." In Colonial days it was an office much less frequently bestowed than at present, and to hold it was consequently more of an honor.

(12) Steps have been taken to procure from London copies of these papers which pertain not only to the history of Claremont during the Revolution but to that of other towns in the upper Connecticut River valley. The name of our friend the schoolmaster will appear in the story; but at a time subsequent to the fight at Concord and Lexington, which period does not properly belong under the title of this series of articles. Hopes are entertained of obtaining further information about Samuel Cole, Esquire and his school at Claremont. Should these be justified a concluding article will be published at some time in the future.

THE DANGER FACING NEW ENGLAND

By Ervin W. Hodsdon, M. D.

[**Editor's Note**—An article by Dr. E. W. Hodsdon of Mountainview, Ossipee, in the April issue of the Granite Monthly entitled "What of New England's Future!" created much favorable criticism, because of the fearless expression of the writer's views and the courageous presentation of a situation which threatens the future prosperity of New England in general and New Hampshire in particular. Numerous persons desired to hear from him again and he was induced to prepare a second article, which here appears.]

Dr. Hodsdon was educated at Dover High School, Phillips Exeter Academy and Washington University, St. Louis. He has served four terms in the New Hampshire Legislature, and has been medical referee of Carroll County for about 15 years. He has been selectman and town clerk, also, and is now postmaster and a member of the school committee.]

Why is New England decadent?

What is the remedy for a situation which threatens to further lessen prosperity, happiness and contentment?

No thoughtful, patriotic son of New England should fail to grasp that there is a deadly menace to this once favored section of the land in the far-flung, wide-spread, fallacious exploitation of the poisonous propaganda that "this is the time for easy money and extravagant living."

Everywhere should the tongues of men and the voices of nature proclaim that, unless a remedy for New England's threatened danger is quickly put into effect, ruin is likely to stalk throughout the region.

We have at present our forsaken farms and deserted industrial villages, by far too many, but they are as nothing compared to the desolation of deadly lethargy certain to encompass energetic municipalities should the downward course of industry persist—thriving towns and cities, which, despite adverse conditions, prevail in many parts of New England today.

I am not writing as an alarmist. Gladly would I favor an eight-hour day and prompt payment of proper charges for all members of the medical fraternity, but I maintain it would be no more unreasonable and improper for me, as a physician, to refuse to respond to the call of a patient fatally ill after the clocks struck the hour of 4 p. m., than for the wage-earners in New England to insist that they shall no longer give more than eight hours of their daily time to keep sustained a decadent realm of industry on whose prosperity depends their own welfare and that of many thousands of others.

So, too, I firmly believe that industrial employers must be governed in their attitude relative to wages and hours wholly by economic conditions. When prices of manufactured commodities were abnormally high, as during the World War, wages far above the usual scale were paid and weekly hours of employment were materially reduced without lessened compensation. With the resumption of the ordinary business status and the return of millions of men to the paths of peace and the production of fabricated merchandise, readjustment was essential, and readjustment means absolute obedience to the laws of healthy business and economic conditions and the dissipation of all extravagant, unreasonable and improper theories and notions. Now these laws cannot be lightly cast aside or resented in any community which would continue to provide comfort and good living for its inhabitants.

It is lamentable and unfortunate that these economic laws will not permit the wearing of silk stockings and fur coats for adornment and at the same time provide comfortable conditions of living for the family

of an average wage-earner in New England.¹⁴ Neither do they provide the means for the possession and maintenance of an automobile by every wage-earner's family; yet, he who declares that the material welfare of wage-earners in New England has not been above that of the average workers in this country and Canada knows not whereof he speaks, with wages higher and hours of labor lesser.

"You cannot eat your cake and have it." That is an old-time aphorism. It is also one of the soundest economic laws ever enunciated.

Compare the lot of the textile workers of Canada and the South with that of New England mill employees. Consider the welfare of the boot and shoe workers of the West with that of the great Eastern centres of manufacturing like Lynn, Haverhill, Manchester and Brockton. No one should question—no reasonable person does question—that in all circumstances the situation of the New Englanders has been vastly superior.

Can that situation continue?

Not until the deadly menace created by the persistent propaganda of easy money and extravagant living is forever silenced and the remedy of frugality and the recognition of unassailable economic conditions applied.

Some years ago Mr. Lucius Tuttle, president of the Boston & Maine railroad, told me there was nothing in the way of prosperity for New England between lumbering and the development of manufacturing. Before his death he noted the wide-spread cutting of timber, but he did not live to see the decline of industrial activity. What would he have said and thought could he have witnessed the driving away of manufacturing from New England?

This fertile and favored region is dependent upon its railroads for the maintenance of a semblance of its former prosperity. Yet, far-seeing men know that, unless the threatening

danger is recognized and remedied, our present railroad systems cannot continue to exist. The railroads' unfortunate situation is universally understood and lamented, but how much worse will it be with a further falling off in manufacturing.

There is not sufficient business in hauling freight to the seaboard, even with preferential rates, to make them prosperous. This line of traffic helps wonderfully in swelling the gross receipts, it is true, but the railroads' continued prosperity and the progress and development of the communities they serve must depend on the transportation of raw material to the manufacturing centres of New England and the distribution of the manufactured goods to the waiting markets of the nation and the world.

If the South takes the raw cotton and fabricates textiles and the West absorbs hides from the stock yards and makes boots and shoes, what traffic will the railroads then have except to distribute in New England the almost infinitesimal percentage required for consumption when the manufacturing industries are still further lessened?

What can New England do with its railroad systems in a still more precarious situation?

Of what avail will it then be to insist on having 48 hours of labor a week, or silk stockings or fur coats.

Consider the boot and shoe industry.

It does not flourish like the lilies in the field.

In the memory of the present generation practically all the boots and shoes used in the United States were made in New England, while millions of pairs were sent to Canada.

In 1921 New England manufactured only 37 per cent of the boots and shoes made in this country.

The firm of which Former Governor Rolland H. Spaulding is a partner produces, among other things, vast quantities of fibre shoe counters. Two

and three years ago two-thirds of the production of the firm's New England mill was sent to factories of this section; to-day two-thirds of the production goes to western locations.

The normal output of boots and shoes in this country is approximately 1,000,000 pairs a day. At present only about 500,000 pairs are completed every 24 hours. Of this number, two western concerns, the Endicott-Johnson Company and the International Shoe Company, make about 235,000 pairs, nearly one-half.

A revival of business in this industry is anticipated, but it may be regarded as certain that an amply proportional part will go to the western houses.

Give a glance at affairs in Lynn and Haverhill, formerly among the world-famous shoe manufacturing centres. One of the leading business men of New Hampshire, a man of great wealth and marked ability, told me recently that, if he held any boot and shoe property in either of those cities, he would dispose of it immediately if anything approaching a fair offer could be received.

Dwell for a moment on the matter of the New England textile industry, which is of particularly vital interest to the people of New Hampshire. In order that there may be no suggestion of local prejudice, I am quoting an editorial from the New York Herald, one of the admittedly great newspapers of the United States, entitled "New England's Textile Industry." It follows:

"The prolonged strike in the textile mills of New England has aroused Southern business promoters to seek supremacy in this great industry for the Southern States. Since their labor troubles began mill owners in Rhode Island, Massachusetts and New Hampshire have been fairly inundated with letters from Southern boards of trade, chambers of commerce and commercial organizations setting forth in general terms the ad-

vantages of the cotton belt region over New England for manufacturing plants, and, in some instances, making tempting specific proposals.

"The chaos into which labor troubles and abnormal market conditions have plunged the New England textile industry has offered a promising field for this form of enterprise. That in this intelligent activity, and the causes underlying which make its opportunity, there is a menace to New England's continued leadership in an industry on which its prosperity largely is dependent is a fact widely recognized.

"As an offset to alarm created by this campaign it has been asserted that the Southern bid for mills is being used by New England manufacturers to scare the public into support of the mill owners' attitude toward labor. It has been declared that Southern mills are in reality the property of Northern owners and that the actual trouble is the result of the work of Northern owners who, by creating a low Southern wage scale, are trying to beat down the Northern mill pay to the same level.

"In answer to this the New England mill owners have recently presented statistics, as to the accuracy of which they invite inquiry, which show that one-half the cotton spindles in the country, roughly speaking, are now in the South. Of this number less than 3 per cent. are owned by Northern mills, while only 8 per cent. are owned by Northern money. This means that about 89 per cent. of all the Southern mills are owned and controlled by Southern capital.

"The arguments being pressed upon Northern mill owners to induce them to remove to the South, or at least to establish branches there, are alluring. They are supported by facts that are hardly open to question. Cheaper cotton, cheaper fuel, less fuel required, lower transportation costs, lower cost of living and consequent

willingness of workers to accept lower wages—these are among the inducements offered for Northern consideration. Southern mill operatives, who are described as '100 per cent. American,' gladly work from fifty-four to sixty hours a week for 25 per cent. less pay than New England operatives demand for from forty-eight to fifty-four hours. And the crowning argument of all is that the Southern operatives are free from the pernicious influence of the labor union politician. Strikes such as are now paralyzing so many New England mills are economic factors that may be ignored in the South.

"These are formidable arguments. How long strike ridden mill owners, with geographical and other handicaps, can be deaf to them and keep on doing business at the old New England stands is a question which seems to be pressing rapidly to the front."

To revert to the imminence of changing conditions and the wake of financial and development disaster which may be left in the path of events of like character, attention is called to an able and convincing, yet conservative, editorial which appeared in the Manchester Leader June 3 last. Here it is:

"Time was when iron ore was got in a swamp just below Mr. Gordon Woodbury's homestead and when the proprietor of a forge standing just across Chandler brook opposite the Porter farm on the River Road in Bedford, offered to contract for all the cannon balls needed by the Continental army. Gilman Iron Works recalls in its very name the old New Hampshire iron industry. Franconia had a considerable iron plant. Sometimes we wonder whether or not the men in these plants really grasped the idea that conditions were changing until they had completely changed and their industry was a thing of the past in this part of the country. The question is suggested by a similar one: Do we

of to-day, in Manchester, grasp the change which is taking place under our eyes?

"Not so many years ago Manchester newspaper reporters went out once a year to report the 'mill meetings.' There were meetings of the Amoskeag, the Manchester, the Stark, the Amory, and the Langdon to 'get.' In those days, too, as fine a steam fire engine as ever pumped water was made here, and a locomotive of superior quality. All this has passed away. The Manchester Locomotive Works held out for a long time, but in the end the American Locomotive Company bought it out, and both steam fire engine and locomotive making went where they could be carried on economically. One by one the lesser textile concerns succumbed to relentless economic laws, most of them being absorbed in and, in at least one instance, salvaged by the Amoskeag. The Stark was taken up into the American Cotton Duck. Now the Amoskeag stands alone in Manchester's last ditch fight to hold the textile industry.

"Superior management, a working force of highly skilled, industrious, temperamentally stable and home-building workers, and several other advantages, including that of the youthfulness of distant competition, have combined to make it possible for the Amoskeag and the city to grow and prosper in face of the very forces before which other industrial concerns have been driven from the field. Now it absorbs the Stark, and the great corporation of which the latter was a part frankly gives up the fight and goes South where it already has large plants. The Amoskeag remains, elects to continue the struggle, is making changes calculated to minimize its dependence upon prohibitively priced coal. But it has a fight on its hands.

"Meanwhile the shoe industry has come and has grown. But it, too, is having its troubles. The old comparatively easy going days are be-

hind us in both industries. Southern competition is pressing hard on the textile industry, Middle Western competition on the shoe industry. Manifestly, for both workers and management there is a struggle ahead if these industries are to be maintained in this part of the country—not a struggle as between themselves, but a struggle together against the economic pull which is drawing industries nearer and nearer to the source of supply of raw material.

"It was a hopeless struggle in the case of the old iron industry. It was not hopeless for the locomotive and steam fire engine industry for a long time. Gradually, however, with the demand for heavier locomotives and for corresponding changes in plant, with the growth of mighty plants elsewhere and nearer the raw material sources, with the competition of quantity production, it became hopeless. It is nowhere nearly hopeless for the great New England textile concerns as yet, and need not become hopeless if conditions other than those fixed by raw material are equalized. And legislation is steadily tending towards their equalization, albeit the process is slow. But until legislation relating to hours, working conditions and child labor, does do this, there must be a real struggle for existence—a struggle, let us repeat, not between management and workers, but between these together and the competing forces elsewhere."

The loss of ship-building, due to changed conditions, was not felt in Manchester, but it was a serious blow to many other parts of New England.

The problem must be met.

If it is solved correctly the future of New England, with its manifold interests, is secure. Such a correct solution means the security of your homes and your property—if it is incorrect the desolation of your home is imminent. Every New Englander's prosperity is at issue; it is

a case of common weal.

Not by insistent determination can what is best be brought about. It is reported that the agent of a mill in Suncook, N. H., offered, if his employees returned to work under a reduced scale and 54 hours weekly labor, to abide by whatsoever result was arrived at when the strike ended. If the strikers gained their point they would be paid any difference in wages and for the extra six hours weekly, dating from the time of return to work. In case the manufacturers' plan was accepted, they would have the advantage of continued employment. There was no chance for the employees to lose, but the proposition was rejected.

The remedy?

Hard work, frugality, a cessation of oppressive restrictive legislation, reasonable limitation of weekly working hours in accordance with conditions which prevail in other manufacturing sections that are in direct competition with New England, and recognition of the utter fallacy of the propaganda of "easy money and easy living."

New England has suffered from our forefathers' lack of foresight in failing to recompense the soil, from the indiscriminate cutting off of our timber supply, from the ruthless destruction of game and from the devastation of the ocean's gifts. While production from these sources has decreased woefully, some measure of rehabilitation may be found by intensive cultivation of the soil, the fixing of timber reservations, the establishment of game preserves and protective laws and the rigid restriction of wasteful fisheries.

Not so with our manufacturing industry, however.

Once the peak of progress is passed and the downward course of retrogression is thoroughly established the beginning of the end has come.

Industry never will return and intensive cultivation will be of no avail.

RESISTLESS APPEAL OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Charles S. Tapley.

It has been my good fortune to spend a part of every summer of my life within the confines of Old New Hampshire. I am familiar with every section of the state. I love its scenery and its people. New Hampshire people regard their visitors as friends to be welcomed and not as pigeons to be plucked.

The first few summers of my life were passed in the little village of Bradford, at the foot of southern Kearsarge. It is a charming town noted for its dignified homes, its open-hearted hospitality and its total absence from the thriftlessness which disgraces so many towns. No section of New Hampshire affords more abundant facilities for hunting and fishing than in the vicinity of Bradford. Black duck, partridges, raccoons, dace, pickerel, trout, foxes, etc., make the Bradford woods and streams their rendezvous.

I later became a visitor to the beautiful Whittier country and still later knew the northern country when a student at Dartmouth.

When the social whirl of the city winter becomes too frenzied, when the tired brain and the jaded nerves behind the desk need refreshing, when life in town seems narrow, crowded, oppressive, I like to go to New Hampshire. There the still air snaps and sparkles, the whip-cracks of the wind stir to riot the strengthening pulse beats.

I am firmly convinced that one has missed a height of human pleasure who has never coasted down a New Hampshire hill—and climbed its steep incline again—with a merry party under the light of the full moon; who has never heard the cling of the steel skate blade on the frozen bosom of the lake or river; who has

never donned the snowshoes, our Indian inheritance. In place of the exquisite green of the spring birth, the fuller bloom of mid-summer, or the gorgeous reds of autumn, we have winter's white of wonderful witchery, of gleaming, glittering beauty.

I cannot boast New Hampshire ancestors. The vicinity of Salem is my ancestral home. Every summer I yearn for the New Hampshire hills. I am proud that Massachusetts has a New Hampshire son as governor, especially such a governor as Channing H. Cox.

Fortunate are they whose leisure permits them to linger among the hills of New Hampshire through the dreamy Indian summer of October, and watch the flush of autumn deepen over the forests. The climate is then at its best. The days, if ever, are perfect. The hillsides, ablaze with crimson and gold, mirror their glories in the motionless lakes.

The majesty of the mountains, the beauty of the lakes, the charm of the seacoast.

So much of sheer beauty is crowded into this remarkable state that one gazes about with a quick indrawing of breath—scarce believing that his eyes have served him aright.

Against a back-ground of towering mountains, deep masses of purple shadows, crowned with the pure white of everlasting snows, shines forth the startling beauty of New Hampshire, a beauty so clear, so natural, so delightful that there is no resisting it.

Whittier wrote,

"Touched by a light that hath no name,
A glory never sung,
Aloft on sky and mountain wall
Are God's great pictures hung."

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

What is so rare as a fair day in June was the 1922 version of James Russell Lowell's famous line as rendered by the thousands of alumni, alumnae, graduates, undergraduates, parents and friends who attended Commencement at New Hampshire's colleges and schools during last month. However, this inopportune

Dartmouth College graduated a class of 233 and New Hampshire College, one of 122. At Durham honorary degrees of Doctor of Laws were conferred upon Governor Albert O. Brown, President Ernest M. Hopkins of Dartmouth, Judge George H. Bingham of Manchester, Chairman James O. Lyford of the



PRESIDENT GUY W. COX OF THE DARTMOUTH ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

display of the vagaries of New England weather did not reduce the quantity or quality of the graduating classes; prevent the attendance of any of the recipients of honorary degrees; or otherwise detract from the more serious and essential features which attend the close of the educational year.

state bank commission and Clarence E. Carr of Andover. Prof. Herbert F. Moore of Northwestern University, a distinguished alumnus and native of New Hampshire, was made a Doctor of Science, and the degree of Master of Arts was given Mrs. Alice S. Harriman of Laconia, member of the state board of education

and past president of the State Federation of Woman's Clubs.

The distinguished list of recipients of honorary degrees at Dartmouth included Secretary of the Treasury Andrew W. Mellon, LL. D.; Prof. Henry M. Russell of Princeton and Gen. George O. Squier, Doctor of Science; Mrs. Dorothy Canfield Fisher and Robert Lincoln O'Brien of the Boston Herald, Doctor of Letters; Rev. John T. Dallas of Hanover, Rev. Charles C. Merrill of Chicago and President Benjamin T. Marshall of Connecticut College for Women, Doctor of Divinity; Harry Chandler, native of New Hampshire and publisher of the Los Angeles Times, Superintendent William F. Geiger of the Tacoma, Washington, public schools and Principal Charles A. Tracy of Kimball Union Academy, Master of Arts.

New Hampshire was honored at Hanover in that both the retiring and the incoming president of the Dartmouth Alumni Association were of Granite State connection. Merrill Shurtleff, '92, of Lancaster, presided gracefully over the annual Commencement Day dinner, and the choice was announced as his successor of Guy Wilbur Cox, '93, born in Manchester, January 19, 1871, the son of Charles E. and Evelyn M. (Randall) Cox and the brother of Walter R. Cox, the famous horseman, Judge Louis S. Cox of the Massachusetts Supreme Court and Governor Channing H. Cox of the Bay State. President Cox was the valedictorian of his Dartmouth class and its most talented musician as well as mathematician. He subsequently graduated magna cum laude from the Boston Law School and has been highly successful in the practice of his profession in Boston for a quarter of a century, being a member of the firm of Butler, Cox & Murchie. He was a member of the Boston city council in 1902; of the state house of representatives in

1903-4; of the state senate in 1906-7 and of the constitutional convention in 1917-18. In this last body he was chairman of the important committee on taxation as he had been previously in the senate. He was chairman of the Massachusetts tax commission in 1907 and was recently the head of the like committee of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

The New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation issued recently the following statement upon taxation:

From 1910 to 1920 the taxes collected in towns and un-incorporated places, increased by 142%, and the valuation increased 100 per cent. The average rate of taxation went from \$1.60 in 1911 to over \$2.38 in 1920. The majority of the farming communities pay more than the average rate.

Realizing these facts, the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation has made an investigation of tax conditions, covering the last ten years. The Committee formed for this purpose under the chairmanship of Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass and including Ex-Congressman Raymond B. Stevens, and Frank H. Pearson, has submitted a preliminary report, a summary of which is here given.

The Special Tax Commission, authorized by the Legislature of 1907, found that real estate was valued at about 70 per cent, livestock at 55 per cent, stocks in trade at 55 per cent, industrial and mercantile corporations at 34%, timberlands at about 30 per cent, while nine-tenths of money and taxable securities escaped entirely. Railroads were then assessed at barely more than 1-3 of the market value of their securities apportioned to New Hampshire and about 40 per cent of a valuation reached by capitalizing their earnings at 5 per cent.

This led the Legislature of 1911 to create the present Tax Commission chiefly for the purpose of rectifying these inequalities which obvi-

ously placed an unfair burden on the farmer and small householder.

From 1910 to 1920 the total valuation of all taxable property in the state, except savings bank deposits, increased about 92 per cent, whereas property locally assessed in cities and towns increased 100 per cent.

Lands and buildings, found in 1908 to be the most highly assessed, increased 85 per cent in valuation. Livestock, from 1910 to 1920, increased per head, by various percentages; cows, 169 per cent. Yet in 1908 livestock was second in its high rate of valuation as compared with other classes. These should be compared with the average of all property, 92%. Such increases seem entirely disproportionate and unfair when compared to some other classes.

Real estate in general was in 1908 assessed at about 70% of true value, while timberlands were then assessed at about 30%. A study of representative woodlots in southern and central New Hampshire, made by John H. Foster, now State Forester, showed average increases in assessed valuation of 161.7 per cent from 1908 to 1914, bringing them in that year to about 75% of actual value. These tax values have been largely increased since 1914.

During the period, 1910-1920, the average tax value per acre, in unincorporated places increased 143%. If that were all that had happened, the tax valuation would have risen from 30% of the true value, to 73% of the true value. But in the meantime the market value had greatly risen. The increase in tax value of wild lands has only kept pace with the phenomenal increase in pulpwood value. The disparity which existed in 1908 between these timberlands and ordinary lands and buildings, (30 to 70) has not been equalized, and those classes which have been brought fully or nearly to actual value are still bearing a disproportionate share of the entire tax burden, and

besides that, paid in 1920 on a \$2.38 average rate, while unincorporated places paid on a \$.48 average rate.

The Committee believes we need a new scheme of timber taxation. So long, however, as we continue the present tax system, it should be impartially and equally enforced in respect to all classes of property.

From 1910 to 1912 the increase in the valuation of public utilities was equal and proportionate to all other property. Since 1912, other property has shown a steady increase, while the valuation of public utilities has shown a marked decrease.

Except for the Manchester utilities which seem to be assessed at full value, the valuation fixed by the Public Service Commission, is generally marked higher than, and in some cases double, the assessed valuation.

From 1911 to 1920, the assessed valuation of the railroads dropped from \$59,876,000 to \$45,935,800. The Interstate Commerce Commission has recently announced a tentative valuation of the steam railroads in New Hampshire as of June 30, 1913, placing it at \$61,000,000, to which must be added the portion of their equipment properly assignable to New Hampshire, thus bringing their total value to about \$70,000,000. In 1912, the United States Census valued these properties at \$76,000,000. The tax valuation in 1913 was \$44, 520,000.

It may be contrary to the public interest to increase railroad taxes just now. But it is equally important that the resulting loss of public revenue should not be made up by increasing the burden of property already fully taxed and no better able to bear it than the railroads. This applies to farm property, whose tax valuation has steadily gone up, instead of down; and yet farm mortgages in New Hampshire have in ten years, increased 2 per cent., while the number of operated farms has decreased 24 per cent.

Equalizing of taxation depends not

only on equal valuation, but also on not allowing any property to escape. In 1920 more than \$20,000,000 of industrial property was exempted.

Intangibles. Although other inventoried property increased 100 per cent in ten years, this class was in 1920 only slightly greater than in 1910. The amount of intangible property in the State has been repeatedly estimated by officials and students of our tax system, at several hundred million dollars. Only a minute fraction pays any tax whatever. The man who own a farm or who owns his home and works for wages, pays a heavy tax, while the man who derives his income from intangible property contributes little to the cost of the Government. An equitable tax on intangibles would give substantial relief to those kinds of property which are now fully taxed.

Deposits in Savings Banks is one class of intangible property (amounting in 1920 to \$142,000,000), which has continuously paid a substantial tax. They represent the hard-earned accumulations of people of small and moderate means. The

average deposit is less than \$500. In the case of a 4 per cent. bank, the tax equals an income tax of 15 per cent. There is no justice in collecting such a high tax on small savings, while big investors are for the most part allowed to escape all taxation.

Stock in trade of merchants and mills and machinery were assessed in 1908 at 55 per cent and 34 per cent respectively of true values. By 1920 the valuation of these classes were increased about 200 per cent. In spite of this increase, there still exists serious undervaluations in the opinion of the present Tax Commission.

Farms and the ordinary home are still heavily overtaxed in proportion to other property. The condition is serious, both to individual and the State. The important industry of farming has shown a serious decline. A change in our tax system can only come as a result of general public understanding. There should be a campaign of public education. The Farm Bureau should prepare a constructive program for action by the next Legislature.

THE WHITE FLOWER.

By Alice Sargent Krikorian.

I wandered lone upon the desert strand,
And found a flower white upon the sand,
"Mine, mine thou art" I said, "e'en from this hour,"
I knew not then, 'twas Love that was the flower.

Gone is the flower from the desert place
The heated winds are blowing on my face
But yet the desert is not wholly bare,
The perfume of the flower lingers there.

EDITORIAL

We hope there is foundation in truth for the rumor that former Governors Rolland H. Spaulding, Robert P. Bass and Samuel D. Felker, former Congressman Raymond B. Stevens, former State Senator John G. Winant and other men of prominence in state affairs will become candidates for the House of Representatives in the New Hampshire Legislature of 1923. Every man who is Chief Executive of the state for two years gains thereby experience and knowledge of great value to the commonwealth, but which in the past has very rarely been made of such use as it might be.

In recent years retiring Governors have sent messages to incoming Legislatures which contained recommendations and suggestions based upon facts, not theories, which the new law-makers would have done well to heed. But it is the Chief Executive just inaugurated, not the one giving up the chair at the head of the table, who has the greater influence in molding legislation. From most aspects this situation is right, just and desirable. It does, however, retard the continuous onward march of the state because of a lack of mutual understanding between the executive and legislative branches of the government as to the point of development which has been reached in state affairs, what the next steps should be and how they should be taken.

The larger the number of members of the lower house who have had previous experience in higher positions, the broader its view will be and the greater the likelihood of early and effective co-operation with the new leader of the state.

A conspicuous national instance of such service comes at once to mind in the case of John Quincy Adams of

Massachusetts, who, as an ex-President of the United States, was a very influential and useful member of Congress until his death.

Of former Governors of New Hampshire now alive only two, Hon. Nahum J. Bachelder of East Andover and Hon. Henry B. Quinby of Lakeport, are enjoying the leisure of well-earned retirement. Others who are active, but not eligible for service in the New Hampshire Legislature because of other engagements, are United States Senator Henry W. Keyes, First Assistant Postmaster General John H. Bartlett and Chairman Charles M. Floyd of the New Hampshire State Tax Commission. Governor Albert O. Brown, who will be an "ex" after the convening of the next General Court, doubtless will give that body as much benefit from his experience of two years as can be contained in a valedictory address, but it would be of very great benefit to the state if his services could be further enlisted in some way for such important tasks as the preparation of the budget bills and the revision of the tax laws.

With our very large Legislature and our insistence upon rotation in office, New Hampshire comes nearer than any other state in the Union to giving all of its citizens a direct share in the state government. This approaches one of the ideals of democracy and has both a theoretic and an actual value in advancing interest in, and knowledge of, public affairs, among the mass of the body politic. But it also has its manifest disadvantages and some of these can be overcome or alleviated by the leavening of the legislative mass with the experience, good sense and forward look of such men as those named above.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Mr. Brookes More, whose friendly interest in the Granite Monthly is reciprocated, we feel sure, by all its readers, is engaged in the interesting and congenial work of turning Ovid's *Metamorphoses* into English blank verse. The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, issues in attractive form the first fruit of these labors, Book I, including "The Creation," "The Four Ages," "Giants," "Lycaon Changed to a Wolf," "The Deluge," "The Pythian Games," "Daphne and Phoebus" and "Io and Jupiter." This neat volume is listed at \$1.25 and is to be followed by a larger edition, now in process of preparation, which will include the first five books and will be published at \$3.50. Mr. Frederick Allison Tupper, in a brief, but appreciative introduction, predicts that Mr. More's work will become "the standard translation of Ovid for the English-speaking world," because in it "the unparalleled felicity of expression and the matchless fluency of the classic poet find in Mr. More an interpreter so competent, so loyal and so felicitous."

So-called vital problems of government are sadly plenty, just now, not only across the water, but in our own country. Some of these troubles may be bogies, without foundation or substance; but some of them are not; and one of those which we are sure is not is the question of what to do with and for our railroads. The governors of all the New England states are so sure that this is a real problem of immediate insistence that they have appointed special commissions to co-operate in trying to work out a special plan for the transportation and traffic salvation of this corner of the nation; and Governor Brown of New Hampshire has succeeded

in securing for our contribution to this conference the valuable services of Lester F. Thurber of Nashua, Arthur H. Hale of Manchester, Benjamin W. Couch of Concord, Clarence E. Carr of Andover and Professor James P. Richardson of Hanover. Doubtless all of these gentlemen and the other members of the coming conference as well, have read a book published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, this year, at \$2.75, entitled "Railroads and Government, their relations in the United States, 1910-1921." But if any of these conferees or any other person who wishes to be well posted on the railroad problem has missed this volume the lack should be remedied at once, for it gives the best back ground possible for a constructive study of the future of our transportation machinery. It is easy to read and to understand, yet it is thoughtful, thorough, and complete. It is straightforward and plainspoken, and yet it seems to us fair to all concerned. The author, Frank H. Dixon, now professor of economics at Princeton University, held a similar position at Dartmouth College for 20 years. He knows whereof he writes and if what he has written is a textbook, it is one which should be studied in every business office as well as in every class room.

The tragic note in "Dancers in the Dark," one of the most talked about books of the year, is furnished by Sarah, who was the first Woman of the World Joy Nelson ever had known; but who, Joy found out later when she learned to call her Sal, came "from a little New Hampshire town, was the village belle, wore spit curls, rhinestone combs and all that sort of things till some underdone Dart-

mouth freshman took her to Winter Carnival and she saw she'd found her lifework." What that lifework was Miss Dorothy Speare, who is, we think, one of our Lake Winnepesaukee summer residents, describes very frankly, giving a word painting of our younger generation taking the easy descent to Avernus with a cocktail in one hand and a cigarette in the other that is almost shocking. That it isn't quite so is because we know so many college boys and college girls who do not bear the slightest resemblance to Jerry and Sal and Felicie, to Packy and Twinky and Dum, and because we think the latter are very much in the minority in spite of the tremendous amount of publicity given the foolish "flappers" and their kind. Miss Speare writes well. She has created one character, "Jerry" that will stay in the mind longer than most figures of modern fiction. Her descriptions of Bohemian Bos'ton are almost duplicated by newspaper reports of recent investigations by coroners and detectives at the Hub. So we cannot take many exceptions to either her material or her manner of using

it save to say that we hope her next story will have a less lurid and more convincing background. The George H. Doran Company, New York, publishes "Dancers in the Dark" at \$1.75.

Uncle Mary by Isla May Mullins (Page, Boston, \$1.75) is announced as "a novel for young or old," and those in both classes who have enjoyed the half dozen stories from this author's pen previously published will welcome her new work. Those who have made the acquaintance of "Uncle Mary" before will be glad to hear that her wedding, in the next to the last chapter, was "the biggest doings that Sunfield ever saw."

The St. Botolph Society, 53 Beacon Street, Boston, has issued a new edition of "Omar the Tentmaker," the historical romance by Nathan Haskell Dole first published in 1898. When one thinks how few of the thousand books that saw the light in that year still retain life, the evidence of the merit in Mr. Dole's story is realized.

DAY DREAMS.

By Sarah Jackson.

In summer when the sky is bright
The sea pounds up with all its might
Upon the beach of beaten sand,
As if it quarreled with the land,

I seem to hear it hiss and roar
As if to scare the helpless shore,
But after all is said and done
The quiet shore has really won,

STORMS.*By Ruth Bassett.*

I've listened to the wind to-night and heard the rain-
 drops tear
 Against the window where I sat and leave a message
 there;
 While thro' the howling of the storm, the church-bells
 called to prayer.

And this I prayed—that should you hear, wherever
 you may be—
 The sobbing of the wind to-night, so wild and mourn-
 fully—
 It is my own voice calling you to hasten back to me.

The arms of night are my two arms reached out across
 the years;
 You'll find the dark enfolding you with trembling
 hopes and fears;
 And feel the rain against your face and know it is my
 tears.

THE TEAR THAT SAYS GOOD-BY.*By Frank R. Bagley.*

Child of emotion, without taint of passion, leagued
 with the heart alway.
 Ever on edge when sentiment's in action where purity's
 the order of the day.
 Responsive never to a pang that cheapens; quick to
 arise, leap forth and brim the eye
 When the heart calls, then the tear falls,—the tear that
 says good-by.

O symbol of the best that lies within us, born of a heart-
 throb when a loved-one's dying!
 The last, long kiss, and then the pure drop welling,—
 the overflow of grief too deep for sighing.
 The love of Christ himself is in thy making, the purity
 of angels hovering nigh,
 When from a chamber of the soul thou stealest,
 O loyal, yearning tear that says good-by!

TO A HAMADRYAD.*By Walter B. Wolfe.*

Since none will listen to my verses
 I shall garland the slender birch tree
 Standing at the edge of the meadow
 With a crown of flowers and fillets of wool
 And sing my merriest songs
 To the smiling hamadryad
 Whose laughter I have heard often
 In the high green branches....

SUMMER TIME.*Mary E. Partridge.*

Butterflies, Roses, and Sunshine,
 Brooklets that sparkle and flow;
 Birds in the treetops are singing,
 Meadows are all a-blow.

Dew drops a-quiver on clover,
 Swallows are circling the sky,
 Fairies and fireflies are dancing
 Wherever the moonbeams lie.

Summertime, Summertime's coming,
 Murmuring of insect and bee.
 Softly the south wind is bringing
 Its message to you and me.

AS A TIEL TREE AND AN OAK.*(Isaiah—6:13)**By Eleanor Kenley Bacon.*

Lord, as a tiel tree and an oak
 Whose substance is in them—Invoke
 In me the perennial power to cast
 Off useless leaves that clog my past—
 And let me stand unfettered, free
 My future dedicate to Thee.

Give me the guerdon best on earth
 That lovely lucre, inward worth,
 Heaven's currency! The only gold
 That man in innocence can hold.
 And let me spend my spirit's hoard
 Only to magnify thee, Lord.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

SAMUEL E. PINGREE.

Samuel Everett Pingree, in whose remarkable life and record New Hampshire and Vermont took equal pride, was born in Salisbury, August 2, 1832, the son of Stephen and Judith (True) Pingree. He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1857 and was the permanent secretary of his class. He was admitted to the Vermont bar in 1859, settled in Hartford, Vt., in 1860, and there resided until his death, June 1. He was town clerk throughout his residence in Hartford except for the time spent in the army during the Civil War, for which he enlisted as a private on the call of President Lincoln in Company F, Third



THE LATE GOVERNOR S. E. PINGREE.

Regiment, Vermont Volunteers. He was promoted to lieutenant, captain, major and lieutenant colonel. On April 15, 1862, at Lees Mills, Va., he led his company across a deep and wide creek and drove the enemy out of the rifle pits, which were within two yards of the farther bank keeping at the head of his men until he had received two severe wounds. He was sent to the hospital in Philadelphia, but rejoined his command as soon as permitted. For his gallantry in that fight he was given the Congressional medal of honor. On his return to civil life, in July 1864, Colonel Pingree resumed the practice of law, and was attorney from 1866 to 1869 as State's attor-

ney for Windsor County. He also raised the 8th Regiment of Vermont, organized militia, and was continued as its colonel until it was disbanded. He was always a Republican, although not very active until, in 1868, he was chosen as a delegate-at-large to the National convention at Chicago which nominated General U. S. Grant for his first term as President. In 1882 Col. Pingree was elected Lieutenant Governor, and in 1884 he was chosen Governor by the largest vote ever given to any candidate for that office up to that time. At the end of his term, in 1886, he was appointed to the newly created office of chairman of the State Railway Commission, a position which he held eight years, retiring in 1894. He was an enthusiastic member of the Grand Army of the Republic, and was one of the founders of the Reunion Society of the Vermont Officers of the Civil War, and its president for a long term of years.

September 15, 1859, he was married to Miss Lydia M. Steele of Stanstead, P. Q., by whom he is survived, with one son, William S. He was a member of the Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity and of Phi Beta Kappa.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

John Quincy Adams was born in Dublin, October 18, 1827, and died in Peterborough, March 22, 1922. His education was gained in the town schools, in which he himself was subsequently a teacher for some years. He was for many years selectman of Peterborough; member from that town of the legislature of 1885; member of the school board for several terms. Since 1906 he had been president of the Peterborough savings bank and was also a director of the national bank there. His vocation was that of a farmer and during his active life he was a member of the Grange. He belonged to the Unitarian church and the local historical society. A daughter, Mary M. Adams, is the only survivor of his immediate family.

WILLIAM H. MANAHAN.

One of the most picturesque and potent personalities in the New Hampshire of the past half century was William Henry Manahan, who died in Hillsborough June 13. He was the youngest and last of a family of eight children, the son of John and Lucintha (Felch) Manahan, and was

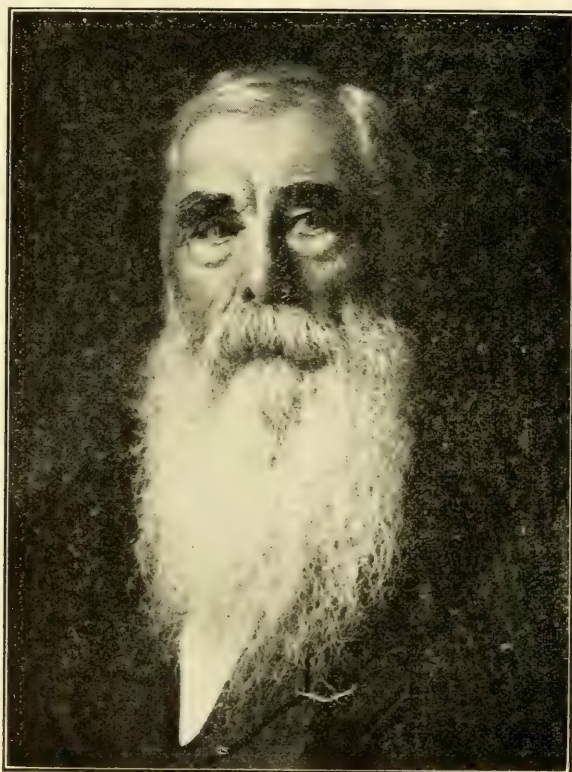
born in New London March 31, 1840. In addition to his town school education, he was a student at Colby academy and Eaton's Commercial college at Worcester. He learned the machinist's trade, later becoming a practical draftsman, which he followed for a number of years.

In 1862 he located at Hillsborough Lower Village, engaging in the lumbering and milling business, later adding furniture manufacturing. He also engaged in real estate operations and from this took up

In 1889 he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. He was the first Republican elected to the Legislature in 114 years. He was town moderator for 12 years.

Mr. Manahan possessed a large stock of historical anecdotes which, combined with his pleasing oratory, made him eagerly sought as a public speaker at all town celebrations.

March 31, 1862, he married Fannie Harriett Chaffin of Holden, Mass., who sur-



THE LATE W. H. MANAHAN.

public selling in which profession he became one of the best known auctioneers in New England. His specialty was timber, which he could estimate very accurately, farm, city blocks and beach property. He conducted sales in all the New England states and made several trips to the South for this purpose. He possessed a commanding figure, a fine voice and an unusual command of language.

In 1885-86 he represented his town in the Legislature and here his command of oratory made him prominent as a debater and as an advocate of conservative legislation.

vives him. On March 31, they celebrated their 60th wedding anniversary as well as Mr. Manahan's 82nd birthday.

He leaves three children, Mrs. Josephine Fuller of Hillsborough, Mrs. Gertrude Adams, wife of Dr. Adams, of Wollaston, Mass., and W. H. Manahan, Jr., of Hillsborough.

JAMES C. SIMPSON.

James Clifford Simpson was born in Greenland, May 27, 1865, and died at his residence in New York City June 11.

He graduated from Dartmouth college in 1887 and took up educational work, serving as principal of the high school at Bellows Falls, Vt., as superintendent of schools at Portsmouth and as a trustee of the state normal school at Plymouth. In 1897 he entered the employ of the educational publishing house of D. C. Heath & Company and since 1910 had been its vice-president and a member of the board of directors, acting as general manager of the New York office. Mr. Simpson was a Mason, a member of the Theta Delta Chi fraternity and of the University Club, Boston, the Maine Society of New York and the National Educational Association. He is survived by his widow, Mrs. Lena Allen Simpson.

JEREMIAH E. AYERS.

Jeremiah E. Ayers was born in Canterbury, Feb. 2, 1838, and died in Denver, Col., May 4. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1863 and taught for two years in Portsmouth and seven years in Pittsburgh, Pa., before removing to Denver, where he was one of the pioneers of that city and vicinity, making extensive real estate and agricultural developments. He was one of the first trustees of Colorado College and an active worker in the Presbyterian church and Bible school. He is survived by his widow, who was Miss Anna Rea of Pittsburg; two daughters, Mrs. Harry C. Riddle and Mrs. Lucy A. Smith; a sister, Miss Lucy C. Ayers of Woonsocket, R. I.; a brother, Rev. W. H. Ayers of Los Angeles, Calif.; five grandchildren and two great-grandchildren.

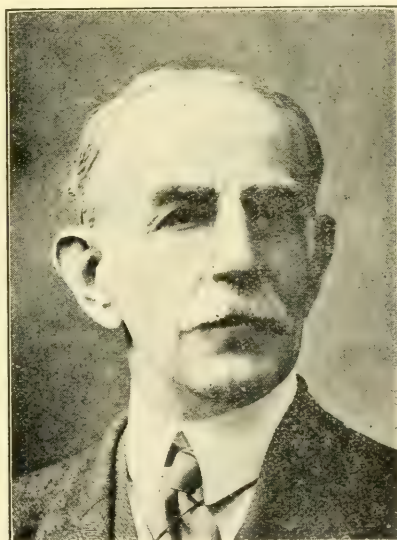
GEN. W. E. SPAULDING.

William Edward Spaulding was born in Nashua, Dec. 13, 1860, son of the late Mayor John A. and Josephine (Eastman) Spaulding. He was educated in public and private schools of that city and early entered the employ of the First National Bank, of which his father was the head, and of which William E. Spaulding was for many years cashier. He served in the city council, as city treasurer and for 40 years as treasurer of the Wilton Railroad. He was an officer of the crack City Guards military company of Nashua, was at one time adjutant of the Second Regiment, N. H. N. G., and served on the staff of Governor Charles H. Sawyer. He was a member of the Algonquin Club and the B. A. A. in Boston, where he died on May 22 and where he had been engaged in the antique business for some years. His widow, who

was Miss Florence Dexter of Windsor Locks, Conn., a son, Dexter Edward, and a daughter, Sylvia, survive him.

EUGENE P. NUTE.

Eugene P. Nute was born in Farmington, June 14, 1852, the son of Congressman Alonzo and Mary (Pearl) Nute, and died in the same town May 16. He was educated at Colby academy, New London, and Phillips academy, Andover, Mass., and upon attaining manhood engaged with his father in the manufacture of shoes, so continuing for twenty years. A Republican in politics, he represented his town in the Legislature of 1883 and from 1898 to 1914 was United States marshal for the district of New Hampshire. This office he resigned to



THE LATE EUGENE P. NUTE.

become secretary of the New Hampshire board of underwriters, a position which he filled with great ability until his last illness. He was a member of the Loyal Legion, of the Masonic order and of the Knights of Pythias. Mr. Nute married June 4, 1881, Nellie S. Parker of Farmington, by whom he is survived, with their two sons, Stanley and Harry, and one daughter, Molly; and a brother, Alonzo I. Nute. Few men had as large an acquaintance in New Hampshire or as large a number of friends as did Mr. Nute. His kindly helpfulness was un-failing; and his dignified, yet genial, personality was most attractive.

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(As of August 31, 1921 giving effect to recent financing and acquisition of 11 properties)

	Authorized	Outstanding*
7% Cumulative Preferred Stock	\$1,500,000	\$ 713,008
Common Stock	1,000,000	866,300
Secured 7% Notes, Due 1921-1930	1,067,500	1,067,500
First Mortgage and Prior Lien 6% Bonds	5,000,000	1,886,000

*In hands of public.

EARNINGS STATEMENT

Years Ending	Gross	Net	Gross
Dec. 31, 1920	1,837,401	404,124	22%
Aug. 31, 1921	1,960,924	491,489	25%
Oct. 31, 1921	1,977,054	519,992	26%
Dec. 31, 1921	2,015,275	547,560	27%

SALIENT FEATURES

PROPERTY VALUE approximately \$5,887,000—after deducting par value bonds and notes outstanding valuation remaining is nearly three times the amount of Preferred Stock outstanding.

EARNINGS over FIVE TIMES Preferred Stock requirements.

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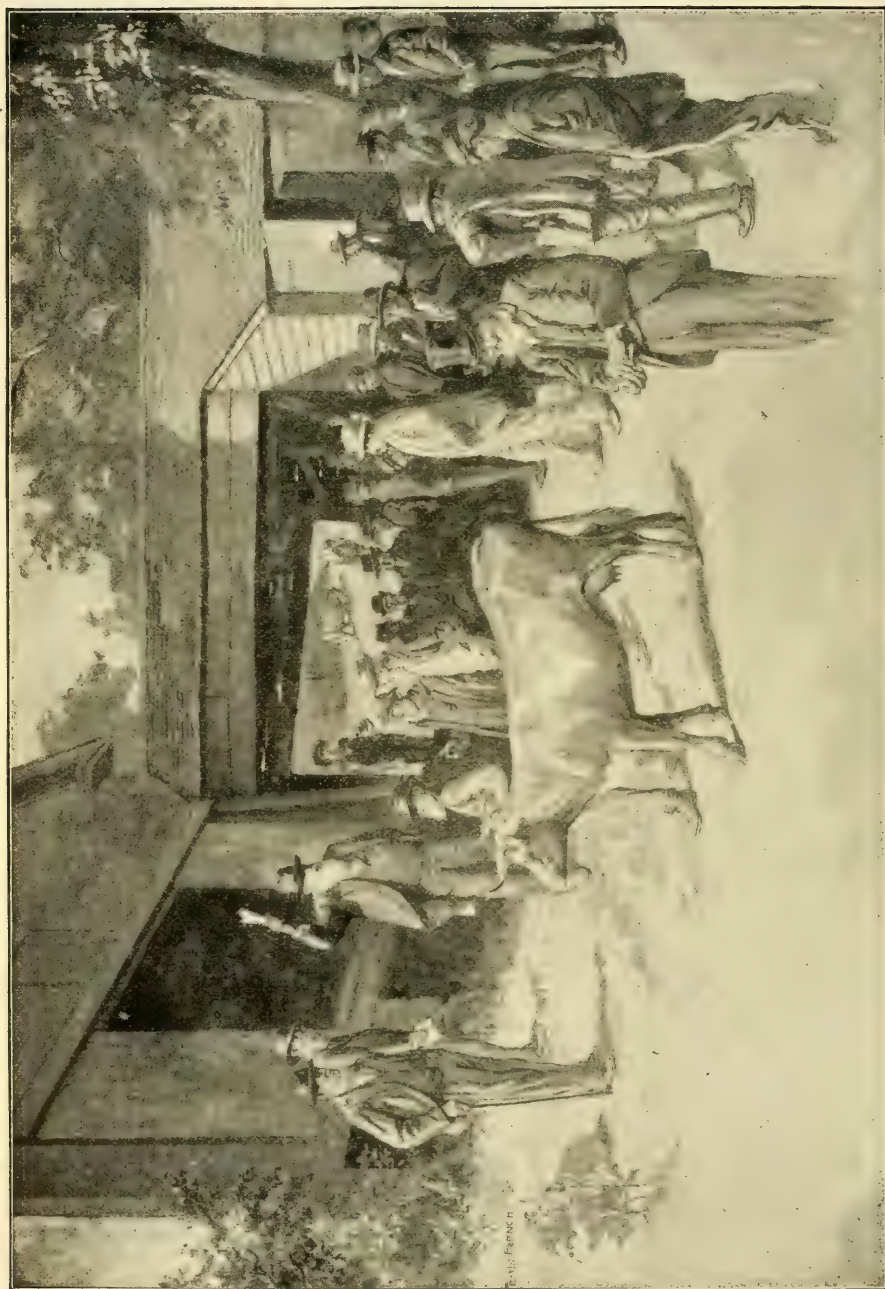
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THE VENDUE.
From a Painting by Frank French

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

VOL. LIV.

AUGUST, 1922

No. 8.

THE VENDUE AT VALLEY FARM

By Emma Warne.

(The following sketch describes a typical day in the life of the late William H. Manahan of Hillsborough, whose portrait and biographical sketch appeared in the July Granite Monthly. The frontispiece of this number, from a picture by New Hampshire's distinguished artist, Frank A. French, has Mr. Manahan as its central figure.—Editor)

The day set for this momentous event was a perfect one. The silk-velvet leaves nodded in curtsy to each other. The birds sang their love songs of praise. At ten o'clock the house and grounds had become the Mecca of the good people of this and the surrounding towns. Every post, tree and fence rail within sight was the custodian of a team. A silver-tongued orator of imposing stature, one of Hillsborough's finest, was here to perform the last rites at this altar.

After the manner of vendues—they were never called "auctions" in those days—there were first sold the least valuable articles of farming tools, many of them having outlived their usefulness; wagons that had stood under the old apple trees for years; the old grindstone; a sleigh brought down from the barn-loft with many a grunt from the farm-hand; the horse rake of the vintage of twenty-five years ago, the old-fashioned flail and plow, and harrow, all replaced now by more modern inventions to lighten labor; odd barrels, piles of bricks, horse shoes that may or may not have brought good luck, boxes full of nails, and other odds and ends, accumulation of the thrifty New Englanders; household utensils and furniture, much of which had

been stored in the unfinished chamber of the wood-shed, scattered bits of wooden and other wares, coming from whence no one knew; all of which had lost their names as well as the knowledge of the part they had played in the farmer's round of duties.

There was a pictureless frame which a wag seized and placed in front of a beautiful woman standing immediately adjacent to the commander of the day. His ready response was to tempt the highest bidder by his apt quotation of the "beautiful picture in the golden frame."

There was demand even for the common things, the proof being the goodly prices they brought under the persuasive tongue of the fluent auctioneer, who certainly was not there to look for any lack of quality. A good share of this truck and junk was the contribution of neighbors who always improved such an opportunity to get rid of some of their undesirable savings of the years.

A buffalo coat the rear all worn off, held up by the shoulders with the front view exposed was disposed of at a goodly price to a prudent man who bragged that these "darn auctioneers" never beat him.

Then came the more valuable commodities, arousing the keener interest of the audience, and the evident satisfaction of Sir Auctioneer who was in his happiest mood. Beautiful horses were pranced up and down the drive-way for our admiration, and to tempt the pocket-book of the householder. Sleek kine and of as many

colors as Joseph's coat were placed on exhibition, and changed owners at what seemed almost fabulous prices. Grunting swine were coaxed from their native heath to demand attention. Farm-yard fowl, sheep and lambs passed in review and disappeared under new ownership.

Our interest was not so much in the vendue itself, or the desirability of the article being sold, as it was to catch the wording of the auctioneer's pat description of no matter what the common-place object. The rolling pin suddenly became invested with unusual value, and his "give me thirty! give me thirty" was as sonorous and inspiring as an epic from the Georgics.

After the manner of the country vendue the noon-hour was an especial feature, and made a picnic for the families gathered there. All of this company had their dinners with them. Every wagon load had its lunch-basket filled and overflowing with the good things of the pantry, which make the Grange dinners and Church suppers of this time of H. C. L. pale into insignificance.

The farmer's wife holds first place with her loving, genial friendliness, having no time nor inclination for the shams of the present day. We occasionally received a loving pat from those capable hands which cheers us on our way, and eases up our nerves in this day of criticism, censure and jealousy.

Thus we ate our dinner, with our children playing near by, casting an anxious eye lest they wander to the heels of the horses or to the river's bank that has too often lured the unsuspecting to their undoing. This is the only wickedness our beautiful river ever committed, becoming the sacrificial altar of many souls who have ventured too near the edge and "rocked the boat." So we satisfied the calls of hunger, while we talked of the past, its comforts and satis-

faction, as if the present held none of its allurements.

My readers who are familiar with the custom and attractions of the old-fashioned country vendue, remember the trips to be made to that rendezvous dedicated to "Saint Coffee," usually a wash-boiler, where a master hand dealt out to devotees of this patron saint the nectar offered at this particular shrine, together with crackers and cheese to those who had no dinner basket to flee to.

Some acquaintance who had been absent for a considerable time would give us that kindly hand-clasp that would make the arm ache for a variable time afterwards, and not the two-finger a la cod-fish kind we have no desire to remember. So we visit from group to group.

At 1.30 the farm itself was to be sold, and the hour had approached when we could hear at a distance the eloquent auctioneer warming up to his prologue, so we walked to nearer range through the lane with its beautiful running vines covering the idiosyncracies of the rough board fence; the elderberry and the running blackberry as the foundation, and over all the frills of wild columbine with the milkweed uprearing its thrifty beams to make the frame-work more substantial. The whole was a marvelous display by the master artist, Nature.

As we came up to join the outer circle of that amphitheatre and within good hearing distance, the orator of the day was describing the beauties of the place; its wonderful situation hemmed in by the Deering hills; the matchless valley with its far-reaching advantages; its varying possibilities; its historical charm, with relics of the ferry by which the early pioneers crossed the swollen stream in the days of the Red Men; (an auctioneer's license of the facts, I suppose!); the adjacent village, which had sprung into existence like a mushroom in a

night; and finally, the river—the swift-flowing river, which held the key to manufacture, another term for prosperity! In his mind's eye he saw a chain of mills extending up and down the rapids to this farm, and below! What a market they would bring to the farmer, for his produce to feed the teeming thousands.

At this juncture a smart competition began between two old-time dwellers, one of whom lived on the mountain peak in the north part of the town. To him the impassioned auctioneer was directing his eloquence:

"James, when we go to see you we take a long hard drive up Monroe hill, which wearies our horses and taxes the time and patience of us who go up and down the earth, hustling after our daily bread. Here we can ride down most any day, partake of your hospitality and your wife's bounteous cookery. Your daily toil will be easier. You can perform your work by machinery, where you now do manual labor. The river will gladden your eye and comfort your heart. In time the thriving village will encroach on your land, so that you can command a higher price for such as you wish to dispose of, while the rest will be greatly enhanced in value."

Possibly influenced by this glowing rhetoric if not argument, James raised the bid another hundred, and immediately the voluble auctioneer turned to his rival giving expression to another even stronger claim to that bidder, who immediately raised the price another hundred.

By this time the spectators were agape with the keenest interest. James moved uneasily, as if anxious to escape the searching gaze of the man on the block, who was truly laboring zealously to earn his fee, big as it no doubt was.

Finally, in spite of his efforts to avoid him, James came under the direct cannonade of the speaker, who led the cohorts of his tongue against

the hesitating bidder, one who knew the full worth of a dollar and was not easily beguiled by the allurements of a silver-tongued orator.

"Do you realize, James, that you are standing on the threshold of a golden opportunity, such as will never open to you again during your days, even should you live to be as old as Methuselah or as good as Elijah. Should you neglect this golden opportunity, on your way home to-night Monroe hill will rise like a mountain before you, and your good horse will look back to you, saying reproachingly:

"Master, why did you not end this uphill journey and rest in the valley, where the cooling dews of summer will send their fragrance and the cold winds of winter never find you?"

"Ah, I see your countenance lighten with the wisdom of your good head, and I hear you say 'one hundred.'"

Driven thus to the corner Ray nodded, and once more the speaker turned the fire of his eloquence upon the other, who was an easier victim, and bid his hundred quickly.

Great beads of perspiration stood out like huge jewels on the ruddy countenance of the auctioneer, but without even stopping to brush these aside with his big handkerchief, he kept up his incessant fire of language, as if knowing that the crisis was near at hand, and to falter now would be fatal.

With another burst of lightning speech he fairly raised by sheer strength the bidder from beyond Monroe hill another substantial step, and then the other man, as if he had made up his mind to be the successful bidder, added a hundred to the sum already involved. This time Ray halved his bid, when his competitor risked the other half.

Here the bidding stopped. Paint what picture he might he could not get another nod from the head of James. Evidently the cautious farm-

er had reached his limit. At last the ominous words "Going—going—going—three times—and GONE!"

Then the silver-toned orator, sprang down from his perch and mopped his streaming features upon the big red handkerchief which had done similar service many times. He seemed satisfied, and well he might. Even the rest of us, who had done nothing but gape and wonder, drew a breath of relief, glad it was over, though we

would not have missed it for good money.

And now warned by the lengthening shadows of the afternoon, the owners of the teams began to line up along the roadside, and fifteen minutes later silence and solitude reigned where only a short time since the crowd had listened to the eloquent pleadings of that prince of old-time vendue orators.

OLD HOME FLOWERS

By Alice L. Martin.

A bunch of damask roses sent
To bring good cheer and sweet content
But coming from the garden there,
They bring to memory dreams more fair.
The old home faces, one by one,
Come trooping back with days long gone.

The Old Home stands as long it stood;
The meadow, and, beyond, the wood:
And Mt. Monadnock, stern, serene,
Its outline dim, the haze a screen,
And hanging like a curtain fold
To soften, dim, the outline bold.

The long, low, living room I see,
The table spread as though for tea;
A mother, standing by her chair,
While all the children gather there;
A plentiful repast and good,
Home cooking, and fresh garden food.

There on the porch there in the gloom,
To watch the rising of the moon—
The whip-poor-will and night-hawks cry—
The after-glow that leaves the sky
And brings the voices of the night
When stars come peeping clear and bright.

THE DATE OF THE FIRST PERMANENT SETTLEMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By John Scales, A. B., A. M.

I have read and carefully considered the article in the *Granite Monthly* for June, 1922, by Elwin L. Page, regarding the date of the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire. He is correct in reaching the conclusion that it was at Dover, and before 1630. I propose in this article to present reasonable evidence that the Historian, William Hubbard, made a correct statement of the date, that Edward and William Hilton came to Dover Point in the spring of 1623, and commenced the permanent settlement there, which has continued to the present day. The reader will please bear in mind that the year 1622, and all the years before that, and for a century after that, did not end till March 25. So if David Thomson's settlement at Little Harbor is to be counted as the first permanent settlement, then the date for New Hampshire is 1622, instead of 1623, for it is quite certain Thomson arrived at Little Harbor and commenced building his house before March 25.

It is an acknowledged fact that on Nov. 3, 1620, King James granted to certain Englishmen the charter for the "Council of Plymouth for the planting, ordering, ruling and governing New England in America." That corporation was in business fifteen years, and then, 1635, gave back its charter. During those years it granted nine patents, or charters. The first was to Captain John Mason, March 9, 1620-21, four months after the Council commenced business. The last one was also to Capt. Mason, April 22, 1635, from which New Hampshire received its name, and from

which the farmers at Dover got, and had to fight, many law suits, which Captain Mason's grandson brought against them, claiming he owned the land, and they were only tenants, like the farmers in England, who had to pay rent to the Lords of the great manors. This grandson claimed he was lord of all present territory of New Hampshire, and the boundary line between it and Massachusetts was not finally settled till in the last decade of the 19th century.

The third grant was given in the spring or early summer of 1622, to David Thomson, who, as the record shows, was then messenger, or special agent, of the Council in its dealings with the King and Parliament. The patent was for, "A point of Land in the Pascataway River, in New England, to David Thomson, Mr. Jobe and Mr. Sherwood." This shows that Mr. Thomson had been here and was acquainted with that river and the points of land in it. There is a point of land in Dover, in that river, which has always been called "Thomson's Point" during three centuries. There is no other Thomson from whom it could have received its name. It is the point where a seine, or net, was drawn across the river in the season when salmon and alewives, and other fish went up the river to spawn, in spring time. In that early period, and until the colonists built dams at the falls above, and began to give fish sawdust to feed upon, the Pascataway River had immense schools of those fish come up the river and the fishermen caught them in that net. No doubt Mr. Thomson, Jobe and Sherwill had

big crews of fishermen stationed there in the season, and of course they had to have dwellings and "stages" for the workmen, so there was a "temporary" settlement. As late as 1648 "Thomson's Point House" is on the Dover tax list for one pound and four shillings. There is no house there now, and has not been for many years, but Dover can lay claim to the first temporary settlement, as well as for the first permanent settlement, the one in 1622 and the other at Dover Point (for a long time called Hilton's Point) in 1623.

The fourth grant was issued to David Thomson alone, October 16, of 1622, . . . for "six thousand acres of Land and an island in New England." No mention of the locality of the 6,000 acres, but from later transactions, on record, it is known to have meant an island in Boston Harbor, which has ever since been called "Thomson's Island." It is very evident Mr. Thomson had made up his mind to locate the land on the west side of the Pascataqua River as he had already selected a "point of land in Pascataway River," and had been granted a patent. He wanted some more.

Near the first of December, 1622, an indenture was drawn up between Mr. Thomson and three rich merchants of Plymouth, Abraham Colmer, Nicholas Sherwell and Leonard Pomeroy, in which those gentlemen agreed to join with Mr. Thomson in financing the undertaking, and share in the profits, which seemed to be promising to be large. The indenture is published in full in the annual report of the Massachusetts Historical Society, in the summer of 1876. The paper had been read before the Society in the preceding winter by Mr. Charles Deane. It is very interesting, and is one of the most valuable of early documents. In brief:—The merchants agreed to

furnish the ship "Jonathan of Plymouth" and a crew of men, to take Mr. Thomson and the company across the Atlantic, with provisions and other necessary things for building a house and beginning a settlement, in the winter of 1622. It was also agreed that within three months following, in the year 1622, they would send another ship, the "Providence of Plymouth" with another company of men, with provisions, etc., to further aid in making the settlement. On this ship came Edward and William Hilton, and probably Mr. Pomeroy, as the cove where the ship was landed was named "Pomeroy's Cove," and has retained that name to the present day. It is now cut in two parts, by the Dover and Portsmouth railroad. For the first century of Dover that was the shipping point for Dover Neck and Dover Point. At one period Major Richard Waldern had a large warehouse there, from which he shipped merchandise to the West Indies, and ports in the Mediterranean sea. Dr. Walter Barefoot, later known as Governor Barefoot, also had a warehouse and dock there, near Waldern's. Barefoot was then a resident physician in Dover.

As is well known the settlement at Little Harbor did not pay, and Thomson went to his island in Boston Harbor in 1625 or 1626, and there resided till his death in December 1628. That left the 6,000 acres, or such a part of it as belonged to them, by the indenture, on the hands of the Plymouth merchants, and they kept the Hiltons at work at Dover Point. That is to say, the three merchants of Plymouth, Colmer, Sherwell and Pomeroy, received their title to the land from David Thomson by indenture; Edward Hilton received his title to it from the Plymouth merchants, who got out of the unprofitable bar-

gain with Thomson as best they could. Hilton had his title renewed and confirmed by the Council of Plymouth, by the Squamscott Patent of 1629, which they gave him. Captain Thomas Wiggin's colonists who came over in 1633, and commenced the settlement on Dover Neck, received their title to the land from Hilton. Those colonists organized a town government, and divided the land amongst themselves and new comers, who might be judged worthy to become citizens. The legal ownership of all land in old Dover was given by that town organization, in the way of "grants." Old Dover consisted of Dover, Somersworth, Durham (Oyster River), Lee, Madbury, and Newington (Bloody Point). Rollinsford was part of Somersworth, till 1849. Of course there was a lot of dickering and trading in which a multitude of names are mentioned, in one way or another, but the above statement is the simple way of explanation which leads the reader out of a wilderness of transactions. The organization of New Hampshire was of a later transaction. Dover is fifty years older than New Hampshire. In the old records there is no mention of New Hampshire till 1680 when the scheme was started to separate the Pascataqua towns from Massachusetts, and make them a separate province, in which courts could be organized that might confirm the Mason heirs' claim to ownership of Dover farms, under the 1635 patent given to Captain John Mason, which has the name New Hampshire in it.

Under the circumstances in what better way could Mr. Hubbard state the facts of the beginning of the Pascataqua settlement than he did in the following, copied from his history: "For being encouraged by the report of divers mariners that came to make fishing voyages upon

the coast, as well as the afore mentioned occasion (establishing the Plymouth Council), they sent over that year (1623) one Mr. David Thomson with Mr. Edward Hilton and his brother Mr. William Hilton, who had been fishmongers in London, with some others along with them, furnished with necessaries for carrying on a plantation. Possibly others might be sent after them in years following, 1624 and 1625; some of whom, first in probability, seized on the place called Little Harbor, on the west side of Pascataqua River, toward or at the mouth thereof; the Hiltons in the meanwhile setting up their stages higher up the river, toward the northwest, at or about a place since called Dover. But at that place called the Little Harbor, is supposed, was the first house set up, that ever was built in those parts; the chimney and some part of the stone wall (cellar wall) is standing at this day." Mr. Hubbard probably wrote that about 1650, as it is the first part of his manuscript which is now in the possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

As regards the name of the settlement of Dover. All the time it was under Edward Hilton's management the settlement is called Pascataqua or Pascataway. When Captain Thomas Wiggin's colonists commenced business they called it Bristol. Later under the pastorate of Rev. Thomas Larkham, who had been minister of the Church at Northam, England, the name changed to Northam, about 1639, and that name was used for a dozen years, or more. At some time under Massachusetts rule the name of Dover came to be used. No reason has yet been found why that name was adopted. None of the old settlers came from Dover, England. Properly the name Pascataqua ought to have been given the State, and it should have

extended from the Merrimack to the Kennebec River.

In 1628 Thomas Morton was at the head of a settlement at "Merry Mount," (Wallaston) and was selling firearms and ammunition and rum to the Indians, which caused much trouble. Gov. Bradford of Plymouth ordered him to desist. Morton would not. Bradford sent Capt. Miles Standish, and a company of militia, to arrest Morton. Standish did so and Morton was sent to England for trial and punishment. The expense of the affair was 12 pounds and 7 shillings. The payment was apportioned among the settlements along the coast, from Plymouth to the extreme settlement on the Maine coast, as follows,—Plymouth 2 pounds and 10 shillings;—Naumkeag (Salem) one pound 10 shillings;—Jeffrey and Burselem 2 pounds;—Nantasket, one pound and 10 shillings;—Blackstone at Shawmut (Boston) 12 shillings;—Edward Hilton one pound;—his men at Pascataqua 2 pounds. That shows that Dover was then one of the wealthiest settlements in New England. There was no other settlement, on either side of the Pascataqua River, at that time. This shows the settlement was not a recent affair; they had been in business there five years and had prospered, hand over fist, in trading with the Indians and catching and curing fish. Next to the Isle of Shoals, it was the best place for fishing along the coast.

Mr. Page discredits, or doubts, the correctness of the statement of William Hilton, Jr., made in 1660, that he and his mother came to Dover Point soon after his father and uncle Edward had commenced the settlement there; in 1623. It is a matter of record that William Hilton, Sr. arrived at Plymouth Nov. 11, 1621, in the ship "Fortune." He was well received and given a grant of one acre of land. In 1622

he returned to England and made preparations for his wife and children, William and John, to come over to Plymouth in 1623, and for himself to come with his brother, Edward in the "Providence" to the Pascataqua River. It is a matter of record that Mrs. Hilton did arrive in Plymouth, in the ship "Anne," July 1623. She was well received, and in due time an acre of land was granted to her and the children. They remained there till the summer of 1624.

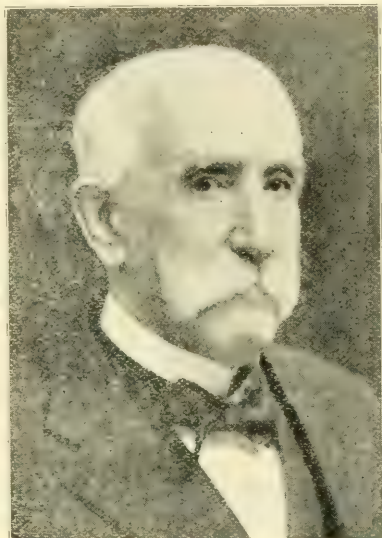
As previously explained, in speaking of David Thomson, William Hilton came over in the ship "Providence" of Plymouth, in the spring of 1623. He did not take his wife and children with him, because they could not be properly cared for, but in 1624, after they had built dwelling houses at Dover Point (as we now call it) he went to Plymouth to get his family. He applied to the Church to have his son John, then about two years old, baptized, but the request was denied, on the ground that he was not a member of the Plymouth Church. Thereupon he and his family came up the Pascataqua, and they never had any more dealings with the Plymouth Colony, or Church. So, as William Hilton, Jr. says in his petition of 1660,—*"and, in a little tyme following, settled ourselves upon yr River of Paschataq with Mr. Edward and William Hilton, who were the first English planters there."* That is to say the "little tyme" was from the summer of 1623 to the summer of 1624. No mystery about that statement. It settles the question beyond doubt that the settlement at Dover Point was in the spring of 1623, or it may have been June. Probably David Thomson got his house built at Little Harbor a few months before Edward Hilton had his habitation in order, so Hubbard is correct in saying,—*"But at that place, called the Little Harbor, it*

is supposed was the first house set up, that was ever built in those parts; the chimney and some part of the stone wall, is standing at this day" (about 1650.)

William Hilton did not build his house on Dover Point, but as soon as he had investigated the territory on both sides of the river he decided to make a bargain with the Indians, then owners of what is now Eliot, and bought their "corn field," and land around it, and built his house there; directly across Pascataqua River from Dover Point; there was his residence till 1632, when he was dispossessed by Captain Walter Neal, "governor" of the settlement begun at Strawberry Bank, by Captain John Mason in 1630. The famous "Laconia" company. They claimed their charter gave them the land on the east side of the Pascataqua River, so ousted Mr. Hilton, and gave it to one of the Laconia Company's men. There was no court to protect Hilton in his rights, till 1653. The Province of Maine came under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts in November, 1652, and the Court Records of Oct. 25, 1653 show that William Hilton recovered judgment in the sum of one hundred and sixty pounds against Ann Mason, executrix of the Will of Captain John Mason of London, deceased. Of this sum 50 pounds, were "for the interest for his land, which the defendant took from him, and for the vacancy of one year's time, and cutting down his house, and for other injuries, ten pounds, and for the interest for the whole sixty pounds for the term of one and twenty years, one hundred pounds."—Twenty one years carries us back to 1632, the time when William Hilton was planting corn just across the river from Dover Point. Various old records speak of this "old corn field" as belonging to William Hilton till he was dis-

possessed by the Laconia Company's Governor, Walter Neal.

After he was driven out of Eliot William Hilton was busy with business in Dover and vicinity. In 1636, he and his son, William, obtained the grant of land at Penacook from the Indian Sagamore Tahanto. In 1644, he was Deputy for Dover in the Massachusetts General Court. He received



JOHN SCALES, A. M.

grants of land from the town of Dover. He was in business at Exeter a while. In 1646 he became a resident at Warehouse Point, Kittery, and his residence, for the rest of his life, was in Kittery and York. An honored and able man he died at York in 1656.

William Hilton, Jr., was born in England in 1615, hence was nine years old when he and his mother came to Dover Point to live. A boy of that age would have no difficulty in remembering his travels with his parents. Now, what did he say about it? His petition to the General Court was as follows. Date 1660.—"To the Honored General Court, now assem-

bled at Boston, the petition of William Hilton humbly sheweth:

"Whereas your petitioner's father, William Hilton, came over into New England about the year Anno Dom. 1621, & your petitioner came about one year and a half after (July 1623) and in a little tyme following (one year) settled upon yr River of Paschataq with Mr. Edward Hilton, who were the first English Planters there. William Hilton having much intercourse with the Indians by way of trayed & mutual giving & receiving, amongst whom one Tahanto, Sagamore of Penacooke, for divers kindnesses, received from yr petioner's Father & himself, did freely give unto ye aforesaid William Hilton, Seniour & William Hilton, Juniour, six Miles of Land lying on ye River Penneconaquigg, being a rivulette running into Penacooke River to ye eastward, ye said Land to be bounded as may bee most for ye best accomodation of yr sd petitioner, his heyeres & assignes. The said Tahanto did also give to ye said father & son & to their heres forever, two miles of ye best Meddow Land lying on ye north east side of ye River Pennecooke, adjoining to ye sd River, with all ye appurtenances, which said tract of Land & Meddow hath, were given in ye presence of Fejld and severall Indians, in ye year 1636. At which tyme Tahanto went with ye aforesaid Hiltons to the Lands and thereof gave them possession. All of wch is commonly known to ye Ancient Inhabitants at Paschatq; and for the further confirmation of ye sd gift or grant your petitioner hath renewed deeds from ye said Tahan-to; & since your petitioner understands that there bee many grants of Land lately given, there about, to bee layed out:—And lest any should be mistaken in chooseing their place & thereby intrench upon yr petitioner's rights, for preventing

whereof:—Your petitioner humbly craveth that his grant may bee Confirmed by this Court, and that A.—B.—C.—, or any two of them, may be fully Impowered to sett forth ye bounds of all ye above mentioned Lands & make true returne whereof unto this Honored Court. And your Petitioner, as hee is in duty bound, will pray for your future welfare & prosperity.

"Boston June 1, 1660. The Committee having considered the contents of this petition, do not judge meet that ye Court grant ye same, but having considered the petitioner's ground, for ye approbacion of ye Indian's grant doe judge meet that 300 acres of sd Land bee sett out to ye Petitioner by a Committee chosen by this Court, so as that it may not prejudice any plantation, & this as a finall end & issue of all future claims by virtue of the grant from the Indians."

THOMAS DANFORTH

ELEA LUSHER

HENRY BARTHOLOMEW

The Magists approve of this return if theire ye Deput's Consent hereunto.

EDWARD RAWSON, *Secretary*.

Consented to by ye Deputies.

WILLIAM TORRY, *Cleris*.

(Endorsed). The Petition of William Hilton, entered with ye Magistrates, 30 May 1660, & exp'd'ents Tahanto's Deed and p. Mr. Dant. William Hilton's petition entered & referred to the Committee.

At the time this petition was presented to the Court Mr. William Hilton, Jr., was a resident of Charlestown, Mass., and he was well known by the General Court. For the clearer understanding of the evidence I will give a brief of the career of William Hilton, Jr. He was born in England in 1615. He came over to Plymouth, Mass. with his mother in 1623. He came up to Dover Point with his parents in the summer of 1624. He resided with

his parents at the farm, just across the river from Dover Point, where his father had purchased an Indian "corn field," as before stated. Of course he lived and worked as all the other boys of the period had to do. When he was twenty-one he was a partner with his father in the purchase of the Tahanto Indian land. About that time he married, and settled in Newbury, Mass. He became one of its prominent citizens, and held various town offices, being Representative for Newbury in the General Court. He had quite a large family of children. His wife died in 1657, and later he married and had another family of children. In 1654 he removed to Charlestown, Mass. and resided there till his death in 1675, aged 60 years. He was a man of much ability. The old records show that among other occupations he was a navigator and a cartographer.

In conclusion I will give a brief sketch of Rev. William Hubbard, the historian, who declares in his *"General History of New England"* that Edward and William Hilton commenced the settlement at Dover Point in 1623, and it was the first permanent settlement in New Hampshire. He was born in England in 1621, and came over to New England when he was a boy, and was educated at Harvard College, graduating in the first class that institution sent out. That was in 1642; there were nine in the class, and Hubbard ranked third, as appears in the catalogue. At graduation he was 21, and like all young graduates engaged in teaching, and soon commenced studying for the ministry. He was a natural born historian, and so commenced collecting and arranging facts, and incidents, as he found them in old records of Gov. Winthrop and others, and also obtained from interviews with the "Ancient Inhabitants." Any one who has engaged in historical, or

genealogical work, knows how he had to get his material, and facts, by hard and continual work.

In 1655 he became associate minister of the Church at Ipswich, Mass., and held the office of minister from 1666 till his death in 1704. So he was contemporary with William Hilton, Jr. He was also contemporary with Edward Hilton, uncle of William, Jr., as Edward lived at Exeter during the last thirty years of his life, and died there in December, 1671. It is absurd to suppose Mr. Hubbard did not consult those gentlemen in his search for facts regarding the beginning of the Dover settlements. There need be no doubt he consulted those men and got the statement direct from Edward Hilton himself, that Edward and William Hilton came to Dover Point in 1623. So the statement in his history is correct.

Mr. Hubbard finished the manuscript of the history in 1682, and sold it on October 11 of that year. The General Court voted that day to give him fifty pounds for it. The first publication of it was made in 1815, by the Massachusetts Historical Society. The manuscript had been consulted by all writers after 1682. The Rev. Dr. Jeremy Belknap is among the number. So when it came into the hands of the Historical Society the editors say,— "Of the MS copy a few pages at the beginning and end are mutilated, and the writing in some places is scarcely legible. These passages are given as far as the editors could spell them out. Where they have supplied words, or portions of words, conjecturally, such are printed in italics. Where they were at a loss, they have used asterisks." The MS is well written and has 336 pages. The story of Dover begins on page 141 and occupies ten pages. There are no italics or

asterisks in it. The reading is perfect. The MS is in possession of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It was among the first topics Mr. Hubbard wrote, after Plymouth and Boston. Later, when the ecclesiastical troubles began at Dover Neck, Mr. Hubbard gives a more elaborate notice of affairs at Pascataqua. He was always specially interested in Church affairs, so gave only a brief of the beginning at Dover Point by the Hiltons. He says, of the beginning of settlements,—“At present therefore (I shall) only insist upon what is most memorable about the first planting thereof, after it came first to be discovered by Captain (John) Smith, and some others, employed on that design, about the year 1614 and 1615.”

To give the readers a clear and concise understanding of the evidence presented in this paper, I give the following briefs.

1. Before 1622 David Thomson had been here and located the Pascataqua River, and made up his mind what to do. In June or July, 1622, he obtained from the Council of Plymouth a grant,—“A Point of Land in the Pascataway River in New England.” There is such a point which to this day has always been called “Thomson’s Point.” It had a house on it, which was on the Dover Tax list as late as 1648, where is the statement,—“Thomson Point House, one pound, 4 shillings,” tax.

2 Oct. 12, 1622, the Council of Plymouth gave David Thomson another grant,—“**Six thousand acres and an island.**” By later transactions it was shown that the island is in Boston Harbor. No mention of where he was to select his 6,000 acres. Evidently he had settled that question when he was

over here and looked out the “**Point of land.**” It is on record that he did come over here and make a settlement at Little Harbor, in 1623, but in 1625, or 1626, he changed his permanent residence to the island in Boston Harbor, and there resided till he died in December, 1628. So it appears David Thomson had two temporary residences in New Hampshire, the first of which was in Dover, in 1622. Those who want authority on this matter are referred to the annual report of the Massachusetts Historical Society for 1876. Charles Dean obtained the paper from Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, who inherited it from his ancestors.

3 William Hilton, Jr., gives reliable testimony, that settles the question of date, as in the spring of 1623, by Edward and William Hilton.

4 Rev. William Hubbard, author of,—“A General History of New England,” gives record of the fact that Edward and William Hilton commenced the permanent settlement of New Hampshire at Dover Point in 1623. Mr. Hubbard had ample opportunity to obtain the information direct from Mr. Edward Hilton, as they were contemporaries, Mr. Hubbard in Ipswich and Mr. Hilton in Exeter. There was constant intercourse between those towns.

5 As further proof that Dover was settled before 1630, is a record of 1628, when Edward Hilton paid one pound as his share of the expense of arresting Thomas Morton and sending him to England, and the other settlers there with him, names not mentioned, paid two pounds, showing that Dover Point had the most wealth of any settlement in New England at that time. Of course they had not then just commenced business. They had been at it five years. At that

time there was no other settlement on either side of the Pascataqua River.

6 The Squamscott Patent of 1629, which was given by the Council of Plymouth to protect Hilton from aggressions from the Laconia Company, whose territory was all around his land, acknowl-

edges the land belonged to Hilton and his company. He obtained his original possession, as a part of Thomson's 6,000 acres through the merchants of Plymouth, who financed Thomson's venture at Little Harbor and Thomson's Island, Boston Harbor.

THE ROAD

By L. Adelaide Sherman.

Sing hey! sing ho! for the cool brown road—
Green are its walls and its roof is green—
Tremulous, lacy, fluttering bars,
That the happy sunbeams dance between.

Green and brown and a splash of red,
A paint-brush flaunting beyond the hedge;
Brown and green and a fleck of blue,
The heal-all blooming along the edge.

Here is a tiny mossy square,
Where, summer nights, the fairies sport;
A subtle scent of sweet-grass floats
From a nook where bob-o-link holds court.

The limbs of a mother-maple tree
Are the safest place for the thrushes' perch,
And milk-weed blossoms gently lean
On the pure white breast of a virgin birch.

So I follow the beautiful road
To a twilight garden, drenched in dew:
Love, my love, you are waiting there;
Blest be the highway that leads to you.

PUTTING NEW HAMPSHIRE ON THE TOBOGGAN

By George B. Upham

In taxing a house, a farm, a horse or a cow, it would seem fair to assess it for what it might reasonably be expected to bring at a sale made under such conditions and circumstances as might ordinarily be expected to pertain. If a farmer by diligence, knowledge of his business and fair dealing has built up a market for his products whereby he derives a fair profit, can any good reason be assigned why his acres should be taxed at any higher valuation than those of equally good land of a neighboring farmer who is less diligent, has less knowledge of his business, exercises less good judgment, and is consequently less successful?

Likewise in the assessment of a manufacturing establishment, let us assume two buildings of the same size, built of the same materials, on land of the same value, and which for business purposes are equally well or poorly situated. Let us further assume that the owner of one of these buildings manufactures a product which has a widespread good-will, a sale throughout the world, that it is well managed and ordinarily fairly profitable; that the other factory has never had good management, and the business barely survives from year to year. If both of these owners should decide to move, taking with them their machinery, their business ability or the lack of it, their good-will or the absence of it, there would seem to be no reason why one of the two buildings should sell for more than the other. Now the question arises whether, before the time of removal, the real estate of the successful manufacturer should be taxed at any higher valuation than that of his unsuccessful neighbor. Quite likely the former would assent to a considerable valuation above what he

had reason to believe his building could be sold for, perhaps twice or even thrice such valuation. But should it be taxed for ten, fifteen or twenty times such amount, and he knew the location in various other ways to be unfavorable, the owner, quite naturally, would begin to think of moving, especially if then considering a substantial enlargement. Under such circumstances it would be simply foolishness to make extensions in a community proceeding upon the principle of killing the goose.

At a period when the center of population of the United States was in New Jersey, when settlers moving to western New York or Ohio moved into a wilderness, many industries were developed in New England, in a small way by men of little capital but of much enterprise and ingenuity. New Hampshire was the scene of her fair share of such development. Numerous streams furnished adequate power. Coal, almost unknown, was unneeded. Markets were near at hand. Such industries grew until, with the enormous growth of the last thirty or forty years, many manufacturers found themselves, under changed conditions, with large plants in unfavorable locations.

Two industries in Claremont—the largest in the town—find themselves in this situation. The writer's father was the founder of one of them, in 1851. This business was at the start, comparatively speaking, local. A small river, nearly dry in summer, furnished all needed power; the buildings, on a steep side hill, were in imminent danger of sliding into the mill-pond. The location both locally and nationally was about as bad as could be found for a manufacturing industry destined to become a large one; yet, despite the handi-

cap of bad location, the business increased beyond all expectation, increased until it had offices and a valuable good-will the world over. Retaining walls were built and building after building added on the steep banks of both sides of the little river until the plant covered several acres. This was, of course, all a mistake, a stupid mistake viewed by hindsight. The principal owners were warned long since against any such policy; but local pride and local spirit prevailed, extensions continued. In extenuation of this mistake it may be said that not until very recent years were the requirements of a thoroughly efficient plant of its character fully understood. They are level ground and plenty of it somewhere near the center of population,—now in Indiana,—a location where coal and raw materials can be obtained at low cost for transportation, one story buildings with glass “saw-tooth” roofs, electrically operated travelling cranes interconnecting all departments and finally swinging their load over the cars of a railroad running through the property and having favorable connections to all parts of the country. All this had been urged long prior to the event hereinafter mentioned; but the advice unfortunately, from the owners’ later point of view, went unheeded; extensions continued as before.

Then came the event. At the inopportune time of a temporary but severe depression certain high taxation officials came from Concord, saw the step-like buildings on the steep banks of the little river and said to themselves, not in these words but in like substance and effect. “Here is something prosperous, something cemented and weighted down, something perfectly safe to soak, something which, according to instructions, we are expected to soak”; and soak it they did, doubling the assessment upon the real estate,

which previously had been taxed far beyond any possible saleable value.

And with what result? At a meeting of the directors a few months later it was voted, without a dissenting voice, to buy one hundred and twenty-five acres of level land, with a railroad running through it, on the outskirts of Michigan City, Indiana, and to build a thoroughly up-to-date plant thereon. Coal mines are near, deep-water wharves on the great lake, only a mile distant.

Local pride and local spirit have their limitations, especially when a feeling of injustice with resulting indignation is aroused.

We are not blaming the visiting politicians who doubtless received their instructions from politicians higher up, who in turn doubtless believed they were carrying out the mandate of the legislature as they interpreted it. It is the policy, not the individuals, we are criticising; for we believe it to be an unfortunate one, a policy which in the long run will prove a benefit to industries removing but an injury to the state.

Politicians, who make and execute our laws, are not as a rule versed in business affairs. In their eyes an assemblage of bricks and mortar in which a successful business is carried on is the business itself. They apparently imagine the enterprise, the administrative ability, the goodwill, the very ingenuity of inventors to be in some way enchained within the walls; little realizing that the brain which is the executive may, as in this case, live a thousand miles away, that his assistants, so efficient and so carefully selected by him, are confined in no “pent-up Utica,” that patents, inventive genius and good-will have no local habitation, and that the buildings, so severely taxed, are the mere shell.

When the new plant is completed some of the manufacturing now carried on in Claremont may be remov-

ed thither, not all of it, probably for many years, but certain it is that no further extensions will be made here, and, as all manufacturers know, concentration in a favorable location is the tendency of the age, so the day may come,—let us hope not for many years,—when the last machine will be turned on the banks of the little river, and the name Claremont, N. H., will be no longer familiar to miners and rock cutters from Alaska to Patagonia, from icy Spitzbergen to South Africa, from Australia, India and the Straits Settlements to Japan and Northern China.

Adjoining the plant above described is a large group of buildings where another manufacturing industry was established nearly eighty years ago. Cotton, the bulky raw material used by it, is brought from Texas fifteen hundred miles away. Its product, still bulky, is transported to the consumers an average distance of a thousand miles; its coal is brought from West Virginia. The writer has no knowledge of this company's business, but believes that, thus handicapped, it is only by the most commendable enterprise, in the production of an almost unrivalled specialty, that it has been able to do business at a profit. In the matter of lifting assessed valuations the visiting statesmen were wholly impartial; for the taxes of the cotton mill were likewise "jacked up" in

joyous disregard of the well known fact that the tendency of the cotton industry is strongly towards the cotton states, states of cheap labor, cheap power and comparatively cheap taxes.

These two industries in 1921 paid more than a third of the taxes paid in Claremont. Together, in ordinary times, they employ fully three-quarters of the men and women engaged in manufacturing industries in the town.

The visiting statesmen were kind enough to explain that were all valuations doubled taxes would be halved, but failed to mention that wherever this interesting experiment has been tried the rate per thousand has very soon risen to what it was before. They visited us with the purpose of increasing assessed valuations. They, or at least some of them, may live to see that thus increasing valuations decreases values; for if the machinery of these two corporations were moved away Main Street would be as silent as the hills, and signs "For Sale" in the windows of hundreds of village homes. When the manufacturing buildings were sold, if any purchasers could be found, it is doubtful whether one twentieth of their present assessed valuation could be realized. The goose can be killed once, but not resuscitated to undergo the operation a second time.

LAST DEATH

By Harold Vinal.

Her beauty darker than the night,
 Lovelier than the rose,
 Lingered in my heart
 Till the long day's close.

Then when stars turned pale,
 Like a wafted breath;
 Hushed and shadowily as snow—
 She sank to death.

A HISTORY OF STREET RAILWAYS AND POWER DEVELOPMENT IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

*By Frederick E. Webster, Vice-Pres't & Treas., Massachusetts Northeastern
St. Ry. Co., Haverhill, Mass.*

AN ADDRESS BEFORE THE NEW ENGLAND STREET RAILWAY CLUB, MANCHESTER, N. H., MAY 25, 1922.

*Mr. President, Members of the New
England Street Railway Club, and
Guests:*

At a gathering in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary in the street railway industry of our distinguished and respected host, Mr. E. C. Foster, president of the Manchester Traction, Light and Power Company, it is particularly fitting that we should consider in a retrospective light the early days of electric power generation and the building and equipping of the present-day electric street railways.

A great deal of credit is due the pioneers of the '60s, '70s and '80s for their public spirit manifested in going ahead with their charters. From their devotion to an intense interest has resulted the power and street railway companies of to-day. Our present New Hampshire street railway systems, with an operated mileage of 240 miles, represent the out-growth of lines first created as horse railroads, among them being the Manchester Horse Railroad, chartered in 1864 and revived five years later. Numerous charters were taken out which were never exercised—which is undoubtedly the case in other sections of the country—although that fact is indicative of the part taken by our ancestors in those industries which were destined to play such an important part in the future welfare of the people of this state.

Public utilities have done more for the development of America's natural resources than have any other of the instruments of civilization. In de-

veloping the bounties of nature they have brought them to the service of the whole people. Each and every form of public utility has contributed to such development. Before the electric light and power companies high-grade illumination was unknown, and in factories there was a considerable waste of time in turning shafts, pulleys and belts. These companies have taken advantages of the mysteries of magnetism in producing power in a form which could be carried on wires and kept available for service on demand.

New Hampshire, however, is not a large state, neither has it the natural resources from which a stupendous power like that of a "Niagara" can be developed, but it looks with a local pride to the Connecticut, from which power is taken for the supplying of current to the western part of the state and to many cities and industrial companies in Southern New England, and to the Merrimack which has been splendidly developed at Sewall's Falls and Garvin's Falls, where current is generated for the requirements of utilities at Concord and Manchester. There are other developments in operation, along the Androscoggin and Blackwater rivers in the northern and central parts of the state, and that of the Lamprey River in the eastern part of the state, the development of which is in its infancy just at present but which is expected to show real progress in the early future.

Under the electric system the cost of power begins with its utilization and ends when the need is completed.

It means the distribution of power to places where the use of coal would be very expensive. It means, in effect, also, the finding of a new coal supply for every horse-power developed.

It would be an impossibility for human mind to prognosticate the demands that will be made a score of years ahead for electrical current for domestic or power requirements. We certainly cannot stand still, we must place ourselves in a position to meet the needs of users, but for that service there should be a rate representing a fair return—not merely the non-confiscatory return that barely escapes condemnation of the courts, but a return sufficient to reward efficiency and economy, and it is to be hoped that the development of our resources can continue and that our successors will be able to point to their achievements with the same degree of pride that we do as we reflect on the progress in which we have shared.

Along with the advance in the electrical industry came the graduation of horse railroad operations to lines operated by electric motive power. And in this connection we would be remiss in our duty to-day without a tribute to those who served as members of the former Railroad Commission of New Hampshire and devoted so much of their time to the companies seeking to improve the conditions in their respective sections. The Railroad Commission was succeeded in 1911 by the Public Service Commission, and of the members of the former Commission it is a pleasure to recall that Honorable Arthur G. Whittemore, of Dover, and Attorney-General Oscar D. Young, of Laconia, are still with us.

In the Act creating the Public Service Commission the State Legislature gave that body broad and discretionary powers which have been honestly and fearlessly exercised.

An assignment to a tribunal standing between the public and the corporation is not an enviable position, and the trust imposed by the call to such service can only be met by a character that will judge and act as between the right and the wrong. It is necessary that appointments to the personnel of the Commission should be men of exceptional ability and training and the legislature can make an appropriation no more wisely, or for greater resultant good to its peoples than a sufficient allowance for the proper conduct of the office. Investigations conducted by the Commission are expensive, in that the rights of the public as well as the utilities have full measure of protection, and the compensation for such a service should be sufficient to attract men of the highest calibre.

There is much of interest in the early history of the street railway business as an industry. The first street horse car was built by John Stevenson, of New York, and was used upon a road which was opened November 26, 1851, but the development was very slow and it was not until 1856 that the first New England road was constructed in Boston. In 1887 electricity was first successfully applied upon a street railway, and the following year witnessed the perfection of the first overhead trolley in Richmond, Virginia, on May 4th. It was a double-track line, had thirty cars in operation, and was built by Frank J. Sprague still a resident of New York. To Moses Gerrish Farmer, an American inventor and electrician, born in Boscawen and educated at Andover, in this State, is due the credit for the invention of the electrical locomotive. Since 1888, when it had become an established fact that electricity was to be generally employed as a motive power for street railway transportation the history of street railroading has been a

record of changes from horse to electric power.

In the place which New Hampshire holds in the development of the electric street railway industry one of our companies, the Dover, Somersworth & Rochester, holds the proud distinction of being the second street railway company in the United States in adopting and making use of electricity as a motive power. Under the charter which was granted in 1889 a new electric road was constructed, extended to Great Falls (now Somersworth) and opened for business August 8, 1890.

Outside the larger cities these roads were constructed by men who were residents of the towns in which they were located, and who had in view the development of those towns and convenience of themselves and neighbors more than the net earnings of the roads. They helped build street railways very much as they sometimes contributed to the erection of foundations or the construction of sidewalks. Each took as many shares as he thought he could afford to, not as an investment but as one which would promote the prosperity of the community. The public as well as their owners regarded them as public improvements rather than as money-making enterprises. Under those circumstances street railway corporations were given all the rights and privileges they asked for, and they asked for more than any other class of profit-sharing corporations ever dared to and were permitted to charge for transportation all they could get. On the grounds that they were public improvements rather than speculative ventures they cost very little and in many cases they came to being dividend-paying properties which returned to their owners fair rates of interest upon the money invested in them.

In these days when we think we are having an uphill climb it is inter-

esting to consider what might have been the problems of the operators of the '80s in our own state. The first report of the Railroad Commissioners under the "new" law and issued in 1884 states—"The total length of horse railroads is 12.68 miles," and further, that it was 2.37 miles in 1878 and 7.37 miles in 1880. These were the statistics for 1882. Construction was not progressing very rapidly and mileage gained but 3.1 miles in the next three years. It is learned that the gross earnings of the Manchester, Concord, Dover, Laconia and Lake Village companies for 1885 were \$47,801.24, and for the following year \$62,480.13. During these two years the companies mentioned had a net income of \$10,078.41. They carried 881,600 passengers in 1885 and 1,105,888 in 1886. Progress at this period was apparently slow,—there appears to have been quite a degree of doubt in the minds of the Railroad Commissioners as to whether or not the development was moving within the scope of personal benefit to the promoters rather than for the benefit of the public. An abstract from the 1890 report says—

"The street railways of this State were originally constructed by men who had in view the development of suburban lands, or other incidental advantages to themselves, neighbors, and friends, rather than the direct profits which might result from investments in such properties, and in the early history of those enterprises most of them were controlled by those who had too much other business to give them close attention, and managed in some cases by those who were entirely unfamiliar with the work they undertook. Under such conditions they were not, of course, handled in the best way, and they not only failed to command the patronage they might have had, but were allowed to rapidly deteriorate."

And further—

"The Dover road, under the management of the Dow family, Mrs. Dow being president and her husband treasurer, was a failure. It neither served the public satisfactorily nor earned the dividends it paid, but the transfer of the

Dow stock to Massachusetts capitalists gave them the franchise and what there was left of the equipment, and having obtained in August, 1889, a charter for a new electric street railway to Great Falls, they proceeded to consolidate the two, and then to dispose of the horses and cars and to remove the track of the old road, and finally to build in its place a new electric road, which was extended to Great Falls and opened for business August 8, 1890."

Even the Manchester road did not escape criticism because we find recorded in the same report—

"The Manchester road was much the worse for wear, its tracks badly out of repair, its horses old and feeble, its cars dingy and dilapidated, and its service fitful and unsatisfactory, when Gen. Williams purchased a controlling interest in its stock and began to impress upon it his liberal and progressive management, which proceeds upon the theory that a railroad should first spend and then earn its money. New trucks, new cars, and new horses have taken the place of old ones."

But in 1892 an awakening as to the part street railways would play in the growth of the community occurred. Electricity was being substituted for motive power and the fact was in evidence that whenever this was done the next step would be to extend the tracks to neighboring towns. The controlling factor was expressed in this language—

"Because, while it does not pay to haul cars by horse power over long stretches of unsettled territory in order to reach a village or pleasure resort, this can profitably be done by electricity, after an electric plant has been established."

At that time of the five street railways in the state, two used electricity as motive power, and both paralleled broad gauge roads; the Dover, between that city and Great Falls, and the Concord, between that city and Penacook.

The situation became a little troubled in 1892 and the Legislature of 1893 passed a bill which provided that the Railroad Commissioners should examine and report to the next ses-

sion of the legislature as to what general legislation, if any, the public good required in reference to the powers to be enforced upon, or exercised by, railroads operated by other than steam power. And the bill further provided that pending such examination and until such report was made, all bills for the incorporation of such railroads, or enlarging the powers of those already chartered, lie upon the table or be postponed until the next session of the general court.

The Commission made a thorough study of the situation and came to this conclusion:

"Assuming that the street railway of the future is to be an electric, that it is to be built and financed by capitalists, probably from other states, for the purpose of making money, that it is to have at its command abundant cash, credit, courage and cunning, that it will be dominated by the same selfishness and shrewdness that characterize the management of great corporations generally, we must welcome and encourage it, and at the same time prescribe such conditions as are fair and prudent.

On July 1, 1896, seven street railroads having an aggregate of about sixty miles were in operation. They were capitalized at \$1,358,500, and during the year following earned \$282,820.97, and expended for operation and fixed charges the sum of \$282,839.28. None of them made an allowance for depreciation, and only one of them, the Manchester, paid a dividend.

By 1900 construction work was well under way. The legislature of 1899 had granted charters for eight electric street roads, and as many more unused ones granted by previous legislatures were alive. The most important at that time was the building of an electric line in Portsmouth, through the towns of Rye and North Hampton to a connection with the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury at Hampton line. A charter had been taken by the Boston & Maine Railroad permitting it to

parallel its own tracks from Concord to Nashua, and the electrification of the Portsmouth & Dover branch of its road was contemplated. During the following year earnings increased about \$270,000, having reached approximately \$552,500.

The next important development, and perhaps the final one, took place in 1902, and was that known as the "Lovell System." Mr. Lovell, as agent of the New Hampshire Traction Company, had acquired or produced the electric railways and other properties of the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury; the Amesbury & Hampton; the Haverhill, Plaistow & Newton; the Haverhill & Plaistow; the Seabrook & Hampton Beach; the Dover, Somersworth & Rochester; the Portsmouth & Exeter; the Hudson, Pelham & Salem; the Lawrence & Methuen; the Haverhill & Southern New Hampshire, and the Lowell & Pelham Street Railway companies; and the Rockingham County Light & Power Company; the Granite State Land Company, and the Canobie Lake Company.

These companies experienced many of the hardships of lines constructed in sparsely settled sections, but they were destined to perform an important role in the transportation service of the state. Re-organizations were effected; the Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury went through foreclosure proceedings and was sold to bondholders' committee in March, 1908; the Portsmouth & Exeter was abandoned and its tracks torn up, and in 1913 there was merged into the Massachusetts Northeastern Street Railway Company the various street railway companies of the original "Lovell System" in New Hampshire and Massachusetts. Due to Federal Law the Dover company is not an integral part of the Northeastern.

The attitude of the state legislature in dealing with its street railways has been that of a willingness

to assist. Charters were freely given and for a long time were not restricted as to when they should be exercised although that practice terminated in due course. Under the general law, companies were exempted from taxation for ten years, but at the expiration of that period, and more particularly in the depression following the World War, many were finding themselves in a position where the payment of a "state tax" was a real burden. Many of the companies had nothing left from earnings and credits had been seriously impaired. To meet this situation the legislature of 1919 passed a bill under which a corporation which had not, under efficient management, earned sufficient money to pay its operating expenses and fixed charges, including taxes and excluding interest on its indebtedness, and to provide for necessary repairs, and maintenance of its properties and adequate reserves for depreciation thereof, may be exempted from the payment of taxes and to the extent and subject to the limitations of the act. This was a timely assistance and the relief offered has come at the most opportune time.

In convening here to-day and such occasions come not too closely together, a perfectly natural interest is aroused as to those who have been identified with the industry in our state. An effort has been made to obtain as much data as was possible concerning those who have been active in this work but the difficulty in obtaining it is doubtless realized.

We all rejoice with our host, Mr. Foster, in rounding out these fifty years of railroad service—it represents a wonderful service in the interests of the public. Mr. Foster was general manager of the Lynn & Boston companies and later president of the New Orleans Railways. He came to Manchester January 1, 1912, at which time he was elected president of the Traction Company.

Associated with Mr. Foster has been Mr. J. Brodie Smith for whom we certainly have a warm place in our hearts. Mr. Smith was the first superintendent of the Ben Franklin Electric Company which commenced business in the fall of 1896. The first alternating current, incandescent lights used in Manchester were put in operation by the Manchester Electric Light Company under his direction, and he also set up the first electric motor used for power purposes in Manchester. Gen. Charles Williams promoted the Manchester street railroad properties and in the old days N. H. Walker was superintendent, later being located at Salem, N. H., and finally returning to the circus business.

The Concord company was launched under the leadership of one of its most substantial citizens and former mayors, Hon. Moses Humprey. I doubt very much if Mr. Humprey could be termed a promoter. I knew him quite well. It is but natural, possibly, that I should find myself in the street railway business as my father superintended the building of the first car used on the lines of that company.

The lines of the New Hampshire Traction Company interest were promoted by Mr. Wallace D. Lovell, and for a short time after Mr. Lovell's retirement they were presided over by Mr. Howard Abel, one of Mr. Lovell's experts.

Mr. Lovell conceived the system of railways bearing his name and it was through his efforts that the money was secured from the bankers who, after the investment of great sums in the various enterprises, took over their management and control and organized the New Hampshire Traction Company as the holding company for their securities. Mr. Abel was selected by the bankers to organize and complete the systems, but he was not either friendly to Lovell nor was his presence welcome.

Following the early struggle of those properties the New Hampshire Traction Company was succeeded by New Hampshire Electric Railways, and Mr. David A. Belden was elected president, both of the parent company and its subsidiaries. Mr. Belden is a man of broad experience in the railway industry, in operating as well as financial matters, and to him is due the credit for the perpetuity of the greater portion of the "Lovell" system. With Mr. Belden was associated Mr. Franklin Woodman, who came to the properties in 1900 as general manager. Mr. Woodman was of an untiring disposition and it was due to his natural qualifications as a railroad man that the patrons of the road were so efficiently served. Mr. Woodman retired in March, 1917, since which time Mr. Ralph D. Hood has served as vice-president and general manager. Mr. Hood was identified with early street railway construction in New Hampshire acting in the capacity of engineer for the "Lovell" interests, and with him was associated Mr. Arthur W. Dean, resident engineer in charge of lay-out and construction between Nashua and Haverhill, Mass.

Mr. Dean later became Chief Engineer of the New Hampshire Traction Company leaving that office to become Engineer of the State of New Hampshire and still later of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

The Exeter, Hampton & Amesbury has had a more or less checkered career. It sponsored many of the railway projects and financial troubles were early encountered. At one time Mr. Warren Brown was president, and in 1898 Mr. A. E. McReel began his association with the property which continued for some four years. By legislative authority in 1919 the towns of Exeter, Hampton, Hampton Falls and Seabrook were authorized to purchase all or any part of the properties and assets and of the shares of stock of this company.

The outcome of this municipal operation will be followed with interest.

The Concord and Portsmouth companies are under the management of the Boston & Maine Railroad. The superintendent at Concord is Mr. John B. Crawford, and at Portsmouth, Mr. William E. Dowdell is in charge. The Dover company is a subsidiary of New Hampshire Electric Railways, its local superintendent being Mr. L. E. Lynde, one of our active members.

The Nashua company was organized in 1885, and during its career was operated for a while under lease to the Boston & Northern. At the expiration of the lease it returned to operation by its owners and is at present under the direction of Mr. Engelhardt W. Holst, an engineer-manager.

In passing we should not fail to recall Hon. John W. Sanborn, commonly known as "Uncle John," opposed to the granting of street railway franchises presumably because of the competition they would arouse with the steam roads; neither should we overlook Hon. Henry M. Putney, former Railroad Commissioner, and from whose astute pen came so much of extraordinary interest in his editorials both officially and otherwise.

But the public mind is rapidly undergoing a change. The outcry against excessive capitalization which has so often been heard has a standing no longer. Regulatory laws which have brought utilities and communities into closer relation have been adopted by many states. To-day we are hearing more of "a reasonable return on capital honestly and prudently invested." Where excessive capitalization has existed the regulatory bodies have insisted upon a gradual writing off so that actual capital and fair present value are

coming more closely together. The public has come to recognize the growing usefulness of the services of utilities, and the utilities have responded by an increased insurance against failure to function. A city or a town may get along with a poor municipal government but it cannot live without a good transportation service.

The street railway business in the United States is one of the largest enterprises. Mr. Hoover surprised the people with the statement that the electric railways directly employ 300,000 workers, and that they purchase materials and supplies amounting to \$500,000,000 per year. Surely these are factors in the economic life of the nation. During this past month the thirty-fourth anniversary of the birth of the modern overhead trolley found the financial conditions of city electric lines improving but it is to be regretted that this improvement has not reached the interurban lines.

New Hampshire has taken no steps in so-called cost-of-service legislation providing for the continuance of service in sparsely populated sections. State or municipal ownership has not proved highly successful and the business is too hazardous to warrant the adoption of laws by our legislature under which assessments would be levied on those communities wherein assistance is necessary to make railway operations successful. In cases where public authorities do not consider the continuation of a transportation company as longer being necessary for the accommodation of the public then that line should be abandoned. The next few years may witness such a movement.

The total operating revenue of 180 companies in 1921, representing more than 50% of the total industry in the United States, amounted

to \$457,500,000, as compared with \$650,000,000, for the entire industry as reported by the United States Census for 1917. With a return to normalcy undoubtedly traction lines will enjoy renewed prosperity. One bright spot in the result appears in the lower operating ratio in 1921—these percentages were reduced from 78.4 in 1920 to 75.2 in 1921. This condition results from economies in operating expenses and efforts of the operating departments to effect savings wherever and whenever possible. Net operating revenues show an increase of some \$14,000,000 af-

fording an increased purchasing power to railways, and results should be apparent in an improvement in railway credit. All industries were not hard hit at the same time and they will doubtless revive in like manner. Many lines of business are showing an improvement, our own already displaying that tendency. We should not allow ourselves to be pessimistic to-day and optimistic to-morrow,—we should have our steady nerve with us all the time, and that if we have a reaction we should know that it is only temporary.

SEARCH.

By John Rollin Stuart.

"Lover tarry, here is moonlight—
Tarry Courser, here is spring;
In the land of life discover
Where the brooks forever sing.

"Know tonight the moon's affection
And tomorrow love the sun.
For your breathing must not falter
Over beauty Earth has spun,

"Sorrow craven, you are banished,
In my garden Laughter wins;
Furl the sail and loose the rudder,
Here no heartsore road begins.".....

Thus we hear a midnight whisper,
Thus our lamps are fuel-filled;
Yet, behold, each day another
Barkentine the storm has killed!

LAKE WINNIPESAUKEE

By Mary Blake Benson.

"Yon hill's red crown
Of old the Indian trod,
And through the sunset air looked down
Upon the Smile of God.
He saw these mountains in the light
Which now across them shines;
This lake, in summer sunset bright
Walled round with sombering pines."

The region of Winnepesaukee was a favorite one with the Indians, as was indeed, the whole valley of its outlet all the way to the sea. It was, naturally, the center of trails from all directions. Along its shores they held their tribal feasts and their councils of war. From the tops of the surrounding mountains flashed their signal fires and beside the shining waters of the lake, many questions of importance were raised and settled.

From the south came the Penacooks, the Nashuas and remote tribes from the Massachusetts Bay territory. From the west and north-west through the valley of the Connecticut and along Bakers River and the Pemigewasset came the Iroquois, the St. Francis and others. From the valley of the Ossipee the Saco and the Androscoggin came the Pewauketts and Ossipees, while from the east came up the Cochecos and other tribes of Maine.

The Penacooks were the most powerful tribe and occupied the region around Concord, New Hampshire. Passaconaway was their chief.

His name as written by himself was PA-PIS-SE-CON-E-WA, meaning "The Child of the Bear." It was claimed that he was a magician and even the best authorities seem to agree that he had much skill in jugglery.

"Burned for him the drifted snow
Bade through ice fresh lillies blow
And the leaves of summer grow
Over winter's wood."

He was both wise and cunning

and possessed a superior mental ability and an uncommon nobleness of soul. The very ability which led him to the chieftainship of the confederated tribes evidently led him to see that eventually his race must bow to that of the white men; for he sought the friendship of the English and tried to secure friendly relations between them and his people. At a great feast and dance of his tribe held in 1660, he made the following speech as he resigned his position to his son, Wonolanset.

"Hearken to the last words of your father and friend. The white men are sons of the morning. The Great Spirit is their father. His sun shines bright above them. Never make war with them, for so sure as you light the fires, the breath of Heaven will turn the flames upon you and destroy you. Listen to my advice. It is the last I shall be allowed to give you. Remember it and live."

This fine old Indian was always a friend to the white man, as was also his son who succeeded him; and although the latter was so unjustly treated by some of the grasping whites, that he withdrew from the river and lake valley and made his home in Canada, yet he restrained his followers from acts of retaliation as long as it lay within his power.

Most of the seashore Indians went inland to the head waters of the Merrimac as the season for shad and salmon approached.

The first great assembly place was at Namaskeag Falls or Manchester, and later at the outlet of Lake Winnepesaukee. At the lower falls the fish arrived about corn planting time, but at Namaskeag nearly two weeks later, and at the lake still later when the planting

season was over and the Indians had more leisure. For this reason the upper fishing places were held in the highest esteem.

In the early days, before the dams, the salmon and shad came up the lower part of the Merrimac together, but parted company at the forks, the former choosing the colder waters of the Pemanigawassett and the latter going up the Winnepesaukee River to the lake.

Near the outlet of Winnepesaukee, at what is now The Weirs, there was a permanent Indian village, which was located about a quarter of a mile south of the present railroad station on the western hillside.

"Here by this stream in days of old,
The red men lived who lie in mould;
The leaves that once their history knew
Their crumbling pages hide from view.
Canoeless lies the lonesome shore,
The wigwam's incense wreathes no more."

The New Hampshire tribes were known as The Nipmucks, or "Fresh Water People," and it was they who built the great stone fish trap or weirs in the river at a proper distance from the outlet of the lake.

They called the place Ahquedaukenash, from Ahque, to stop, and Auke, a place; thus, stopping places or dams; this being the plural form. The white settlers spelled the name in various ways, but perhaps the most common form used was Aqueductan. The word means exactly the same as the word "Weirs," a dam or stopping place for taking fish. They gave the place this name because these weirs were permanent. Such devices as were built on the seashore or in tide water streams are often made of poles driven into the sand with brush woven into wicker work, but those at Aqueductan were very skilfully constructed of stone. Large stones were placed in the current a foot or more apart and to them wicker work was fastened. The weirs were built

somewhat in the shape of a letter W. The uprights pointing up stream towards the lake, and the lower points being left open about two feet; the walk on either side running toward the shores with the middle part of the W being so many cages into which the fish crowded and were easily caught with nets, spears, or even by hand. The Indians would paddle about in their canoes and quickly fill their frail crafts, take their catch ashore to the squaws, who split and cleaned the fish and either laid them aside to dry or else hung them up and smoked them for winter use.

When the white settlers came they found the weirs in good condition. They were in use in 1652, and both explorers and natives relied upon them for food. Fish wardens were later appointed, who went two days each week to see that the fish were evenly divided.

In September, when the fish went down stream they were thin and lean, but the eels which migrated with them were fat and in their prime; so the same weirs, with an added contrivance, was used for their capture. From the lower points of the W which were left open, passageways were built about six feet long, and at their lower ends holes were dug about three feet deep and four feet across, in which wicker baskets were sunk. Into these the struggling, slippery eels would drop, and the Indians could easily catch them.

The Weirs, being a permanent settlement of Indians, many relics have been found on the site of their village and along the shore nearby.

Beside the Indian Settlement at the Weirs, there was, at a much earlier date, a strong Indian fortification at East Tilton on a point of land formed by the Winnepesaukee River and Little Bay. This was doubtless one of a chain of

forts built by the Penacooks and their eastern allies, the Pequaukees.

In times of war, Winnepesaukee was a great rallying place for the various bands of Red Men.

The waters of the lake furnished them with an inexhaustible supply of food and the water ways, or the ice, supplied easy methods of travel in various directions.

Most of the roving Indians which attacked the New Hampshire and eastern and central Massachusetts settlements came from Canada by way of Winnepesaukee.

The old Indian trail stretched from St. Lawrence to the ocean. It ran through Pieneville, near Montreal, along the St. Francis River, across Lake Memphremagog, then through dense woods to the Connecticut River, down this water way to the region of what is now Haverhill, New Hampshire, across the ridge near Mooselauke to Warren, down Bakers River, Asquam Lake, by Winnepesaukee and the Pemigawasset, along to Alton Bay, and from there across the country to the coast.

Cotton Mather in 1702 thus describes the carrying away of one woman captive after an expedition against Dover.

"It was a terrible march, through the thick woods and a thousand other miseries, till they came to the Norway Plains (Rochester.) From thence they made her go to the end of Winnopisseog Lake, and from thence eastward, through horrid swamps, where sometimes they must scramble over huge trees fallen by storm or age, for a vast way together, and sometimes they must climb up long, steep, tiresome, and almost inaccessible mountains—a long and sad journey she had of it—in the midst of a dreadful winter—at last they arrived in Canada."

Probably the first white people to pass over this trail, were the

captives thus carried by the Indians, and the discomforts and fear which they endured doubtlessly drove all thought for, or appreciation of, the wonderful beauty of the country from their minds.

The name "Winnepesaukee" is taken from the Algonquin language and has been variously translated as meaning "The Smile of the Great Spirit," "Good Water with Large Pour out Place," and "Beautiful Water in a High Place."

J. Hammond Trumbull, who has made an extensive study of Indian Geographical names, tells us that the real meaning of the word is simply "Good Water Discharge," the name evidently applying formerly to the outlet, rather than to the lake itself.

Judge Chandler E. Potter in his excellent book on "The History of Manchester" is responsible for the translation reading "Beautiful Water in a High Place," regarding which J. Hammond Trumbull says, in part, "Judge Potter is demonstrably wrong, inasmuch as he assumes that IS or ES represents KEES, meaning *high*, to which assumption there are two objections; the first being that there is no evidence that any such word as KEES, meaning *high*, is to be found in any Algonquin language, and secondly, that KEES could not possibly drop its initial K and still preserve its meaning."

The name of this lovely lake has been spelled in a multitude of ways. One writer tells us that he actually found in various kinds of manuscript, 132 different forms of spelling. Of that number "Winnepesaukee" is most commonly used at the present time, while the five following will give the reader an idea of the peculiar variations of which the word is possible.

WINNIPISEOKEE	WINEPISIOKA
WINEPESOCKY	WINNEPESEOCKEE
NIKISIPIQUE	

PASCATAQUACK AND KENEBECK

By Elwin L. Page.

Both Bradford and Winthrop have preserved the story of the poacher from Piscataqua who invaded the Plymouth trading patent on the Kennebec. How he there met a tragic end, and the consequences which followed, including the detention of John Alden, the intervention of Miles Standish, and indirectly the imprisonment of Edward Winslow in the Fleet, make an interesting narrative collateral to early New Hampshire history. Strangely enough this story, which involves so many arresting personalities, has been overlooked by our general historians.

The Plymouth Colony struggled out of debt by means of Indian trade. Beaver was her economic salvation. But furs were scarce in the vicinity of Plymouth, and after the harvest of 1625 Winslow and other "old-standers" took a boat-load of corn to the Kennebec and returned with seven hundred pounds of beaver, besides other furs. The next year, or perhaps the next but one, the troublesome Thomas Morton beat them in the race to Maine and hindered the Plymouth folk of a season's furs.

Allerton, in England in 1627, sought a patent on the Kennebec for the Plymouth Colony. This he brought over the following year, but "so strait & ill bounded, as they were faine to renew & enlarge it the next year." As thus corrected, the patent included several hundred square miles. Upon it, in 1628, Plymouth set up a permanent trading house at Cushnoc, now Augusta. At the same time the Plymouth traders found a better medium of exchange in "wampampeake," which they first introduced in the buying of furs in those parts. The value of wampum was taught them by their Dutch neighbors—not the only instance of friendly aid from that direction. Thus the colony on Cape Cod Bay

found itself doubly intrenched against "those of Piscataqua," who had already, as Bradford notes, shown some disposition to invade the territory which Plymouth had opened up to the fur trade.

This was the situation when, in the spring of 1634, the poacher sailed his bark up the Kennebec. His name was John Hockin, or Hocking. From which of the Piscataqua settlements he came can be inferred only from the statement of Winthrop that he employed a pinnace belonging to Lord Say and Lord Brook. He must, therefore, have come from Dover, for a year or two earlier Lords Say and Brook, Sir Richard Saltonstall and others had purchased the former Hilton interests upon the recommendation of their Massachusetts friends. Probably Hocking was one of the new emigrants sent from England in 1633, producing what Mr. James Truslow Adams has termed "a series of explosions, which subsequently prepared the way for annexation by Massachusetts."

So Hocking came to Cushnoc. It immediately became evident that fair competition was no part of his plan; that he intended to go up river beyond the Plymouth house, and thus cut off the trade with the Indians bearing furs from the north. He was forbidden to do so; he was urged not to do the patentees "that injurie, nor goe aboute to infringe their liberties, which had cost them so dear. But he answered he would goe up and trade ther in dispite of them, and lye ther as longe as he pleased."

There was but one retort left to the troubled traders of Plymouth: their patent authorized them to make prize of "all such persons, their ships and goods, as shall attempte to inhabite or trade with ye savage people of that countrie." And so, as Bradford tells the story: "The other tould

him he must then be forced to remove him from thence, or make seasure of him if he could. He bid him doe his worste, and so went up, and anchored ther."

Bradford proceeds:

"The other tooke a boat & some men & went up to him, when he saw his time, and againe entreated him to departe by what perswasion he could. But all in vaine: he could gett nothing of him but ill words. So he considred that now was y^e season for trade to come downe, and if he should suffer him to lye, & take it from them, all ther former charge would be lost, and they had better throw up all. So, consulting with his men, (who were willing thertoe,) he resolved to put him from his anchor, and let him drive downe y^e river with y^e streame; but comanded y^e men y^t none should shoote a shote upon any occasion, except he comanded them."

But this peaceful procedure, so far less drastic than the seizure authorized by the patent, resulted tragically.

"He [the nameless Plymouth leader] spoake to him againe, but all in vaine; then he sente a cuple in a canow to cutt his cable, the which one of them performs; but Hocking tak up a pece which he had layed ready, and as y^e barked shered by y^e canow, he shote him close under y^e side, in y^e head, (as I take it,) so he fell downe dead instantly. One of his fellows (that loved him well) could not hold, but with a muskett shot Hocking, who fell downe dead and never speake word. This was y^e truth of y^e thing."

Hocking's men returned to Dover, whence there soon went to Lord Say and Lord Brook a letter leaving out every circumstance except that the inoffensive Hocking had been killed in cold blood by men from Plymouth. Their Lordships in England were much offended until, as will later appear, they learned the whole story.

Meanwhile the news spread quickly and came to the Bay in a much distorted form. The Bay people, as always, were gloriously shocked with the misdeeds of others. The colonists at Plymouth, having all the facts, were "sadly affected with y^e thing." The conscience of the Bay

took upon that colony the customary duty of dealing with an affair which was none of their business—unless, indeed, England's reaction to the homicides might affect the homeland's attitude towards the colonial question in general.

So when, shortly afterwards, the Plymouth vessel had business at Boston and John Alden went thither, he was clapped into prison upon complaint of a kinsman of Hocking. Alden had been on the Kennebec, though not party to the trouble. This, to use Bradford's mild language, "was thought strang" at Plymouth.

Forthwith Captain Standish was sent to the Bay to give true information and procure Alden's release. His mission was partly successful. As appears from Governor Dudley's letter to Bradford, the Bay magistrates, conceiving that the Plymouth men had possibly acted within their rights, set Alden at liberty, but bound Standish to appear twelve days later with sworn copies of the patent and proofs of the provocation given by Hocking. Having thus maintained the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay to try men of another colony for acts committed far from the bounds of Massachusetts, Dudley absolved himself from all unkindness, wished recovery of health to Bradford, sent loving remembrances to Governor Prince, Winslow and Brewster, and added, "The Lorde keepe you all. Amen. Your very loving friend is our Lord Jesus, THO: DUDLEY."

Standish seems to have appeared in the Massachusetts Court in accordance with his bond and to have borne a letter from Governor Prince demanding the rights of his colony. Dudley was probably inclined to the Plymouth view, but the Court was seriously divided, and instead of pressing for a decision, he advised Bradford to wait, as "time cooleth distempers."

Perhaps not a little of the strained

relations between the two colonies grew from the incident of 1631, when a boat from the Bay traded for corn with the Indians on Cape Cod, which Plymouth viewed as her preserve. A Salem pinnace, going for the same purpose, was driven by storm into Plymouth, where the Governor forbade such trading, and said it would be opposed by force, "even to spending of their lives."

In Plymouth there was every disposition to view the Massachusetts attitude as "more then was mete," but "perswaded what was done was out of godly zeale, that religion might not suffer, nor sinne any way covered or borne with, especially y^e guilte of blood," they determined to meet their intrusive neighbors in a Christian spirit. So, in order to mollify them, they sought advice and direction from Winthrop and other reverend magistrates at Boston. Probably, also, they thought, as Dudley did, that troubles might come over in the next ship from England, and that a united front was desirable.

Winthrop suggested a sort of intercolonial court to include representatives from neighboring plantations, especially from Piscataqua and Massachusetts, with "full power to order & bind, &c," providing that the liberties of no place be prejudiced; and, as "y^e preist lips must be consulted with," the ministers of every plantation should be present to give advice, in point of conscience. This seemed dangerous, but Plymouth, having the courage of a good conscience, invited Massachusetts, Salem and Piscataqua to attend at Boston, with any others they desired to bring.

As an intercolonial court, the meeting at Boston was a failure; only Plymouth and Boston answered the call. Nevertheless it was a satisfactory lovefeast for both parties. The Bay people were satisfied because they had an opportunity to assume a quasi-jurisdiction over the killings on the Kennebec; it gave their magistrates

and divines occasion to exercise their casuistical arts in a moot-court. Plymouth was satisfied because the conclusion reached was favorable to them. Both were satisfied with the complete agreement reached as to means for avoiding trouble with their common enemies in England.

From Plymouth came Bradford, Winslow and the Reverend Ralph Smith. They were met by Winthrop, the Reverend John Cotton and the Reverend John Wilson. First they sought the Lord. Then they discussed "some passages at which they had taken offence," but these were "soon cleared." Probably there was early agreement in the statement of Winthrop that the incident "had brought us all and the gospel under a common reproach of cutting one another's throats for beaver." In this Christian spirit they discussed the issues.

The first question was the right of the Pilgrims to hinder others from trading at the Kennebec. The patent clearly answered in the affirmative. But the joint-council did not stop at this point. Winthrop had some legal learning, and he now declared for the first time his theory of *vacuum domicilium*; the place had been found untenanted by Indians and held in possession divers years without interruption or claim of any of the natives; adverse claims of Englishmen like Morton could not impeach the rights of the first white occupants. A few years later Winthrop availed himself of the same principle in support of the claim of Massachusetts to the Hampton lands granted by the Indians (but not occupied by them) to Wheelwright. In course of time the maxim of *vacuum domicilium* became New England law.

But, granted the right, in point of conscience could Plymouth stand on it so far as to hazard any man's life in defence of it? This was the field of the ministers. Plymouth alleged

that their man had killed Hocking in defence of the second Pilgrim who was about to be shot, at the same time admitting a breach of the Sixth Commandment in not waiting to preserve their rights by other means than killing. They wished it had not been done; they would guard against it in future. Was it urged that the man who fired on Hocking from the pinnace "loved well" the man who had been murdered in the canoe? The record does not state. Throughout the discussion, only the highest grounds of morality seem to have been touched. Plymouth's frankness and forbearance were met by Massachusetts with "grave & godly exhortations.....which they also imbraced with love & thankfulness.....And thus was this matter ended, and ther love and concord renewed."

Forty days later Bradford and Collier went to Boston by appointment to meet Captain Wiggin, Governor at Dover, about Hocking's death. Wiggin apparently did not appear. The manly advances of the Pilgrims seem never to have been met halfway by Piscataqua.

Edward Winslow was sent to England with letters from Winthrop and Dudley to Lord Say and others. These, with letters from Plymouth and the verbal explanations of Winslow, readily satisfied the English proprietors of Dover, who in October had written Winthrop that they had forborne sending a man-of-war to batter down the Kennebec trading house, hoping that the Bay people would join with Wiggin in seeing justice done. Winslow took over nearly four thousand pounds of beaver, besides other furs, so that Plymouth's season at the Kennebec had a rich reward.

Winslow tarried in England to perform other missions, one of which was the answer of complaints made at the Council Board against the conduct of affairs in New England, chiefly at the Bay. All was going

well, and Winslow seemed about to get authority for the colonies to resist encroachments of the French in Maine and of the Dutch on the Connecticut, when he found this ran counter to the plan of Archbishop Laud to send over Sir Ferdinando Gorges as Governor General of all New England.

At this point Morton of Merry-mount re-appeared. Himself the first poacher on the Kennebec patent, shortly after dispossessed of his plantation by Standish for other misdeeds, and finally banished by Massachusetts Bay and watching the firing of his buildings as he sailed down Boston Harbor on his way back to England, he was now only too pleased to whisper in the Archbishop's ear information which caused Laud to smile grimly.

On Winslow's next appearance before the Council, Morton made certain formal complaints. Winslow met them to the satisfaction of the Board, who rebuked Morton and blamed Gorges and Mason for countenancing him. Thus faded Gorges' dream to be Governor General. But Laud now played the trumps which Morton had dealt him. He questioned Winslow. Had he taught in the church publicly? Had he officiated at marriages? To both Winslow confessed, justifying the former by the want of a minister in the earlier days, and the latter by the fact that marriage was a civil thing belonging to the function of the magistrates and having scriptural countenance. The Archbishop, "by vemente importunity," induced the Board to commit Winslow. So for seventeen weeks the Puritan agent lay in the Fleet. Thereby the New Englanders lost their petition for leave to repulse foreign invasion, but the Puritans for a time postponed the sending of a Royal Governor.

And so the Pilgrims traded at the Kennebec, not forever after (that would be too much like the fairy

story) but until 1662, when trade fell off. By that time, however, the little colony planted on a rather unproductive shore had won a sound prosperity. The beaver had saved them. Meanwhile, in 1646, Father Drouillette came down from Canada and visited the station. John Winslow, then the agent, gave him hearty welcome and allowed him to plant a Jesuit mission for the Indians just above Cushnoc. Those who view the settlers of New England as consistently intolerant will note that the liberal course of John Winslow was approved generally by the clergy of the time.

One other incident, in 1639, also no part of our story, deserves mention for its antiquarian interest. It is one of those naive stories of Provi-

dential interposition which Winthrop loved to relate. The Indians on the Kennebec wanted food and were tempted by the great store at the trading house. They conspired to kill the English for their provisions. Coming into the house, they found the master, Mr. Willett. "Being reading in the Bible, his countenance," as Winthrop gravely records, "was more solemn than at other times, so as he did not look cherefully upon them, as he was wont to do; whereupon they went out and told their fellows, their purpose was discovered. They asked them, how could it be. The others told them, that they knew it by Mr. Willet's countenance, and that he had discovered it by a book that he was reading. Whereupon they gave over their design."

HOMESICK.

By Cora S. Day.

Through Indian Summer's smoky haze,
 Or Winter's veil of snow;
 In Summer's blazing heart of gold,
 When Spring's white blossoms blow.
 Though sunshine light the day for me,
 Or rain blot out the view;
 My dreaming heart is breaking, dear,
 For you, sweetheart, for you.

The South may call me to its arms,
 The West to venture high;
 The North may send its cooling breath
 I turn from them and sigh
 For dear New England's rocky hills,
 For steep paths that we knew.
 Dear, when I'm free, I'm coming back—
 Back home, sweetheart,—to you.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

There was a time, early in the history of New England, when men from Massachusetts played a large part in the history of New Hampshire; but ever since John Stark marched to Bunker Hill the shoe has been on the other foot. From Daniel Webster and Henry Wilson down to the present time the Granite State has been exporting brains to the Bay State, much to the benefit of the latter



CHANNING H. COX

commonwealth, whatever may be said as to our own.

Why we repeat here and now this widely known and often mentioned fact is because of the prominence being given at this time of writing to the candidacy of two men of New Hampshire birth for the most important offices to be filled by the voters of Massachusetts at the November election; Governor Channing H. Cox, Republican, for re-election, and Sherman L. Whipple, Democrat, for United States Senator.

Governor Cox was born in Man-

chester, Feb. 28, 1879, the son of Charles E. and Evelyn (Randall) Cox, and prepared in the public schools of that city for Dartmouth College, where he graduated in 1901, taking his LL. B. from Harvard Law School three years later. His career in the politics of his adopted state has been one of remarkably unbroken success and includes eight years in the legislature (three terms speaker of the House), two years as lieutenant governor and two years as governor. Ability and courage, tact and good fellowship have been equal components in his distinguished career, which has not yet reached its culmination. It is impossible for his friends and admirers in his native state to believe that his administrative economies, the excellence of his appointments and the general high standard of his service as Governor are not so well appreciated in Massachusetts as to make his renomination and re-election sure.

At our request, Mr. Henry H. Metcalf, who of all New Hampshire men, perhaps, knows Mr. Whipple best and is in most thorough sympathy with his political principles, has written of him as follows:

"The recent announcement by Sherman L. Whipple, the eminent Boston lawyer, of his candidacy for the Democratic nomination for United States Senator from Massachusetts, to succeed Henry Cabot Lodge, whose term expires on the 4th of March next, calls attention to another native of New Hampshire, conspicuous in the professional and public life of the old Bay State.

"Mr. Whipple, who was born in the town of New London, March 4, 1862, is a great grandson of Moses Whipple, one of the early settlers of the town of Croydon, long its foremost citizen, who commanded a com-

pany under Stark at Bennington. His father was Dr. Solomon M. Whipple, long a prominent physician of New London, who married Henrietta Kimball Hersey of Sanbornton.

"He fitted for college at Colby Academy, and graduated with high honor from Yale College in 1881, when 19 years of age, and from Yale

by able and experienced practitioners, he has made his way to the front, through patient and persevering effort, till he now holds first place among the successful lawyers of the New England Metropolis both as regards the extent of his practice and the measure of material returns.

"This success has been attained by



SHERMAN L. WHIPPLE

Law School in 1884, in which year he was admitted to the bar and commenced practice in Manchester. His ambition, however, sought a larger and more promising field, and he removed in the following year to Boston, where he has since been in practice, and where, though commencing as a young man among strangers, backed by no interests, and commanding the assistance of no powerful friends, with the field well occupied

untiring devotion to the demands of his profession. If, as has been said, 'The Law is a jealous Mistress,' it has found him a most loyal devotee. While keeping abreast with the times in his familiarity with the world's activities in all lines of human progress, and especially in the political field, and while devotedly attached to the principles of the Democratic party, in whose faith he was reared, he has given his undivided attention to the

work of his profession, in which he has ever found delight.

"In turning his attention now to the field of politics, after attaining the summit of professional success, Mr. Whipple is actuated by no personal ambition. He yields only to the persistent appeals of party leaders and discerning men who find in him the best hope for successful leadership in a contest of vast consequence to their party and the country, and an awakened sense of personal duty.

"Whatever may be the outcome of the contest upon which he has entered—first for the nomination, against prominent men in his own party already in the field, and, if successful here, in the struggle for election against the veteran Senator, so long entrenched in the office, there can be no question of ample qualifications on his part for the position he seeks. He is the intellectual peer of any man in the Senate today; is thoroughly familiar with the political history of the nation and the important questions now at issue, is heartily in sympathy with the masses of the people and can be depended

upon to work for their welfare, as against all special interests or combinations. The same keen insight, clear comprehension and forceful readiness in speech and action, which have characterized his career at the bar, will shortly make him a leader in the Senate, if elected thereto.

"While his only public service, thus far, has been that of a delegate at large in the last Massachusetts Constitutional Convention, in whose deliberations he took a prominent part, his merits and ability have been duly recognized by his party in the past, in that he was twice given the votes of the Democratic members of the legislature for United States Senator, in the days when Senators were chosen by that body.

"Hundreds of people in New Hampshire who have taken due pride in the careers of Webster, Wilson and Weeks, natives of the Granite State, in the Senate of the United States, will await with interest the outcome of the contest upon which Mr. Whipple has entered, and will heartily wish him success."

DREAMERS

By Cora S. Day.

"Dreamers!" Men smile, and go on their blind way,
All unseeing, unheeding, the beauty and song,
The visions that make, for the dreamers, good day;
That shine in the stars, for them, all the night long.

Dreams! Aye, the heaven and earth were but dreams,
Ere God fashioned them out of His heart and His mind.
The darkness that veils and the sunlight that gleams,
The earth and the waters, the breath of the wind.

Dreamers—ah yes. But their dreams are the thread
Of which all the beauty of living is spun.
Aye, dreams are their manna, their heavenly bread;
God gives them the dreams by which heaven is won.

EDITORIAL

The spectacle afforded by the United States Senate in its protracted attempt at tariff legislation is not edifying or comforting or strengthening to one's faith in democratic institutions and representative government. Individual, sectional and occupational interests are fighting their own battles in the highest forum of American law-making and diligent perusal of the Congressional Record fails to disclose the slightest recognition in debates or votes of that which would be for the good of the nation as a whole.

If we are to have a tariff, it should be constructed on scientific principles by a competent commission giving its entire time to the work. The product of this commission should be accepted or rejected as a whole by Congress and the mad muddle of amendments in which the Senate is interminably floundering thus avoided. The commission should be a continuing body, a recognized department of the government, and at each session of Congress should propose such changes in the existing law as economic conditions in general, not in particular congressional districts, should demand.

If we are to have a tariff, we say again, let the law be drawn for the benefit of the national treasury and American industry as a whole, not because of especial consideration for this or that corporation or organization to which some Senator or Congressman owes his seat at Washington.

But let us turn from the weird mess at Washington to a brighter government picture here at home. At the end of the state fiscal year,

June 30, 1922, every New Hampshire state department and institution was within its appropriation for the twelve months. Not one "deficiency" shadowed the financial showing of the year to come. It has been some time since this state made so good a record, and while it may be too early to say that the tide really has turned and that there is a chance for a decrease in taxes, the evidence surely is ample that economy and efficiency are the vogue today among our officials. Governor Albert O. Brown has set the example from the day of his inauguration and, furthermore, he has given his personal attention to seeing that the standard he set up in this respect was adhered to by every person responsible for the expenditure of funds from the state treasury.

Now it has been shown that it can be done, it ought to be easier for future administrations to keep all the divisions of the state's activities, each ambitious for achievement and anxious for the development of its work, within the financial limits set by the wisdom of the legislative appropriations committees. Without exception, we believe, these departments are performing useful and valuable service, capable of beneficial expansion; but on the other hand the limit of wise taxation certainly has been reached, if not exceeded, and until new sources of revenue are tapped, progress of state work must be on intensive rather than extensive lines. Get the best budget we can find and then absolutely keep within it is the wise governmental policy for New Hampshire today and every day.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

Franklyn Pierre Davis of Enid, Oklahoma, is the compiler of a new kind of anthology, one of newspaper verse. In 1921, he read 3,000 poems, published in the press of this country, while making his choices. Five per cent, 150, he deemed worthy of re-appearance in his book and of these it is interesting to note that 11 were first printed in the Boston Transcript which is second only to the New York Times, with 15, in this respect. Other New England papers honored are the Boston Post, Springfield Republican and Union, Brattleboro Reformer, Lewiston Journal and Sun. The only New Hampshire poet we note in the collection is Dr. Perry Marshall, native of Lempster; but several Granite Monthly contributors are included, Grace C. Howes, Lillian

Hall Crowley, John Kearns, and John R. Moreland.

The Stronger Light by Mary Gertrude Balch (The Cornhill Publishing Company, Boston, \$1.75) is an old-fashioned love story told in an old-fashioned way and none the less welcome on that account to at least one reviewer. The people in it are familiar types, most of whom we are glad to know. New England country life is contrasted with that of a large city, not at all to the disadvantage of the former. There is a happy and sensible ending of a not too tangled plot. "The Stronger Light" is not strong at all in the sense of being intense, but it is pleasant, soothing and good propaganda for the "stay on the farm" movement which rural New England needs so much.

OPULENCE

By Alice Sargent Krikorian.

The wealth of all the ages past is mine,
The moonlight, glinting on a silver lake,
The diamond stars' tiara,—who can take
From me these gifts,—my heritage divine?
Nor moth, nor rust, nor Time, that crafty thief
Can rob me, when the mountain shadows fall,
Of, deep in brake, the thrush's liquid call
Guarding her nest, concealed by jade-green leaf.

Mozart, Beethoven, on symphonic strings
That ancient orchestra, the tumbling sea
Is singing in my ear their melody!
(Or so run on my sweet imaginings.)
Yea, more than these, the Heart of Nature yields
Her whispered secrets here, upon the daisied fields!

THE HAMPSHIRE

By Mary E. Hough.

I love old Hampshire by the sea:
Her ancient mother-towns
Of Winchester and Portsmouth,
Her sandy heaths and downs,—
Her dimpled glades and valleys,
Her smiling English leas,
And rivers of historic sound
Like Avon and the Tees.

She hath her woods of aged oaks
Hung with the mistletoe,
And ivied castle-ruins
Where yew and holly grow.
She claims the Conqueror William,
And on the breeze is borne
Across the distant centuries
A sound of hunter's horn.

Oh, I love ancient Hampshire
Bleached by the salt-sea gales,
But best of all to me the port
From which my good ship sails—
Sails back across the ocean
Toward my sturdy Granite-State,
New Hampshire of the hill-side homes
Where blessed friendships wait.

She hath no moors of heather
Nor wreathed fields of hops,
But she hath slopes of ribboned corn
And laureled mountain-tops;
Pastures asway with golden-rod,
Asters, and meadow-sweet—
Out to the grassy road-side
Leads every city street.

New Hampshire's merry rivers
Hint not of Shakespeare's fame,
But they are Laughing-waters
With poetry in each name.
Her great primeval forests
The pioneer has trod—
Cathedrals made by nature's hand
Where men may talk with God.

Oh, her seashore is not down-land,
She knows no English lea;
But all her land is home-land,
Is home-land to me.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

WILLIAM W. FLANDERS.

William W. Flanders, member of the New Hampshire State Senate of 1921, died at his home in North Weare, June 17. He was born in that town 54 years ago and from the age of 19 was engaged in the wood turning business in which he was highly successful. He was a leader in the power development of the Piscataquog river. His service in the senate was preceded by a term in the house of representatives in 1919. Senator Flanders was a member of the Masons, Eastern Star, Odd Fellows and Rebekahs. He also was a member of the New England Fox Hunters' association, that sport being his favorite recreation. Mr. Flanders is survived by his wife, who was Mabel A. Thurston of Weare, and three children, Theodore, Russell and Isadore, and two grandchildren.

THOMAS ENTWISTLE.

Thomas Entwistle, born in Hyde, Cheshire County, England, died in Portsmouth, June 25. Coming to this country with his parents as a child, he worked as a bobbin boy in the Kearsarge Mills at Portsmouth until the outbreak of the Civil War, when he enlisted on June 21, 1861, in Company D, Third Regiment, N. H. V., and served until his honorable discharge August 2, 1865. He was twice wounded, spent nine months in Andersonville prison and, making his escape from a prison train, had a thrilling journey of 21 days back to the Union lines. After the war Mr. Entwistle was at various times employed on the Navy Yard at Portsmouth, was at one time deputy United States marshal and for a quarter of a century served as city marshal of Portsmouth. A Republican in politics, Mr. Entwistle was elected in succession selectman, councilman and alderman of his city, several times representative in the legislature, thrice state senator and member of the executive council of Governor Robert P. Bass. He was a member of the Episcopal church, of the G. A. R., Masons and I. O. O. F. Two daughters, Mrs. Walter T. Richards and Miss Maude I. Entwistle, and one son, William T. survive him.

MRS. MARY R. PIKE.

Mrs. Mary R. Pike, at the time of her death the oldest person in New Hampshire, if not in New England, was born in Newfields, Sept. 11, 1815, and died there May 16. She was the eighth of the 12

children of Rev. John and Mary (Dodge) Brodhead and was the widow of Rev. James Pike, both her father and husband having been members of Congress as well as prominent clergymen. Her grandfather, Captain Luke Brodhead, served on the staff of Lafayette. She was a member of the Methodist church for 94 years and of the Daughters of the American Revolution. Mrs. Pike was a remarkable woman. She had a keen mind and retentive memory and to the last retained her interest in current events. She kept herself informed on the progress of the World War, subscribed to all Government loans, and was the first person in Newfields to respond to the Methodist drive.

FRANK G. WILKINS.

Frank G. Wilkins, president of the Washington (D. C.) Market Company, who died in that city last month, was born in Warner, June 17, 1856. Left an orphan at an early age, he became the ward of Hon. Nehemiah G. Ordway and accompanied him to Dakota upon his appointment as governor of that territory. There Mr. Wilkins was admitted to the bar, but from 1886 was associated with the Washington Market, in which Governor Ordway and the late Senator William E. Chandler were largely interested. Beside being president of the Washington Market Company and the Terminal Cold Storage Company, Mr. Wilkins was a director in the Second National Bank, National City Dairy Company, and Congressional Hotel Company, and a member of the Washington Stock Exchange, Washington Chamber of Commerce, United States Chamber of Commerce, and the Washington City Club. In 1887 Mr. Wilkins married Florence N. Ordway, who died in 1897. Of four children born the only survivor is Miss Nancy Sibley Wilkins. In 1900 Mr. Wilkins married Elizabeth M. Howell who survives him.

ADMIRAL J. G. AYERS.

Rear Admiral Joseph Gerrish Ayers, Medical Corps, U. S. N., retired, died at Montclair, N. J., March 21. He was born in Canterbury, November 3, 1839, the son of Charles H. and Almira S. (Gerrish) Ayers, and was educated at the University of Vermont and Columbia University. He served in the 15th N. H. Vols. as second and first lieutenant, 1862-3, and was appointed acting assistant surgeon, United

States Navy, December 17, 1864. He was retired November 3, 1901, with the rank of rear admiral, having served as fleet surgeon on the Asiatic station, 1895-7. He had charge of the first botanical expedition of the United States government to the

jungles of South Africa and was also at one time in charge of the naval laboratory in New York City. He is survived by his widow and two sons, Joseph G. Ayers, Jr., of Montclair, and Charles A. Ayers of Paris.

EVENTIDE

By Edward H. Richards.

The glowing sunset in the west,
That fills our hearts with silent joy,
Proclaims this day has been its best
And spreads its gold without alloy.

So we who toil and keep the right,
Forgetting much of yesterday.
May beautify on-coming night
By having done our best to-day.

WATER LILIES

By Helen Frazee-Bower.

White stars leaned from heaven's gate
When the sun was low,
Sought their image early, late,
In a lake below.

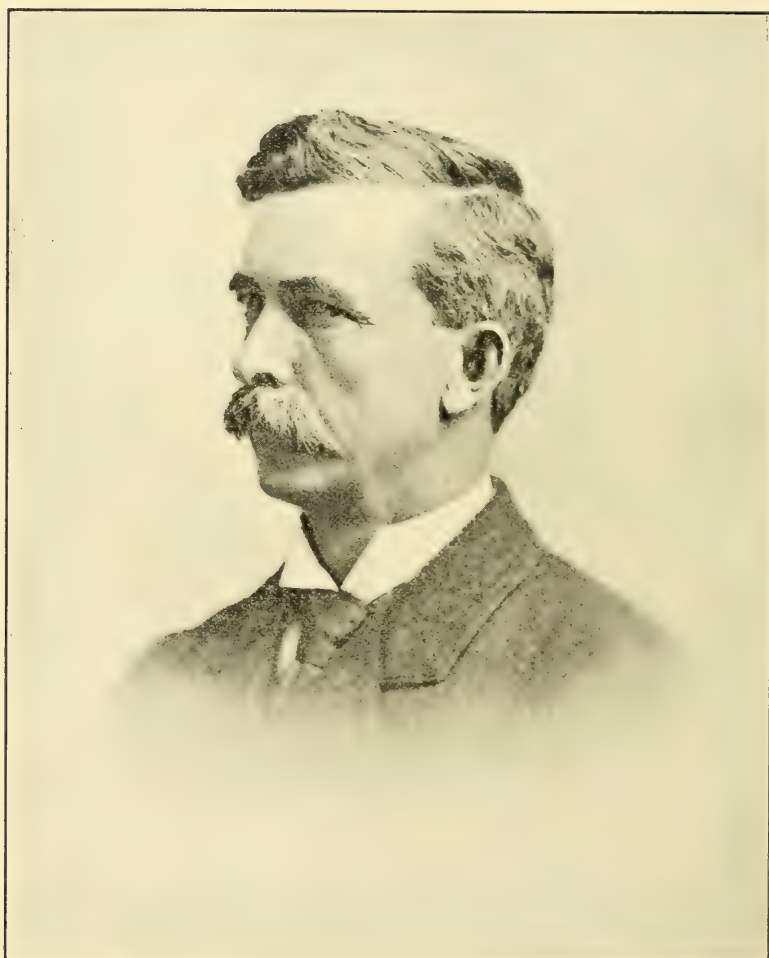
Water lilies tremble, sigh,
When new sunbeams wake:
White stars that forever lie
Captive in a lake.

CELIA THAXTER

Born June 1835; Died August 1894.

By Reingold Kent Marvin.

A sandpiper, grown tired of the sand,
Had faith to take the challenge of the sea
And made swift flight to far gray islands free
From dreary customs of the ancient land.
Then other songsters came, a daring band,
Attracted to the sandpiper's strange nest;
The ocean found an echo in her breast,
Her tender music those lone islands spanned.
One summer morn the sandpiper was still,
No plaintive tones cried out to greet the sea,
The listening song birds heard her voice no more,
Sunshine itself was touched with sudden chill,
The wild rose gave no honey to the bee,
Fled was the Laureate of Appledore.



TIMOTHY P. SULLIVAN

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TIMOTHY P. SULLIVAN

A Modest Citizen of Concord, Who Has Done Things

New Hampshire is known as the "Granite State," and Concord is its capital. Moreover the capital city is noted for its extensive granite quarries and the superiority of their product, more than anything else; though Concord wagons and Concord harness were known all over the country for many years in the past.

The man who has done more to exploit Concord granite—to call the world's attention to its superiority for building and monumental purposes—than any other, or all others combined, is a modest gentleman of Irish birth, 77 years of age, now retired from business, but seen nearly every day on Main street, whose name appears at the head of this article.

There were Sullivans in this country in goodly numbers, before the Revolution and some hundreds of them, including the valiant General John Sullivan of Durham—the ablest and most trusted of Washington's lieutenants—were enrolled in the patriot service during the struggle in which our independence was won, but this one came later.

Timothy P. Sullivan was born at Millstreet, Cork County, Ireland, December 16, 1844, son of Patrick and Mary (Moynihan) Sullivan. His mother died while he was very young, and some years later his father married a widow, named Riordan, who had four sons in the United States, with the last of whom she came to this country.

When Timothy was about sixteen years of age, his father also decided to emigrate to America, if he desired to go, and they were soon on the way, landing at Boston, where his stepmother then had her home. A year later they settled at Quincy, where Bartholomew Riordan, the eldest of his step-brothers, was engaged as a granite cutter, and through whose influence the young man was given an opportunity to learn the trade, and where he spent three years with the Granite Railway Co., an important firm having a large quarry property in Concord.

This Bartholomew Riordan, by the way, married a sister of the late Maj. Daniel B. Donovan of Concord, and made his home at West Quincy, Mass., where he accumulated a handsome property and reared a large family, and where his widow and children, now prominent citizens, are still living. Mr. Sullivan's father died at the age of 85 years, and his remains, with those of his wife and Bartholomew Riordan, are buried in the Catholic cemetery at West Quincy.

After his three years of service at Quincy, Mr. Sullivan came to Concord in the employ of the same firm. His health was not very strong and the work was easier here. He commenced on plain work, the young cutters never being assigned to ornamental work. Feeling that if he had the opportunity he could soon learn the carver's

art, he went one day to the office of the superintendent—Mr. George Sargent—and asked him to be allowed to try his hand at carving, saying that if his work proved to be of no value he would charge nothing for it, he would pay for tools and stone used. Mr. Sargent kindly consented, put him into the carvers' shed, gave him a good sized stone, and told him if he desired any information or advice at any time, he being a carver himself, would gladly give it. He went at the work and completed in sixteen days, a job that would have taken one of the old carvers a longer time to do. He did little plain work after that. He soon received an offer of employment with the Concord Granite Co., from Supt. Horace Johnson, which he accepted and did carving and other difficult work for that company. While there engaged Mr. David Blanchard, owner of a large quarry and cutting sheds at West Concord, came to the Concord Co.'s sheds, and inquired of some of the older cutters whom he knew, who among all the men was a cutter whom they could recommend to him to take charge of the thirty-five or forty cutters whom he employed, the man whom he then had in charge proving unsatisfactory. All joined in recommending Mr. Sullivan, who was soon after sent for and engaged by Mr. Blanchard. He did not make the change for increase of pay, merely, but because of the opportunity to learn how to handle men, and the business end of the granite trade. He spent three years with Mr. Blanchard, and then formed a partnership with Mr. Simeon Sargent, in the granite business, under the firm name of Sargent & Sullivan. They sent out their cards through the country, and their first order for a monument came from John Noble of Stuebenville, O. They started in a small shed near the Claremont R.

R., not far from Ferry St., and soon had twelve men at work. Soon after they built a shed where the New England sheds were later located, made farther additions and set up a large derrick, so that they were able to handle 40 or 50 cutters. Their granite, in the rough, came from the quarry of Fuller, Pressey Co. They soon bought Mr. Pressey's interest and the quarry company became known as the Henry Fuller Co., Sargent & Sullivan being half owners.

When the erection of the U. S. Government building in Concord, for the accommodation of the Post Office Federal Courts and Pension Office, was determined upon, and the general contractors—Mead, Mason & Co.—called for bids for the granite for the same, the firm put in its bid, which was found lower than any other. No move being made to award the contract, complaint was finally made to Washington. An agent of the Treasury Department soon came to town, and after due investigation the general contractors were ordered to award the contract to this company. They soon appeared with a contract that called for a \$50,000 bond. This was promptly furnished, however, and the stone for the building came from the Fuller Company's quarry. The building, when completed, was pronounced the finest granite building in the country, and is even now generally so regarded. Mr. Fuller's interest was soon bought by Sargent & Sullivan, who then became sole owners. The granite from this quarry was considered the best in the city, and monuments made from it thirty-five years ago, are bright and clean to-day. The firm furnished the granite for the new Concord Railroad station, for the contractors—Head & Dowst.

Mr. Dowst liked the work for the Concord depot so well that he told Mr. Sullivan if his firm would not give a bid to any other contractors.

Head & Dowst, who were bidding for the new government building in Manchester, would take no bids for the stone from any other granite firms, and there is good reason for the belief that Head & Dowst really secured the contract, as they finally did, on account of the fine appearance of the Concord government building.

The Sargent & Sullivan firm were sending monuments and other work to all parts of the country, as well as granite in the rough state, and soon found it advisable to add

superior quality and the supply abundant for all purposes, prepared a good sized sample, showing the different classes of cutting as well as the rock face and forwarded the same, Mr Sullivan himself soon after following the sample to Washington, determined to secure the contract if possible.

It has been since asserted that New Hampshire statesmen in Washington who had secured the Library contract for their state, were bound to get everything possible for New Hampshire. The simple truth is, however, that no particle of assist-



FEDERAL BUILDING, CONCORD

another quarry to their property. This quarry had been owned by a Quincy firm, which had got into financial difficulties, and was heavily mortgaged to Boston parties, whose interest was purchased, and after the necessary legal procedure, the entire property was owned by Sargent & Sullivan.

When plans were accepted by the Government for the Congressional Library building in Washington, samples of granite from all quarries in the country were called for, to be sent to Washington. Sargent & Sullivan, knowing their granite to be of

ance was rendered Mr. Sullivan by any member of the N. H. Congressional delegation, one of whom merely asked him if he had any conception of the magnitude of the work called for in the building! Maine parties up to that time had done most of the granite work for the government, and it was taken for granted that an unknown man from New Hampshire would stand little or no chance of success and he was accordingly left to "go it alone." He made his way, however, to the office of the chief architect, informed him whom he was, told him he had sent

in a sample of granite and asked to see his plans. He was courteously treated, shown the plans, and, accompanied by the architect, examined all the samples that had been sent in. The examination convinced him that his Concord granite was the finest in color and in strength of material among the entire lot.

When bids were finally called for on the work, Sargent & Sullivan sent for a set of plans and specifications. The stipulations concerning bonds were such as to preclude bidding by many firms. It was provided that the bidder should own the quarry; should give bonds of two property owners in \$400,000 in order to have his bid read, and agree to furnish bonds in \$800,000 if the work was awarded him.

Mr. Samuel Sweat, of the firm of Runals, Davis & Sweat, granite contractors of Lowell, Mass., had long been a friend of Mr. Sullivan. After the receipt of the plans and specifications, Mr. Sullivan spent three weeks at the residence of Mr. Sweat, in company with a son of Mr. Runals and one of Mr. Davis, in going over the matter and making an estimate, and it was arranged that the firm would furnish the required bonds for Sargent & Sullivan in case they were given the contract. About this time, James G. Batterson, of Hartford, Conn., president of the New England Granite Co., at Westerly, R. I., for whom Sargent & Sullivan had furnished a large amount of granite, having seen the specifications, sent for Mr. Sullivan, for a conference. He said that he was satisfied the granite called for was Concord granite, and it was arranged that Sargent & Sullivan should give Mr. Batterson a lease of one of their quarries, in order that he might be qualified to bid. The Lowell firm proposed to put in a bid, on the Fuller quarry granite, but on advice of Mr. Batterson, who said there would be work enough for all if

he got the contract, and that if two bids went in, both for Sargent & Sullivan granite, neither might be considered, they decided not to do so.

After the bids were all in and considered, it was announced by Chief Engineer, Maj. Gen. Robert L. Casey of the U. S. Army, who was authorized to erect the building, at an expense of \$6,500,000, that the contract for the granite was awarded to James G. Batterson, the stone to come from the quarries of Sargent & Sullivan of Concord, N. H. Mr. Sullivan states that there is no quarry of any size in the country whose granite is white, with a bluish cast, except those in Concord, and he is of the opinion that the government made tests of all granite samples, as to color and strength, before the specifications were made. The building, it may be said, when finally completed, was generally pronounced the largest and handsomest granite building in the world.

After the contract was awarded, it was decided that Bernard R. Green should be general superintendent for the construction of the building, and that before the work was begun Mr. Sullivan should travel with him showing buildings in different cities constructed of Concord granite. They saw in Philadelphia, the permanent Museum, erected for the Centennial Exposition from Concord stone; also several buildings in New York; then went to Providence, R. I., and inspected the new City Hall, two fronts of which were of Westerly granite, and two others, as well as all the columns, of Concord. They then came to Boston, and to Portsmouth, N. H., where the Custom House, built in 1855, and still a handsome building, is of the same stone, as is that at Portland, Me., which they also inspected. Coming up to Manchester they saw there the new U. S. Post Office building, the stone for which, as has heretofore been said, was from Sargent & Sul-

livan's quarry; also the Soldier's Monument on Merrimack Common, also made of the same stone, the coloring of which Mr. Green greatly admired. Coming finally to Concord, the appearance of the old State House, also made of Concord granite, gave Mr. Sullivan some worry; but he explained that the house was built in 1816, before the quarries were really opened, and there were no skilled cutters; but the columns and corners, still of fine appearance, were cut in 1864, and Mr. Green said he had never seen any columns of their age that looked so well. They then went to the rear of the State

cutting plant was constructed, at a cost of over \$75,000. Quarrymen and cutters came in rapidly and within eighteen months more than 450 men were at work on the job. It was up to Mr. Sullivan to make the enterprise pay, and he was kept exceedingly busy, day and night, between the quarries and sheds, till he finally became ill with a heart trouble, and had to give up work. He resigned and went abroad, spending nearly three months in travel through Ireland and England, and returned to Concord entirely cured. He consulted Dr. Walker as to what his illness had been and was told that his



HOME OF N. H. HISTORICAL SOCIETY, CONCORD.

House, and, leaning against the wall, gazed for some time at the new Government building. Finally Mr. Green said it was the finest granite building he had ever seen, and, if there had ever been any doubt, it settled the question of the material for the Congressional library.

When Mr. Batterson had secured his contract and perfected his plans, he proposed to buy the entire property—quarries and cutting sheds—of Sargent & Sullivan. They fixed their price, he accepted the same, and the transfer was made. He then engaged Mr. Sullivan to take charge of the work, as general superintendent. A new

trouble had been acute dyspepsia, brought on by anxiety, and that he would not have lived three months if he had continued his work.

Some time after his return Mr. Sullivan met Senator Chandler on the street, who informed him that he had secured an appropriation for a granite dry dock at Portsmouth, and desired him to go down there as an inspector, and see that the government got what it was entitled to. Mr. Sullivan did not care for the job, but the Senator insisted, and he finally consented to go. A civil service examination had been ordered—the first ever held at Portsmouth. It was said

the examination was ordered for the purpose of shutting Mr. Sullivan out; but although there were seven competitors he was the successful man and got the job. His work was simply on the cut granite, and had nothing to do with the masonry. The dock was completed in about three years and a half, when he desired to go home, but was persuaded to remain and act as a general inspector at the yard, looking after all building operations, which he did for a year and a half longer, when he had to resign on account of sciatic rheumatism, and return home where he spent three months in bed.

Soon after he was able to be about Mr. Sullivan was called to inspect the granite work for the basement of the new Senate office building in Washington, which was being cut in Concord, by the New England Granite Co. This he was able to attend to, and was engaged about eight months in this work. No sooner was it done than he was asked to go to Proctor, Vt., to inspect the marble being cut there for the exterior walls of the same building. This he declined to do, as he was not a "marble man;" but the government insisted, and he finally went. During the first six months a large amount of stone was condemned, and an engineer came on from Washington to advise him what stone he should not condemn; but Mr. Sullivan said if he did not know what cracked marble was he should never have accepted the position, and informed the company that he would not condemn a stone that was up to the specifications, and if they sent one that he had condemned and the government accepted it, he would not remain 48 hours. Not long before the work was completed Fletcher Proctor, governor of Vermont, and son of the Senator, thanked Mr.

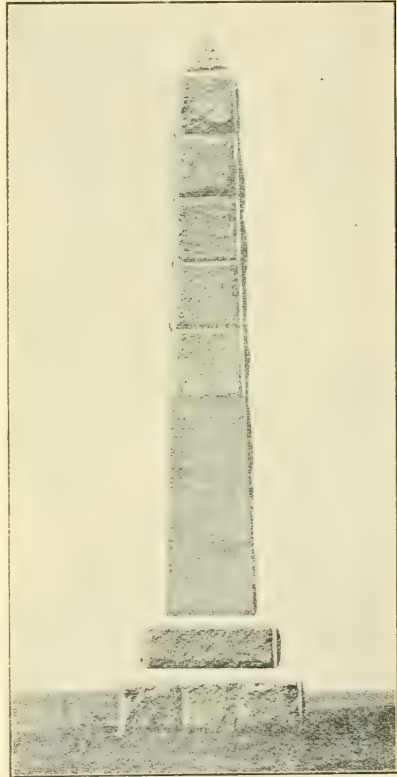
Sullivan for his careful inspection, as it had insured for them the credit of having provided the finest marble building in the United States. Soon after his return from Vermont, Mr. Sullivan heard of the proposed gift of a fine new building to the N. H. Historical Society, by Mr. Edward Tuck of Paris, the same to be of granite, and the report was that a Maine granite was to be used. The building committee consisted of Messrs. B. A. Kimball, S. C. Eastman and H. W. Stevens, and it appeared that Eastman and Stevens disliked the idea of using Maine granite for a historical building in Concord, when the best granite in the country was to be had in Concord quarries. Mr. Sullivan was seen by Mr. Eastman, who desired him to see and talk with Mr. Kimball about the matter. He declined to do so except upon the invitation of the latter, which soon came, and an interview was arranged, at which a sample of the proposed Maine granite was shown. Mr. Sullivan had a good knowledge of the various kinds of granite in the country, and the buildings constructed of the same, and referred Mr. Kimball to a building in New York, built of this particular granite, which had become discolored and unattractive in a few years. Mr. Kimball immediately started for New York to see the building. He soon returned, evidently much disgusted, and thoroughly displeased with the Maine people, who had recommended the granite in question. The committee met after Mr. Kimball's return, when he informed them of the result of the trip, and his conclusions, and it was determined to use Concord granite for the building.

The Committee then desired Mr. Sullivan to take charge of the work of construction, which he was loath to do, in view of his past experience

in making contractors live up to the terms of their contract; but, finally, having heard that Mr. Tuck had said that if the building was not as good as any in the country, it would be the fault of those in charge, and knowing that none of the committee had experience in such work, and that the city would not have much to boast of in the building if the work was not properly supervised, he consented to take charge. He was asked what would be his charge for service. Kowing that Mr. Tuck was giving the building outright and that the committee were getting no pay for time spent, he did not feel like asking a high price for his own services, and fixed the same at the modest figure of \$5.00 per day, which was agreed upon, yet in the end, taking into account all the extra time put in, nights and Sundays, what he received did not average \$3.50 per day. It should also be stated that before he had been at work a month, the engineer of the Brooklyn Navy Yard spent half a day endeavoring to induce him to leave the job and go with him to New York at \$14.00 per day, with two days off each fortnight for a visit home; but he firmly declined the offer, and stood by his agreement with the committee and Mr. Tuck, notwithstanding the magnitude of the sacrifice, believing it his duty to do so.

Some desirable changes in the specifications were effected, at Mr. Sullivan's suggestion. The handsome and appropriate curbing around the lot on which the building stands, is of his design. He is also responsible for the beautiful and elaborate group of statuary over the main entrance. On a visit to the architect's office he was shown a design of the State seal, with a naked boy on each side, each resting an arm on the top of the seal, the same being intended to go over the entrance. He regarded such design as unfitting, and finally, at the request of Mr. Tuck, this item was taken out

of the contract, and Daniel Chester French, the eminent New York sculptor, a native of New Hampshire and a relative of Mr. Tuck, was engaged to model and execute a suitable piece to crown the entrance, the result being the finest piece of statuary in a single stone to be found in the country.



TUCK MONUMENT,
ISLES OF SHOALS.

The red panels between the columns at the ends of the building, as originally designed and inserted, were of German marble, so called, with nineteen pieces in each panel, no two of which looked alike. Their appearance was unsatisfactory to all who saw them, and particularly so to Mrs. Edward Tuck. Finally Mr. Sullivan sent a sample of the red granite to Mr. Tuck, which he pro-

posed should be substituted for the original panel, and the latter soon telegraphed an order to have the change made, and the order was carried out. The new panels are in five pieces each, and the granite from which they are made came from a quarry in New Lyme, Conn.

The same firm having the contract for the Historical building were the contractors for the State House addition, and the work on the former was greatly delayed while the latter was being pushed. Mr. Tuck finally became anxious about the completion of the building, the work being some fifteen months behind time, and sent word that he was coming to see about it. Mr. Kimball then wanted Mr. Sullivan to "rush" the work, but was told that it could not be rushed, and have the building what it should be. He made some arrangements with the contractors, however, whereby the work was speeded up. Mr. Sullivan soon found the specifications were being ignored in laying the tile flooring, the loose dirt not having been removed before the cement was laid, and the tile becoming loose soon after being put down, so that most of them were condemned by him almost immediately, a cross being marked on each tile, with a black crayon pencil. The young architect, who came up every week, saw these marks, but said nothing and when the work of tiling was finished he condemned but fifteen out of the entire lot. As soon as he was through Mr. Sullivan telephoned Mr. Kimball that he would resign in 48 hours if this trashy work was to be accepted and leave him and the architect to face Mr. Tuck and the Concord public as sponsors for such imperfect work. Evidently disturbed, Mr. Kimball seems to have lost no time in summoning the architect, who came up from Boston at night, so as to arrive before the 48 hours' notice given by Mr. Sullivan had expired.

He met the contractors and directed them to remove all the tile that Mr. Sullivan had condemned. The fifteen that the architect had condemned, the contractors should pay for—all the rest Mr. Kimball was to pay for. Ten marble setters were brought on from Buffalo to carry out this order. In one room alone—the lecture room—1200 tile were removed and relaid. It was understood that the marble contractor alone lost \$20,000 on his contract; but his foreman informed Mr. Sullivan that he had said that he (Sullivan) never condemned a stone that he ought not to.

Regardless, however, of what one contractor or another may have lost, it is certain that through Mr. Tuck's great generosity and Mr. Sullivan's knowledge and vigilance, the N. H. Historical Society secured a building which, in architectural beauty and thoroughness of construction, is surpassed by none in this country, and the city of Concord a splendid ornament for its notable civic center.

Incidentally it may properly be stated that the stately granite monument on Star Island—Isles of Shoals—in memory of Rev. John Tuck, ancestor of Edward Tuck, who was the minister at the Shoals for 41 years from 1732 until his death in 1773, was designed by Mr. Sullivan and erected under his supervision. A bronze tablet had previously been set up, to his memory, located 100 feet away from the place of burial, which erroneously stated that "beneath this stone lies the body of Rev. John Tuck," etc. The N. H. Historical Society had been asked to dedicate this tablet and had declined. Mr. Tuck naturally desired to know the reason for the refusal, and Mr. Sullivan was delegated to make an investigation and report. This he did, submitting with his report a recommendation that a granite obelisk be erected on the site of the grave, as large as could be landed on

the small wharf at the island. Mr. Sullivan was instructed to carry out this plan and immediately proceeded to do so. The material is Rockport granite, from the Pigeon Hill Granite Co. The base is ten feet square and three feet six inches high; the second base is eight feet square and the obelisk itself is five feet square, the entire height being about forty feet. The inscription upon the original slab, over the grave, was cut in square sunk letters on the obelisk, which can be read in the sunlight 100 feet away. The remains of Mr. Tuck, taken from the grave, were placed in a sealed box in the cement foundation, and over the box was placed the brown stone slab with its original inscription. This monument was subsequently appropriately dedicated by the N. H. Historical Society. It is a notable landmark and is readily discerned from a distance of fifteen miles out at sea.

Mr. Sullivan is a Republican in political affiliation, but has never been actively engaged in politics. He was elected alderman from Ward 4, however, in 1892 and served two years under Mayor P. B. Cogswell, by whom he was appointed chairman of the committee on Fire Department. The department was then in a badly disorganized condition. Through Mr. Sullivan's influence, a thorough re-organization was effected. The number of call firemen was decreased, the permanent force materially enlarged, and W. C. Green made Chief Engineer, whose efficient service has continued to the present time. Another important ordinance adopted by the City government at this time which Mr. Sullivan was instrumental in carrying through, was that of establishing the office of City Engineer, to which the late Will B. Howe was appointed, and in which he served with great acceptance, up to the time of his death last spring.

In the fall of 1896 Mr. Sullivan was urged by some of his friends to be a candidate for representative in the legislature from Ward 4. He hesitated about complying, as he was not a public speaker, and did not consider himself qualified for the position. His friends were persistent, however, and he finally consented to run, but, as it turned out, was actively opposed by the two Republican leaders who usually dominated the party in the ward, who even went so far as to hire a man to go among the stone cutters in the ward, who were mostly Englishmen from Cornwall, and work against him, thinking they could readily be induced to vote against a man of his name and race. They were disappointed, however, as most of these men had worked either with or for Mr. Sullivan and held him in high regard. The result in the nominating caucus, which was the largest that had ever been held in the ward, was a sweeping victory for Mr. Sullivan, who was nominated by a large majority and elected at the polls in November.

Taking his seat in the House, upon the organization of the legislature he was named by the Speaker as a member of the Committee on Asylum for the Insane as the State Hospital was then called. As a member of this Committee he was instrumental in effecting a thorough investigation of affairs at the Merrimack County farm, with special reference to the treatment of the insane poor. A most deplorable condition of things was unearthed which resulted in the reform of practices then existing and also in the introduction of a measure in the House providing for the removal of the pauper insane from the County farms to the State Hospital. This measure passed the House, but was held up in the Senate for the time, from lack of means to provide the necessary accommodations at the hospital. At a subsequent session, however, it was en-

acted, and resulted in carrying out one of the most beneficent reforms ever effected in the State, for which more than any other man, Mr. Sullivan is to be credited.

Mr. Sullivan was united in marriage, October 12, 1871, with Elizabeth Kirby. They had six children, two of whom died in infancy. The survivors are Mary E., born July 24, 1872; Elizabeth M., March 13, 1875; Patrick L., December 2, 1878, and Agnes V., Oct. 17, 1880. All are graduates of the Concord High School. Mary E., is now a Sister of Mercy in Mt. St. Mary's Academy, Hooksett; Agnes V., is a kindergarten teacher in Concord, and Elizabeth is at home in Concord.

Aside from his important work in connection with the granite industry, and his public service, to which reference has been made, Mr. Sullivan has been a most useful citizen, and has contributed in many ways to the promotion of the public welfare. Among the other things which he has done, contributing materially to the general good, is the erection by him, some years ago, of ten tenements on Beacon St., for general occupancy, all of which he still owns. If other men who have the means would follow his example in this regard, the "housing problem" in Concord, about which so much is now heard, would be far less troublesome.

SUNAPEE LAKE

By Mary E. Partridge

Of thee, the fairest of New Hampshire lakes,
So softly cradled in your resting place,
Sweet memories are with us, who have seen
The sunshine, and the shadow on thy face.

The dainty curve of inlets, wooded isles,
The gently sloping hillsides in our sight,
The Mountain gleaming through the morning fog,
The falling mist, calm herald of the night.

The summer cottage nestled in the green,
The sailboat tacking in the morning light,
The sturdy little steamers on their course,
All these unite to make the picture bright.

Not here are dashing waves or towering peaks,
Not here the busy whirl of social care,
But quiet moonbeams stilling heart and voice,
Repose is brought us in the very air.

So could I chant your praise in many lines,
For dear your sunny waves and coves to me,
I love you, though I leave you for a while,
Fate grant we meet again, Fair Sunapee.

THE PICTORIAL WEALTH OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

A. H. Beardsley.

At the outset, let me say that neither pen, brush nor camera can do full justice to the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire. It has been my privilege to spend a number of years in Europe and to visit many parts of the United States. I mention this merely that the reader may not assume that the following paragraphs are written without due consideration of the beauty and attractiveness of natural grandeur in other parts of the world. In coming to New Hampshire, I came for health—for that panacea that only nature can give and to learn to love more deeply than ever before the fundamental truths that lie imbedded in the very granite boulders of this Granite State. I say it gladly and gratefully that New Hampshire, with its natural beauty and its kindly people, has taught me truths that are as imperishable as its mountains and as healing as the word of Him who said to the two blind men, "according to your faith be it unto you," and their eyes were opened.

In connection with the subject of this article, I am reminded of a little story which might apply to some good people in New Hampshire. It seems that a great lover of flowers lived in a little cottage and his delight was to grow rare and beautiful specimens from every part of the world. Finally, his collection grew until he needed but one exquisite flower to complete it. The more he thought of how happy he would be, if he could find this one missing flower, the more firmly he determined to find it. So he closed his little cottage and started out to find the lone flower that he needed to complete his collection. He journeyed for days, weeks and months; but the little

flower that he sought could nowhere be found. At length, worn out, discouraged and bitterly disappointed he retraced his steps, and, eventually, stood again before the cottage that he had left many months ago. As he slowly approached the door, his tired eyes wandered over the flowers he loved and how he longed to add that one beautiful blossom to make his garden complete. Suddenly his eyes caught the flash of a sunbeam on an unfamiliar petal. He knelt down to examine it more closely and to his amazement and great joy, it proved to be the long-sought flower. There it was and there it had been all along—right in his own garden! He had not seen it or even thought to look for it so close at hand. He had assumed that he must travel afar to obtain a flower of such rare beauty. Is not this story paralleled in many human experiences?

By this time, the reader has guessed correctly that I meant to convey the impression that many residents of New Hampshire fail to realize that they have the "exquisite little flower" right in their own dooryards. Why should strangers and outsiders have to tell us what we should already know? I say "we" because I am proud to be a citizen of New Hampshire; and I wish to do my bit to help others to find what I have found in her woodlands, on her mountain-tops and on the bosom of the Smile of the Great Spirit.

Perhaps all this may appear to be a lengthy and rather unnecessary preamble; but as writers tell us, "There must be a setting for every story." However, I do not intend to write a "story," but

to confine myself to facts as I know them by personal experience. In this case there is enough beauty and happiness in actualities without having to draw upon the imagination; and truth is sometimes stranger than fiction.

In the state of New Hampshire one may find virtually every natural beauty that is vouchsafed to man in the Northern Hemisphere. Beginning at the Atlantic ocean,

kindly people who have not forgotten to be neighborly nor to make welcome the stranger. I have mentioned in this one paragraph a wealth of pictorial material that the artist, photographer or writer will find inexhaustible. Moreover, in winter there is an entirely new change of scene, and I find it difficult to decide whether summer or winter is the more beautiful. The pressure and tumult of the city



ECHO LAKE, FRANCONIA NOTCH

A. H. Beardsley.

and an attractive coastline, the seeker of beauty may travel northward and upward until he attains the summit of Mt. Washington. During this trip, if he selects his route carefully, he will find lakes, streams, rivers, waterfalls, level plains, intervalles, hills, mountains, notches, glens, gorges, strange rock-formations, tremendous boulders, cliffs, woodlands, farm-lands, attractive New England towns, and villages; and, best of all, a

gives place to great silences that become more spiritual and uplifting as one grows to know them and to understand them. There is time to think, to plan, to retrospect and to wipe one's slate clean in the sight of God and man.

It has been my privilege and delight to make several hundred pictures of New Hampshire and to obtain many from others who appreciate the pictorial possibilities of the state. When I have dis-

played these pictures, either on the screen or in the form of photographic enlargements, the remark is often made, "I never realized before how much beauty there is in this good old Granite State, and I have lived here all my life, too!" Thanks to the efforts of the New Hampshire Chamber of Commerce, and also the Boston Chamber of Commerce, this state is receiving its share of organized pub-

Lake Winnepesaukee, but with the aid of the camera or the brush some measure of success may be attained. To be sure, Mt. Chocorua is a constant source of delight to the beholder; but some shady glen, away from the beaten path, also deserves recognition and is most assuredly part of New Hampshire's pictorial wealth. In short, due attention should be given to other than the well-known beauty-spots.



A ROCKY POINT, LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

A. H. Beardsley.

licity. Without a doubt, this publicity has done much to attract tourists and vacationists. Enough cannot be done in this direction, and the best part of it is that New Hampshire is worth all and more publicity than it receives.

To the photographer and the painter belongs the task to portray the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire. The most beautiful word-picture cannot do justice to

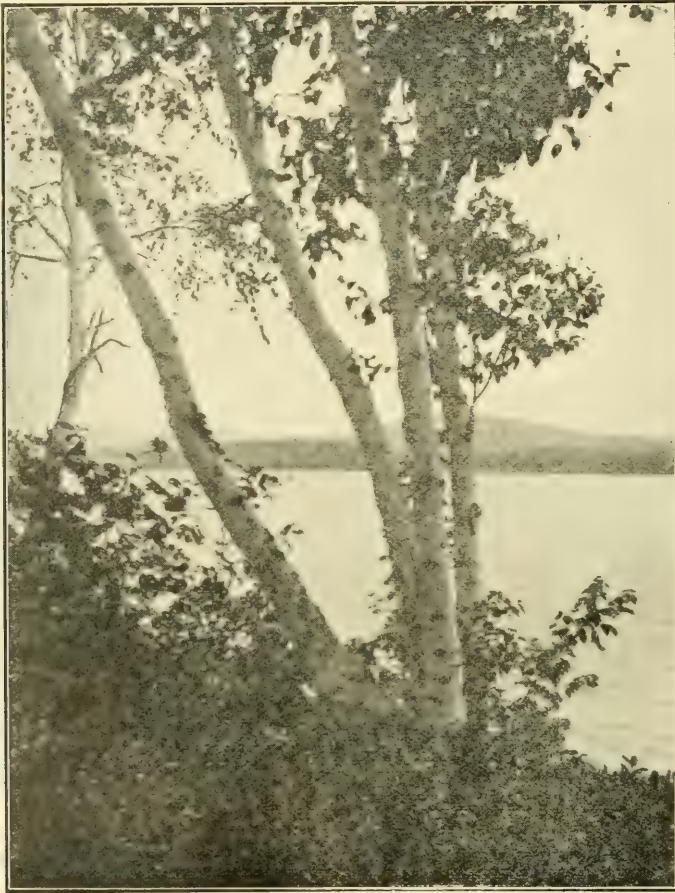
To enjoy pictorial New Hampshire is to leave the crowd and to seek and to discover for oneself. Success and delight are certain, no matter in what direction the traveler wends his way.

Why it is that thousands of vacationists who come to New Hampshire bring cameras and appear to confine their picture-making to members of their own party or to John in the boat or Mabel frying

doughnuts, I am unable to say. Mind you, I do not decry making pictures of one's friends or of interesting bits of camp-life, but I do deplore limiting picture-making to those subjects which in a short time, usually lose their interest. But a good photograph of Franconia

who own cameras use them to advantage and not neglect to give due attention to making pictures that are worthwhile and that will ever be a source of deep pleasure and satisfaction.

It is not my purpose to describe in detail how and where to go to tap



A WINNEPESAUKEE VISTA

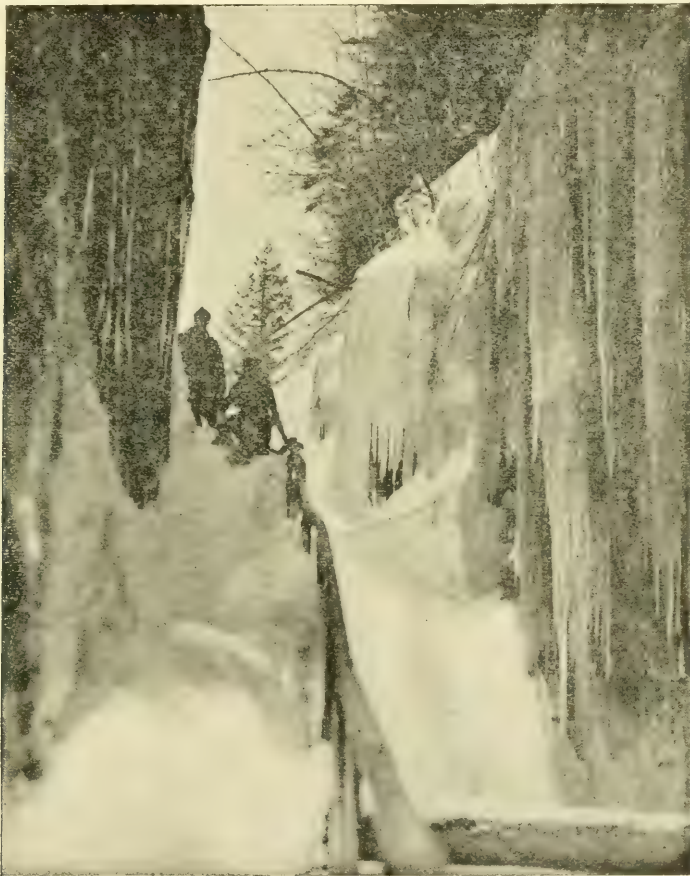
A. H. Beardsley.

Notch, The Flume, or of Echo Lake may be a joy forever. Even a well-composed attractive group of birches wears better at the end of ten years than a picture of some passing acquaintance splashing water on the cat—amusing though it may be at the time. In all seriousness, let those

the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire—it is not necessary for it is ever close at hand from one corner of the state to the other. Of course, the White Mountains may be more spectacular than the Osipee Range; but who will say that they are any less

lovely in the soft twilight of a summer evening? Lake Winnepesaukee (The Smile of the Great Spirit) holds the observer by its magnificent distances and its appealing beauty; but little Echo Lake, nestling up in Franconia Notch, compels admiration and homage. I might go on indef-

the pictorial opportunities that lie close at hand. No matter in what part of New Hampshire the reader may be, there is pictorial material, provided he has eyes to see it. By all means, let him make a trip around the White Mountains, not forgetting Lost River, and let him make



THE FLUME IN WINTER

nitely and point out beauty-spots from Portsmouth to the Canadian border. However, just let the reader remember my little story of the flower and apply it—he cannot go wrong.

The purpose of this article is to encourage permanent residents and also visitors, to make the most of

the most of it. Then, when he returns to Concord, Manchester, Plymouth, Pittsfield, Lakeport or Wolfeboro with his eyes and heart opened, let him see whether or not his own part of the state is not beautiful and rich in pictorial material.

Now I am going to take my own medicine. I live in Wolfeboro on

Lake Winnepesaukee, I have been up through the White Mountains several times and through other parts of the state but, omitting the spectacular and compelling force of mere size, to me there is no more beautiful spot in New Hampshire than Wolfeboro and Lake Winnepesaukee. Moreover, from my own travels in Europe and from the statements of those who have circled the globe, I am led to say that there is no more beautiful scenery to be found anywhere in the world. Excepting the snow-capped peaks of the Alps for a background, Lake Winnepesaukee equals in pictorial beauty and charm the famous lakes of Como, Maggiore, Geneva, Constance and Lucerne.

For reasons of health, and to gratify the longing to enjoy the beauty of the lake, I cruise about in my motor-boat at every opportunity. There is hardly a bay, cove or point of land at the eastern end of Lake Winnepesaukee that I have not explored and photographed. The Indian name, "The Smile of the Great Spirit," is not only eloquent, but it describes a fact—Winnepesaukee is the handiwork of God himself. I have sailed on it in storm and in calm, in the morning and in the afternoon, by day and by night. In winter I have crossed it on skis and the thermometer below zero. Always, summer or winter, Lake Winnepesaukee holds me with a fascination that is born of its indescribable beauty, and "the things that lie too deep for words."

Pictorially, Wolfeboro is a paradise. Facing the town, across the lake, are the Belknap Mountains, which stretch away to the westward in the direction of the Weirs. To the north, and at the back of the town lie the Ossipee Mountains. To the eastward is Copple Crown Mountain and the hills that enclose the long arm of the lake that ends at Alton Bay. Within a twelve-mile

radius of Wolfeboro are small lakes, ponds, streams, hills, mountains, woodlands, farmlands, picturesque villages, delightful wood-roads, uplands, low-lands, and kindly people to make you feel welcome. Oh, what an ideal spot for a colony of writers, artists and photographers! Inspiration is ever at hand for those who have the eyes to see and the heart to understand.

Perhaps the reader may say, "This author hasn't mentioned two-thirds of the pictorial wealth of New Hampshire." He is right, I have not. What is more, I cannot. Neither more space nor my poor pen could do it justice. However, let the reader not take me to task. Let him rather try to understand my point. I may have rambled, left out important facts, neglected to mention well-known places of beauty and otherwise failed to stick to my subject; but I believe that I have made it clear that New Hampshire offers every resident or visitor a great opportunity. An opportunity to learn to love every inch of the Granite State, and, through the study and contemplation of its natural beauty, to become more sensitive and more receptive to the deeper and truer things of life. If I scored just this one point, I shall feel that I have helped New Hampshire to be more widely known, appreciated and loved.

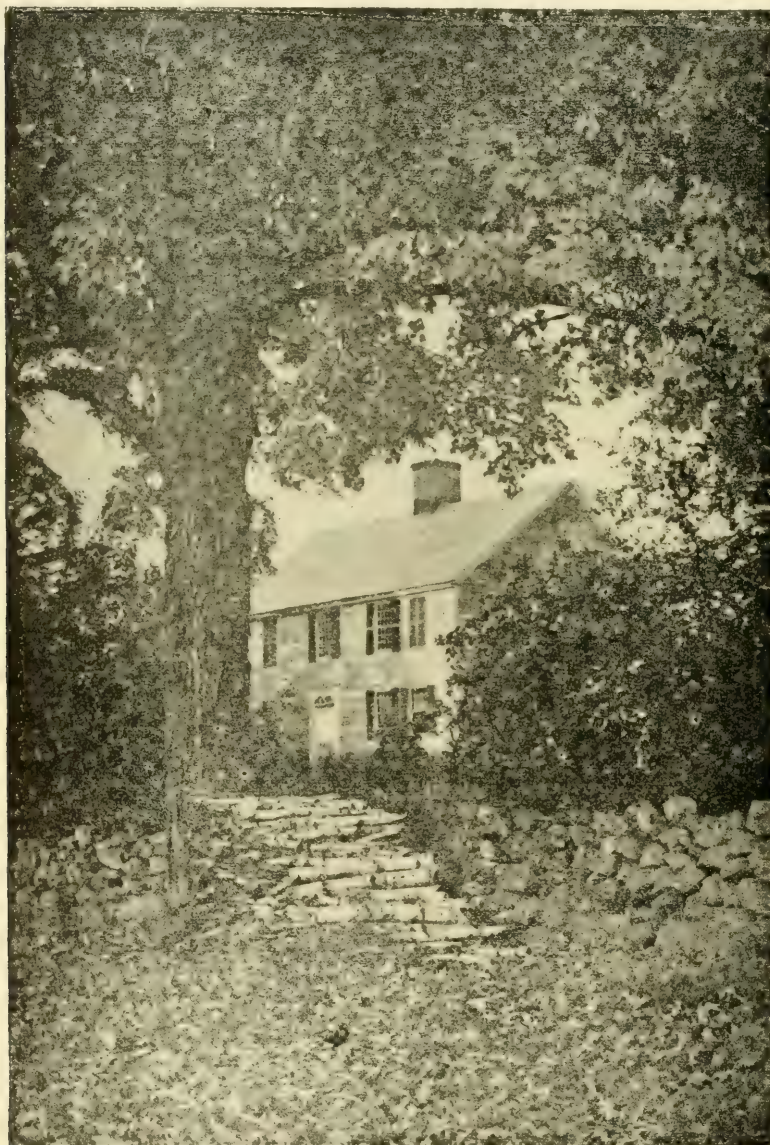
It has been my delight during the summer months, to sail out on the broad bosom of the lake nearly every evening in quest of sunset-pictures. Sometimes, days will elapse before there is an opportunity to use the camera to advantage. It is my custom, on these sunset-hunting expeditions to reach a point of vantage out on the lake, stop the engine and drift while I watch the play of light and shade across the lake as the sun sinks slowly in the west. Why more owners of motor-boats do not get out on the lake and drift or anchor where they can enjoy a magnificent sunset



MT. MONADNOCK—BELOVED AND BEAUTIFUL.

and the cool evening-air, is a mystery to me. In my opinion, there is no need to use up gasoline and oil by

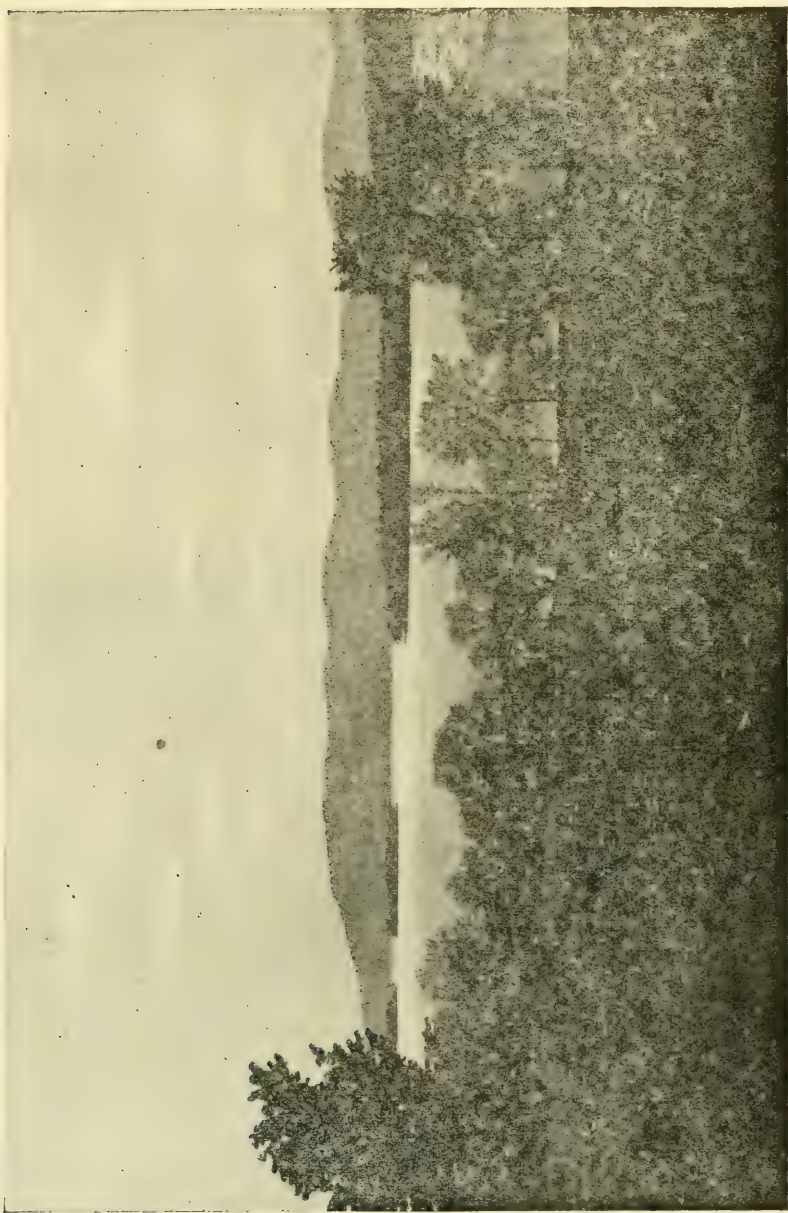
Those who have never had the opportunity to be out on Lake Winnepesaukee from sunset-time to moon-



A NEW ENGLAND FARMHOUSE

keeping on the move when "just drifting" is more conducive to an enjoyment of the glories of the western sky.

rise, have not known one of the richest experiences that can come to the lover of nature. As the sun begins to settle down into its cloud-made bed



WOLFEBORO BAY FROM BREWSTER FREE ACADEMY

in the west, the Greatest Artist of them all prepares His marvelous colors; and, gradually, with a deft hand, He creates a masterpiece that no man can ever hope to duplicate. His canvas is limitless space and His colors are collected at the base of the rainbow. The beholder waits in silent awe and admiration. And to think that this has been going on ever since the world began; and yet, how rarely there is the slightest duplication by the Master Hand. After He has tucked the sun away for the night, He awakens the moon and stars. Promptly, at the appointed hour, the moon leaves its couch among the hills to the eastward; and, attended by a retinue of stars and planets, begins the journey of the night. As this greatest motion-picture in the world progresses, the twilight-songs and twitterings of birds, as they seek

shelter for the night, are carried to us on the soft night wind. Just as the twilight deepens, the whip-poor-will begins his evening-concert; and down near the edge of the lake in the marshy places, where the fireflies hold their nightly revels, the frogs raise their voices in one mighty chorus. Now and again, the far-off singing of a group of campers floats across the water. When bedtime arrives, at the boys' and girl's camps, scattered along the shores of the lake, the bugle calls them to slumber; and, as the last of Taps softly dies away, we know that God is in his Heaven, and all is well. Then, as we sail homeward through the silver-tipped waves in the path of the moon, we can understand and appreciate Mrs. Meader's beautiful poem "Sunset on Lake Winnepesaukee," because we shall know that what she says is true.



SUNSET SKY, LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

A. H. Beardsley.

SUNSET ON LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

By Mattie Bennett Meader.

We have heard of a beautiful City
Where the streets are of jasper and gold,
So bright that its glory can never
By the tongue of mortal be told.

Tonight I thought of that City
Which I hope sometime to see,
And I wondered if its beauty
Could be fairer than Earth's to me.

We were sailing into a sunset,
O'er a lake all sapphire and gold,
The sun hung low in a purple west
That a mystery seemed to hold.

Far away in the misty distance
I could see a line of shore,
And I dreamed of that other country,
And of loved ones gone before.

As we sailed through the gold and sapphire
On toward the sunset bright,
I wondered if they were thinking of me
By the shining sea of light.

We turned away from the purple west,
Away from the sun's red glow,
And homeward sailed in the full moon's light,
Through her path of shimmering gold.

I could not dream of a fairer sight
Than yon lake where the moonlight gleams,—
Though we know that the City not made with hands
Is fair beyond human dreams.

A-WARBLERING ON THE MARSH

By Catherine Upham Hunter

I might more truthfully say a-wal-lowing in the Marsh, for the uncertain sedges lure me onto their tussocks only to douse me ankle-deep in gurgling water. And yet, of all these many and diverse acres for bird-hunting with a field-glass, none there are than can compete with the Marsh—no, not even the banks of the Connecticut itself where the Sandpiper teeters and peeps among the fresh water clams, and the Hermit Thrushes sing loud and clear in the patriarchal hemlocks high above. For the Marsh is the very pulse of Spring, its beat quickening in dour March when the first hyla chorus banishes in one evening Old Winter; for do not the Children, lifting their tousled heads, in sleepy rapture from their pillows, cry, "O *listen*, the frogs in the Marsh - it's *Spring!*"

And wonderful things happen then and there to the Marsh—but Marsh Mysteries are another story and to-day I am out "a-warblering".

The Warblers come in unheralded fashion and their migrant brethren, whom I discover and delight in today, may be gone tomorrow; too rare and too beautiful are these tiny beings for everyday intimacy. They are flame spirits from Nature's holy-of-holies, as remote, unattainable and poignantly beautiful as the shafts of many-colored light that radiate from the Sangreal. They vibrate and shimmer in the golden leafiness of the Marsh even as the Grail harmonies vibrate and shimmer in my memory, suddenly released there by some secret spring. Jewelled light, shimmering, heavenly harmonies all on a May morning when one is seeking warblers in a New England marsh—how can this be? I do not know—perhaps one associates unconsciously the jewelled Cappella Palatina half across the world with these breathing, jewelled

mosaics of feathers, the Warblers.

Around me the Marsh was palpitant with spring: myriads of tiny plant life enameled the pools in intricate designs, and swimming in the interstices of this ornamentation were schools of merry water-bugs; darting unceasingly, these toy monitors manoeuvred and out-manoeuved each other with a superior mechanism that needed no key-winder. Ancient and young frogs rose above this miniature sea—a new brand of smokeless, puffing, green volcanos which the toy monitors did not notice. And everywhere dipping their feet in the watery swamp stood willows umbrella-topped, and red-stemmed dogwoods, wattled into water-habitations for Blackbirds. Ah, the Blackbirds: "kon-kareeing," balancing and dancing in the tops of these willows and alders with their scarlet and yellow epaulets flaming against their black plumage—surely never a lady Blackbird could be heart-proof in such assembly of gold-lace!

I was bound past the Blackbirds to the last outpost of the Marsh, where almost conquered by meadowland but guarded by a row of stiff cat-tails (veritable grenadier guards in brown catskin shakos!) was the last clump of silvery willows and hazels; they glistened so quietly, so warmly in the sunshine that no warbler could pass by their feeding ground. Here I waited in the violet-studded grass—while beyond, over in the open part of the Marsh, Swallows skimmed and dipped in the water which reflected to heaven its deep azure, and white cloud-puffs. So pleasant were my thoughts, so mellow was the sunshine that a liquid *carillon* rung unheeded, or, rather, melted into my thoughts; it was only when a sharp, imperative "tchep!" just over my head startled me out of fancy-land that I discover-

ed a Myrtle Warbler studying *me*, yes and challenging me with another "tchep!" more irritated than the first. Wide awake now I approved the Warbler (indeed who would not, were a jewelled being of blues and gold, patched with jet, to hover before one?) yes, and I approved his *sang-froid*. He watched me with his shining eyes as much as to say "What patent have you on us? Perhaps, do you know? I shall specialize in you!" But an insect chanced too near and presto! the Beauty was in the air and had snapped it into his beak. However, he came back to his perch and I knew he would; for his likewise is that Flycatcher habit. Then his lady appeared from out a haze and joined him in the willow, but for me she had no use; I think she told him so for, when she launched out for the River in strong, bold flight, my lord followed.

A light breeze sighed through the willow and then a Black-and-White Warbler wound from near the plant-flecked water to the top of the tree, and afterward he flitted off in nervous warbler-fashion.

The sunlight quivered over the sedges and stroked the little willow leaves impatiently, as if in anticipation. Again the breeze sighed through the willow but it told no secrets. Life seemed a golden glory

this fair May day, unrippled, unclouded by any ugly thing—"simple as the life of birds." O irony! are there no snakes hiding and waiting even now in the swamp grass,, are there no predatory hawks, no killing, pelting storms which pass over this Marsh? Life is what we make it, "simple" when well-ordered: When we go a-birding, let us remember that.

A chirrupy little song of assurance comes from the heart of the thicket, I pause and peer. Pippa passes but the hedge screens her! I look in a neighboring alder and there are two exquisite Northern Parula Warblers, too exquisite for earth, for mortal eye. The chirrupy song bubbles forth and they seem irradiant as they slip into the fastnesses of the Marsh. Over by the wattled viburnum is a Maryland Yellow Throat, black masked and mysterious. Flitting near him are two yellow beauties, black capped, green mantled, golden gown-ed. They dart into the air for insects but, unlike the Myrtles, do not return to their perch. They are Wilson Warblers.

And now at the high tide of interest I must leave the Marsh, what other treasure lurks within its leafiness I shall not know but, as I look back, out of the water-bound shrubbery flashes the yellow fire of two Summer Warblers.

THE ORIOLE

By Ellen Lucy Brown

A flash of color amid the green,
A glint of gold athwart the sky,
A bugle call in clear-cut tone!
The heart that aches grows glad
And glad hearts ne'er turn sad
When sweetly falls on the listening ear
The melodious song of joy undimmed
That says "Be glad. Again I'm here."

NORTH PARISH CHURCH, NORTH HAVERHILL

By Katherine C. Meader.

"I have considered the days of old,
The years of Ancient Times."

In studying the early history of Haverhill we find that here as elsewhere in Puritan New England, church and state went hand in hand and taxes were levied for the preaching of the gospel, as well as the town expenses.

Our town Charter bears the date of April 18, 1763, and besides the shares of land apportioned to the 75 grantees, gives "to his Excellency Gov. Benning Wentworth, two shares, or 500 acres—to the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, one share—one for the Glebe of the Church of England, one for the first settled minister and one for the support of schools."

Many of the grantees of Haverhill were also grantees of Newbury, Vt., and these two towns, situated on either side of the Connecticut River, "in the rich meadows of Cohos."⁽¹⁾ had many interests in common.

At a meeting of the Proprietors of Haverhill held in June, 1763, at Plaistow, 100 miles away, it was voted to unite with Newbury in paying for preaching two or three months that fall or winter if possible and the next year it was voted to have preaching for six months.

This was the last of the "town

meetings" held away from the town as on Oct. 16, 1764, the first Proprietor's meeting in Haverhill was held at the house of Captain John Hazen.⁽²⁾

He was one of the leading men of the town, his name being first on the list of grantees. At this house were held for several years religious meetings, town meetings, and public gatherings, and here in those early days the pioneers were wont to meet and "devise ways and means for the government and progress of the new settlement."⁽³⁾

In 1764, the Rev. Peter Powers, a son of Capt. Powers, who ten years before had been sent with a small party of men to explore "the hitherto unknown region of Coos," came from Hollis to labor with this people in holy things. Through his instrumentality a church was formed comprising members from both sides of the river and an ecclesiastical union formed which lasted nearly twenty years.

In January, 1765, at a special meeting held at Capt. Hazen's the town voted to unite with Newbury in giving Mr. Powers "a call to be their gospel minister and to pay as their share of his salary 36 pounds and six shillings yearly and 1-3 part of his installation. In addition to this they voted to give him 30 cords of wood yearly, cut and corded, at his door."

(1) Coos or Cohos (pronounced and sometimes spelled Co-wass) "that once fairland of long slumbering generations," was the name given by the Indians to this section of the river valley, from the curving, bow shaped course of the stream—a similar "Oxbow" being noticed at Lancaster or Upper Coos. The natives styled themselves Coosucks.

(2) Capt. John Hazen erected the first frame house in Haverhill in 1765, a few log houses being built previous to that date. This house beautifully situated on the Haverhill side of the Big Ox-bow and commanding a magnificent view of Moosilauke and the eastern hills, is still in good repair, its massive timbers as sound as ever, after the lapse of more than a century and a half. It is a fine specimen of colonial architecture with its immense chimney, fireplaces, carved mantle pieces, brick oven, etc. One room is beautifully panelled and in nearly every room fine woodwork was found beneath the lath and plaster of a later date. Some of the floor boards are of pine, 25 inches wide.

(3) The John Hazen farm, late known as the Swasey Farm, has for the last 25 years been owned and occupied by the family of the writer of this sketch.

This was the first vote of money by the Town as distinguished from the Proprietors and the Committee chosen to carry this vote into effect was Timothy Bedell, John Taplin and Elisha Lock.

It was also voted at this special meeting that 200 acres of land be laid out as a parsonage lot next to the river at Horse Meadow north of the Hazen Farm.

In colonial times, according to a statute passed in the reign of Queen Ann, the whole town was considered as one parish and was empowered to hire and settle ministers and pay them from the public treasury. The established church in the early history of Haverhill was Congregational and every taxable citizen was compelled to contribute toward its support unless he could prove that he belonged to a different persuasion and regularly attended church every Sabbath.

The Rev. Peter Powers, the first pastor of the Haverhill and Newbury church, graduated from Harvard in 1754, and preached for several years at Norwich, Conn., but took a dismissal from that church and returned to his father's home in Hollis, N. H. In Feb. 1766, he accepted the call to settle in the parishes of Newbury and Haverhill and arrangements were at once made for his installation, which took place at Hollis, his new parish having voted that it should be held "down country where it si thought best." What seems to us more unusual yet, he preached his own installation sermon which was afterward printed for sale in Portsmouth with the following title page—

A sermon preached at Hollis, N. H., Feb. 27, 1765, at the Installation of the Rev. Peter Powers, A. M., for the towns of Newbury and Haverhill at a place called Coos in the Province of New Hampshire.

By Myself.

Published at the desire of many who heard it, to whom it is humbly dedicated by the unworthy author.

Then saith he to his servants—The wedding is ready. Go ye therefore into the highways and as many as ye shall find, bid to the marriage. Matt. XXII 8-9.

Portsmouth in New Hampshire. Printed and sold by Daniel and Robert Fowle. 1765.

One historian of the times says: "Mr. Powers was a serious, godly man, more distinguished for his plain faithful and pungent preaching, than for any grace in style or diction. Yet his sermon exhibited thought, arrangement, a deep knowledge of the scriptures and a soul full of the love of Christ."

Mr. Powers' goods were brought up from Charlestown on the ice soon after his installation but his family did not arrive until April.

On June 15, 1767, at a Town meeting held at Haverhill it was "voted to join with Newbury in building a meeting house in the center of Newbury, as the road shall be laid out, beginning at the south end of the Governor's farm, measuring the road next to the river to the south end of the town, or the lower end, and the *midel* is the place."

Also voted that Capt. John Hazen, Ezekiel Ladd and Timothy Bedell be a Committee to assist in laying out the road and locating the meeting house.

In those days it was considered a disgrace not to attend church unless one had a very good excuse and parents might be seen walking with their children, carrying the little ones in their arms to the Great Oxbow church, many going as far as five miles and some even ten or twelve. As there were no

roads or bridges, when the Haverhill people went to church they crossed the river in canoes, there being a sort of a ferry at the south end of the town near the Woodward place, just below where the South Newbury or Bedel Bridge now stands.

There was another ferry at the Dow farm, now Pine Grove Farm, the home of Sen. H. W. Keyes, and still another at Horse Meadow, at the Potter Place, the farm now owned by Mr. Elmer French.

The men usually went barefoot in the summer and the women would take off their shoes and stockings while walking through the woods, where the grass and bushes were damp, "and trip along as nimbly as the deer," decorously putting on their footgear again as they neared the church.

But few records were kept, and we know very little of the trials and triumphs of this early church. However, the preacher's life must have been a very strenuous one as there was no white minister north of Charlestown for some years after Mr. Powers settled in Coos and he was frequently called upon to attend weddings and funerals and to preach the word of God in the new settlements up and down the river.

Until there was a definite footpath marked out on the river bank, Mr. Powers used to perform these journeys in his canoe.

It was several years before a meeting house was built on the Haverhill side of the river, though the town paid its share of Mr. Powers' salary and meetings were frequently held there in groves, barns or private houses as seemed most suitable.

In Feb. 1770, at a Town meeting held at Capt. Hazen's it was voted "to build a meeting house in Hav-

erhill this present year," and on March 13th, of the same year it was voted "to set the Meeting House on the Common land, where Joshua Poole's house now stands," and to build the Meeting House 50x40. It was also voted that J. Sanders, Elisha Lock and Ezekiel Ladd be a Committee to provide materials for building the meeting house. Not much seems to have been done that year toward building the house however, and the next spring, 1771, March 12, the subject was again brought up in town meeting, when it was voted to reconsider the vote concerning the size of the building and "to build a house one story, 36 ft. by 30 ft."

Voted "to raise the frame of the meeting house, board and shingle the same and lay the under floor."

Also voted "to raise fifty pounds lawful money for building said house at Horse Meadow, (later known as the North Parish) and to give each man liberty to work out his proportion of said house at three shillings (50 cts.) a day."

We find it recorded that during the next few years several availed themselves of this privilege in hewing out timbers for the frame of the church but for some reason the work progressed slowly and we do not know the exact date when it was finished, probably not until after the close of the Revolution.

It was a square, unpainted building, beautifully situated at the turn of the road, in the southwest corner of what is now Horse Meadow cemetery. Its wide, front door faced the south and on the west, looking out over the broad Connecticut valley, it was shaded by the Lombardy poplars, set out by Col. Asa Portor, which lined the street in a double row. ⁽⁴⁾

Note (4) will be found at bottom of page 333.

Within it was severely plain like most of the country churches of that period, large, square pews each with its little door occupying the center of the room with narrow straight backed benches around the sides. The pulpit, narrow and high, with its lofty sounding board, faced the door, while a gallery for the singers ran around the other three sides. For many years the house was unheated except as some sister might bring her foot stove but later a large box stove was set up near the door. No porch, no spacious vestibule, no stained glass windows, no soft cushioned pews added their attractions. No swelling notes of the organ or chime of sweet toned bells summoned the people to worship yet here sabbath after sabbath large congregations were wont to gather, to praise God, and to keep alive that "faith of their fathers—holy faith" to which so many of them were "true till death."

In the mean time Mr. Powers had been dismissed from the church at Newbury and though he moved over to Haverhill and preached there for a few years longer religious interest seems to have been at a very low ebb, and in 1783 it was voted in Town Meeting "not to have Mr. Powers to preach any more." From that time until the building of the church on Ladd St. in the south part of the town in 1790 but little money was raised for church purposes and it is said that at one time not a sermon had been preached in the place for a year.

In 1790, however, a powerful revival of religion swept over the town and the spirit came down like a mighty rushing wind, "In every

house from the Dow Farm to the Piermont line the inhabitants were wailing for sin" and many from all parts of the town joined the newly organized church.

However it was not long before the reaction came, the religious zeal of the people abated, the once flourishing church was reduced to 12 members and "a covering of sackcloth was spread upon the tent of Zion."

For several years dissensions had been rife in regard to the places for holding church services and the question of dividing the town into two parishes was again and again discussed the proposed dividing line being just below the Fisher Farm. The subject was brought up in Town Meeting several times but the division was for some reason bitterly opposed by Gen. Moses Dow and many other influential men of the town.

A committee was elected from each end of the town to "settle all disputes between the two ends of the town" and it was decided "to hold meetings for Publick Worship on the Lord's Day, Alternatively at each end of the town and if through Badness of the Weather or Inability of the Preacher, he should preach Two or More Sabbaths at one end of the town the same is to be made up to the other end of the town before the year comes to an end." As the population of the town increased it was very difficult to find preachers with whom the whole parish were satisfied and petitions were presented in Town Meeting from time to time asking that the petitioners might be excused from helping to pay the salaries of ministers with whose religious views

(4) It is to be regretted that but few of these old churches of a century and a half ago, so typical of New Hampshire and Vermont, are still in existence. In almost every instance they have been allowed to decay and finally have been torn down.

A most notable exception is the old "Dana Meeting House" at New Hampton, which, thanks to a movement started by the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, the beloved and lamented pastor of the Clarendon Street church of Boston, has been kept in perfect repair and where services are held for a few sabbaths each summer. No attempt has been made to adorn or modernize this beautiful old structure, merely to correct and prevent as far as possible the ravages of time.

they had no sympathy and whose church they never attended.

We find on record the plea of one Thomas Nichols to be excused from taxation for church purposes accompanied by the following certificate.

"This may certify that Mr. Thomas Nichols of Haverhill is and has been for a number of years *sentimentally* a Baptist and has when called on, punctually paid his proportion for the support of the ministry in that denomination.

(Signed) Ezra Wellmouth
Minister of the Gospel of the regular Baptist denomination, Rumney.

A true copy, Attest.

Joseph Ladd.
Town Clerk.

Haverhill, N. H. Jan. 24, 1804.

It seems that his petition was granted but not until he had paid his minister's tax for the year—.61 cents.

Other men more prominent in the early history of Haverhill protested against the injustice of this taxation among them Gen. Moses Dow, John Hurd and Asa Porter.

The statute remained in force, however, until the passing of the Toleration Act in 1807.

Finally in 1814 "the people began to flow together again" to hear the word of God, under the preaching of Rev. Grant Powers, a grandson of the pioneer and he says that before the close of the year 1815 more than sixty were called to the church. "Some became pillars and remained so until this day though some have fallen asleep."

It was during this revival of interest in spiritual things that the town was finally divided into two parishes by an Act of the Legislature. Samuel Morey of Orford, Jonathan Merrill of Warren and Samuel Hutchins of Bath, being the Committee appointed to "run the line."

The people in the north end of the town had long been desirous of having a settled pastor and services in their own church every Sabbath.

Finally on June 10th, 1815, thirteen of the members of the Ladd St. church who lived at Horse Meadow and Brier Hill with a few from Bath, met to perfect a separate organization and on June 15th, the North Parish Congregational Church was formally and legally organized. The Rev. Samuel Godard, their first pastor was the moderator of the meeting; and was assisted by the Rev. David Sutherland of Bath.

Steven Morse and John Punchard were elected Deacons, and John Kimball chosen Clerk and Treasurer.

A most binding Covenant and eight Articles of Faith were adopted with this preamble.

The object we have in view to have a written Covenant and Articles of Faith is not to sit ourselves up as a party and to practically say "we are more *holly* than thou" but think it is a duty we owe ourselves, our posterity for Jesus Christ, that we make known to the world what appears to us to be the plain meaning of the fundamental principals of the word of God and that by these truths that we may adhere steadfast until the end.

Neither do we adopt these articles of faith as terms of communion but on the contrary our communion table will always stand open to every man who gives clear evidence of conversion to God, the blood of the Cross and who walketh uprightly.

Desirous of being united together of the same mind and judgment, we declare the following to be a brief summary of our view of divine truth."

Then follow the eight Articles and the Covenant.

(5) At the risk of being tedious I will give the list of church mem-

(5) Information regarding any member of the North Parish church will be most gratefully received by the writer of this sketch. For this reason the complete list has been given, hoping it may meet the eye of some descendant or relative who will be kind enough to communicate with her.

bership, the first thirteen being the original members and the founders of the North Parish Congregational Church.

Dea. Steven Morse	Joseph Bullock
John Carr	John Morse
Dan'l Carr	Jahleel Willis
Jon ^a Whitman	Andrew S. Crocker
Moses Campbell	Henry Hancock
John Punchard	Moses A. Morse
John Kimball	
Dan'l Rowell	Susana Howard
Joseph Emerson	Jedediah Kimball
Nathan Heath	Betsey Crocker
Dan'l Carr, Sen.	Betsey Crocker, Sen
Nathan Avery	Malinda Carr
Moses Mulliken	Sally Kimball
Moses Mulliken, Jr.	Mrs. Pater
Edward B. Crocker	H. R. Leland
Goram Keger	Mrs. Robertson
Hiram Carr	Sarah Hibbard
D. C. Kimball	Charlotte Emerson
Agustus Robinson	Mary Hibbard
Elisha Hibbard	Charlotte Mulliken
Daniel Carr, Jr.	Sally Mulliken
Mr. E. Swift	Mary Wilson
Sally Chase	Roxalana Worthen
Isabella Sanborn	Mrs. Avery
Clarissa Sanborn	Mabel Brock
Patty Gibson	Liza Carr
Anna Mulliken	Betsey Bliss
Sarah Morse	Miss Moira Brewster
Hannah Carr	Mrs. Sam'l Carr
Sally Punchard	Relief Mulliken
Mehitabel Kimball	Sally Gitchell
Sarah Bullock	Mrs. Nancy Delano
Unice Morse	Mr. Luther Warren
Sally Willis	Mrs. Luther Warren
Shua Crocker	Alden E. Morse
Hannah Morse	Phebe Gitchell
Betsey Emerson	Mrs. Mary Hibbard
Elizabeth Carr	Mrs. Hubert Eastman
Ana Bruce	Mrs. Eliza Page
Mary Chase	Mrs. Elisha Swift
Mary Goodridge	Miss Laura W. Ayer
Isabella Johnson	Miss Alma A. Carr
Polly Johnson	

"All are vanished now and fled."

As far as we know not a single member of the North Parish Church is now living. Mrs. Hubert Eastman who died Nov. 20th, 1904, at the advanced age of 85, was the last one to pass from the church militant to the church triumphant. At the time of her admission to the church we find this record. Nov. 1st. 1849.

"Also Mrs. Hubbard Eastman who was a member of the Congregational

church in Worcester, Vt., but by reason of a *scism* in that church she could not bring a letter, presented her case and wished to become a member of this church.

"Voted that inasmuch as her christian character is without reproach among us and she is in no way personally and directly involved in the *scism* of the church in Worcester, she should be received into this as though she were regularly recommended by letter."

Though the church records are few and far between they are often right to the point as for instance, Sept. 8, 1815

"Voted to give Sally Chase a letter of recommendation. 9th. Gave a letter of recommendation to said Sally."

The names of the pastors are not given excepting as they are sometimes referred to as presiding at church meetings. We have no account of the salaries paid to the different ministers or how the money was raised. That they depended on outside help to some extent we see by the following entry. Sept. 2nd, 1816. Voted the thanks of the church be communicated to the N. H. Missionary Society for aid they have afforded the chh. the season past. Voted the clerk be directed to communicate the vote of thanks to the Missionary Society, soliciting further aid."

The records give but little information as to the actual business of the church, referring mostly to the admission of new members either by letter profession and the dismissal of members as they removed from the place or joined other churches in the vicinity.

From 1817 to 1827 we find no records, although the Treasurer's Book shows that Communion services were frequently held and contributions received during that time.

The contributions were very small however, hardly enough to

pay for the Communion wine used. In fact, the church was at one time owing the Treasurer the sum of \$5.97 for wine, etc., which was made up to him by the kindness of the Ladies' Auxiliary, an association having the ambitious title of the "Society for Educating the Heathen Youth." This is the first "Ladies' Aid Society" of which we have any record in town. They held their meetings the first Monday of each month and we find it recorded that on Sept. 22, 1819, they had on hand \$15.97, of which they paid the Treasurer of the State Missionary Society \$10.00 and later gave their church treasurer the \$5.97, the balance due him.

We are glad he was no loser on account of his generosity, and that the "Society for Educating the Heathen Youth," permitted its funds to be used for "such other purposes as the church shall from time to time judge to be most for the promotion of the Cause of Zion."

A few extracts from his book will show that he must have had to use some ingenuity, to say the least, in keeping his accounts.

The first entry is:

April 7, 1816, Contributions of church	\$1.83
Contributions of congregation	\$6.13
Paid Rev. Mr. Godard	\$8.00
Paid for wine	.67
Nov. 24, 1816, Contribution	\$1.36
To paid for wine	.67
To paid two books 7-6 and two letters	\$1.45

Sometimes they were more fortunate, however, and the contributions more nearly paid the expenses.

April 1, 1817, By your treasurer, (Sister Wilson insisted he should receive for writing and postage of letters to Claremont when she joined the church) \$1.00

To cash paid Dea. Morse, the balance due him for table furniture	\$1.32
Dec. 24, 1817, Communion, Mr. Godard preaches; contribution	\$5.75
Wine, Dea. Morse found and we pay	.75
June 7, 1820, Contribution	.75
Paid two quarts wine	\$1.00
Aug. 1, Contribution, John Carr	.12
Paid 1 qt. and 1 gal wine	.50
1825, Rev. Mr. Sutherland	
To paid 3 pts. wine	.75
Cash paid by John Carr	.10
1827, Communion, Rev. Mr. Porter	
To 3 pts wine, 1 qt. charged,	.38
1828, Aug. 10, To 2 qts. malaga wine	.58
By Dan'l Carr (Capt.)	.25
By Dea. Morse	.10
By Mrs. Hibbard	.20
Total	\$5.55

Under this last date the Treasurer cheerfully adds "nearly 100 communicants—three churches and our own."

Among those who are mentioned as administering communion from time to time are Rev. Mr. McKeen, Rev. David Sutherland, Mr. Jonathan Hovey, Rev. David Smith, Rev. Sylvester Dana, Rev. Mr. Porter and Rev. Mr. Dutton.

How many of these were regularly settled pastors we do not know—certainly not all of them.

In 1833, John Kimball, with several others, having taken a letter of dismissal from this church and a letter of recommendation to the church at Haverhill Corner, John Carr was chosen clerk, which office he held until 1847, when the Rev. Samuel Delano took charge of the church. He kept the records himself, his last entry being in 1831. He was full of zeal but very eccentric. It is said that when a faithful sister once remonstrated with him for some oddity, he replied, "Madam, I must be Sam

Delano or nothing." During his pastorate, Dea. Perley Ayer and Deacon Elisha Swift were quite active in church work and were frequently sent as delegates to other churches at the time of Installation of pastors, etc.

Although he calls himself the pastor of the North Parish, his congregation was getting scattered, the house was getting sadly out of repair, and he preached in various other places, sometimes at the Brier Hill School House and later as new churches were built in these parts of the town, at the Union House at the Center, or at the Brick church (Baptist) at North Haverhill Village.

Among his notes we find, 1848, Jan., "First Sabbath. Very cold. blowing hard, meeting very thin, and the ordinance of the supper deferred. 1850, March 3. Communion service. Day very cold. Few present. Interesting and profitable time. May 5. Day rainy. Few present. Solemn and interesting. July 7. Communion. Good day. A season of deep interest, etc."

His pastorate terminated in 1851, and after that time we have but one more item, "the Rev. Mr. Strong being pastor and Dea. E. Swift, clerk—April 5, 1855, (a sad commentary on the downfall of one of their members) 'Voted to excommunicate M. N. M. from the church, on the charge of Disorderly Conduct in particular for Drinking Speretous Lickers.'"

This closes the written history of the North Parish Church, but of its unwritten history who can tell?

Its life as a separate organization was brief, lasting only forty years, yet it satisfied the spiritual aspirations and crystalized the re-

ligious beliefs of a generation of faithful, unassuming men and women and thus was an important factor in the early history of our town.

As this older generation passed away and the succeeding one became interested in other churches in the town, the old building was neglected and fell into disuse as a place for holding services although Town Meetings were still held there until the erection of the Town House at the Center.

At last the building was sold to Mr. Lafayette Morse and used as a barn. It was moved away in 1882 and the Cemetery extended to its present boundaries, being enlarged by the addition of the beautiful corner lot. Of the row of stately poplars, but one remains, standing like a lonely sentinel at the foot of the street.

The pewter communion set, or⁽⁶⁾ "Table Furnature" as it is styled in the Treasurer's Book, together with the books of the clerk and treasurer, were carried to the home of Mr. Joshua Carr in Brier Hill for safe keeping.

Later, that home being broken up by the death of its members, they were sent to the Historical Rooms at Concord, where they will be carefully preserved.

Those who care for the annals of the past will find these records quaint and interesting reading, though they are far from complete.

The life of this church, brief and uneventful as it was, covers a period in the early part of the 19th century singularly lacking in occasion or opportunity for heroic adventures or deeds of high renown yet most important as a strong and necessary link in the chain binding together the pioneers, the heroes

(6) Extract from Treasurer's Report:—

1817. Jan. 14. Contribution by Brother John	Morse toward table furnature \$1.00
1817. July 17. To cash paid Dea. Morse, the	bal. due him for the Table Furnature \$1.32
1817. July 17. To cash paid Dea. Horse, the	bal. due him for the Table Furnature \$1.32

of '76 and the "boys of '61."

As the harsh discordant echoes of the great world war are gradually dying away let us turn our attention for a time to the unsung heroes of a century ago.

Recognizing that "peace hath its victories no less than war" we must grant their sturdy virtues, their sterling qualities of mind and heart a high place in our estimation.

For the sake of the future genera-

tions let us see to it that their memory be kept green and not allowed to fade away and utterly perish from the earth.

To this end it is certainly desirable that the site of this old church should not be forgotten.

(7) 'Let us mark with some suitable and enduring memorial the hallowed spot which was to our fore fathers for so many years "a faith's pure shrine."

(7) Coosuck Chapter D. A. R. hope, with the cooperation of their many friends, to erect a gateway in the near future, at the Horse Meadow Cemetery to mark the site of the North Parish Church.

THE HAVEN OF LOST SHIPS

By E. F. Keene

I roamed, one night, the dread Sargasso Sea
Between the Azores and the Spanish Main,
And saw the sea-killed souls of vanished ships—
Clippers, and slavers, galleons, sloops of war—
Jammed rail to rail, a continent of wrecks
Bound round with weed by ocean's endless stream.

It seemed to me each derelict was manned
By crews long dead; their gray, fantastic shapes
(Yet fantasy is very real in dreams)
Hurrying fore and aft, and up and down,
Hauling the treasure from some oozy hold;
Lowering strange boats with lightning discipline;
Breaking out stores laid down when mighty Spain
Owned the New World, and challenged Britain's self
Her stewardship of the seas.—And some were slaves:
White grisly things of bone chained row on row
Which writhed and fought in orderly confusion,
Stretched hands to me, and whimpered for release.
Warriors, pirates—each ship's company—
Died nobly or ignobly, as they passed
From time again into eternity;
And pale corpse-candles of St. Elmo's fire
Illumined with despair this ancient death,
Where all Atlantis' floatsam waits the end.

A REMARKABLE FAMILY

WITH A CLOSE NEW HAMPSHIRE CONNECTION

What may safely be called a most remarkable family and one that probably cannot be matched in one respect at least, is that of the late Isaac Stevens Metcalf of Elyria, O.

Mr. Metcalf was of the eighth generation from Michael Metcalf, the immigrant ancestor, son of Isaac and Anne Mayo (Stevens) Metcalf, born in Royalston, Mass., January 29, 1822, and a graduate of Bowdoin College, class of 1847. He was a civil engineer by profession, and followed the same in Maine and New Hampshire till 1850, when he removed to Illinois and was engaged in the construction of the Illinois Central Railroad till its completion in 1855. In November of the following year he removed to Elyria, O., where he resided till his death, February 19, 1878. He was a prominent citizen and held various positions of public trust.

Mr. Metcalf married July 5, 1852, Antoinette Brigham, daughter of Rev. John M. and Arethea (Brigham) Putnam of Dunbarton, N. H. Mr. Putnam was a prominent Congregational clergyman of his day, and was pastor of the church in Dunbarton from July 8, 1830, till October 9, 1861. Isaac S. and Antoinette B. Metcalf had twelve children, of whom three died in infancy and nine grew to maturity, and eight are now living, these are:

1. Wilder Stevens Metcalf, born in Milo, Me., September 10, 1855; Oberlin College, A. B., 1878; Univ. of Kan. School of Law, 1897; U. S. Pension Agent, Topeka, Kan., 8 1-2 years; member Lawrence Kan. School Board, 10 years; private in Ohio Nat. Guard; private to brigadier general in Kansas Nat. Guard; major and colonel 29th Kansas Inf., serving in Philippines; promoted brigadier gen-

eral by Pres. McKinley; brigadier general in command of 77th Inf. brigade at Camp Beauregard, Alexandria, Va., 1817; retired 1819; now conducting farm loan business in Lawrence, Kan.

2. Charles Rich Metcalf, born in Elyria, O., August 1, 1857, employed for many years past in the office of Gen. Wilder S. Metcalf, Lawrence, Kan.

3. Marion Metcalf, born Elyria, O., May 1, 1859; graduated from Wellesley College, Mass., 1880; ten years a member of Wellesley faculty; three years teacher of Bible in Hampton Institute, Va.; now residing in Oberlin, O.

4. Anna Mayo Metcalf, born Elyria, O., July 26, 1862; Wellesley College, Oberlin College, 1884; married April 30, 1887, Azariah Smith Root, librarian of Oberlin College.

5. John Milton Putnam Metcalf, born Elyria, O., October 28, 1864; Oberlin College, 1885; Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. City, 1888; preacher and teacher; president Talladega College, Ala.; now in Vocational Training, Department, Veterans' Bureau, Washington, D. C.

6. Carl Harlan Metcalf, born Elyria, O., June 25, 1867; Oberlin College, 1889; Oberlin Theological and Chicago Theological Seminary; Congregational preacher at Madison, O., noted singer.

7. Grace Ethel Metcalf, born Elyria, O., March 5, 1870; Oberlin College, 1889; married Harold Farmer Hall; died Chicago, April 23, 1896.

8. Henry Martin Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 11, 1871; Oberlin College, 1891; Pennsylvania Medical College; First Lieut. Medical Corps, U. S. Army, 1917-1919; now practicing medicine at Wake-man, O.

9. Antoinette Brigham Putnam Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 7, 1873; Oberlin College, 1893; Oberlin College Library; now Reference Librarian, Wellesley College.

Mr. Metcalf's first wife, Antoinette B. Putnam, died August 14, 1875. March 25, 1878, he married Harriet Howes, born at Gatonswood House, Northampton, England, July 17, 1850; died December 17, 1894. By this second marriage he had six children, as follows:

1. Ralph Howes Metcalf, born Elyria, O., Jan. 7, 1879; died December 10, 1894.

2. Joseph Mayo Metcalf, born Elyria, O., October 30, 1880; Oberlin College, 1901; Harvard College, 1902; Civil Engineer; now principal Assistant Engineer, Missouri, Kansas and Texas R. R., M. K. & T. office, St. Louis, Mo.

3. Eliah Wight Metcalf, born Elyria, O., December 26, 1881; Kansas State University, 1904; Civil Engineer; now with M. K. & T. Railway, St. Louis, Mo.

4. Isaac Stevens Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 14, 1883; Oberlin College, 1906; Editorial

Writer Cleveland Plaindealer; now in advertising business Cleveland, O.

5. Keyes DeWitt Metcalf, born Elyria, O., April 13, 1889; Oberlin College, 1911; Oberlin College Library; now assistant Librarian, New York Public Library.

6. Thomas Nelson Metcalf, born Elyria, O., September 21, 1890; Oberlin College, A. B., A. M., and certificate in Physical Education, 1913; coach and physical director, Columbia University, New York, and Oberlin College; now Professor of Physical Education, and assistant coach, University of Minnesota.

Of the thirteen children of Isaac Stevens Metcalf, now living, all but one are college graduates, and all hold prominent positions in professional, business or social life. It is doubtful that another family can be found in this or another country to match this record.

Ten of the thirteen children are married; one son and two daughters unmarried. There are now eighteen living grandchildren — nine boys and nine girls.

PINE-TREE SONG

By Helen Adams Parker

Pines, pines, a forest of pines,
Before me, around me, in thick brown lines;
Plump green boughs towering high over all,
Bend this way and that at the breezes' call.

Birds light on your branches and sing their songs,
I sit 'neath your shade and forget my wrongs;
The tinkle of cow-bells comes up from the lane,
A bumble-bee buzzes in drowsy refrain.

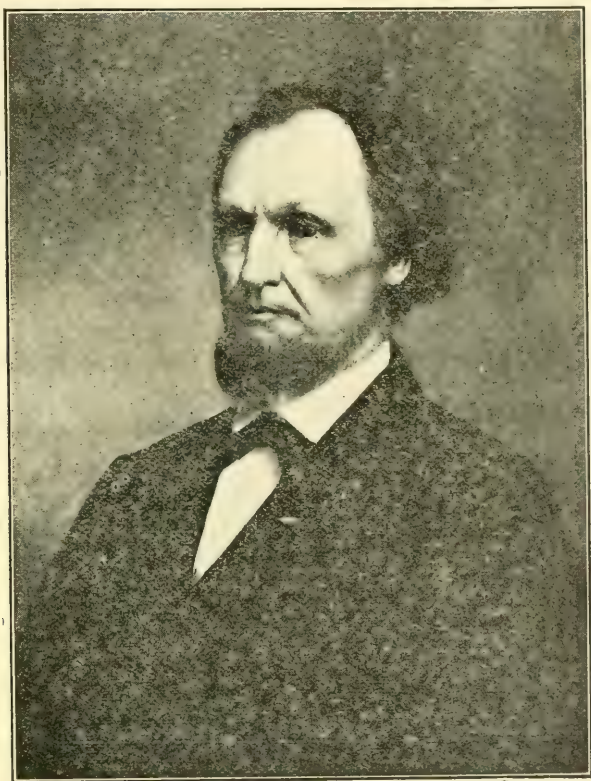
In and out from low bushes gay butterflies fly,
The air is so fragrant, so blue is the sky;
Earth and all her dumb children are giving their best,
Then be thankful, oh, man-child, and joy with the rest.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

An interesting addition recently made to the state's art collection is the self-painted portrait of Adna Tenney, who, with his nephew, Ulysses D. Tenney, is the author of more of the works in that collection than all other artists represented in it combined. The portrait is given to the state by its

wife's grandmother, Lucinda, wife of Colonel Ashbel Smith, was Adna Tenney's sister.

Thomas Tenney, the founder of this numerous and important family in America, came from Yorkshire, England, to Salem, Mass., in 1639. Representatives of the fifth generation from Thomas emi-



ADNA TENNEY: BY HIMSELF Photo by Kimball Studio.

subject's son, Rev. Henry M. Tenney, trustee of Oberlin College and pastor emeritus of the First Congregational church in the city of Oberlin. Arrangements for the donation were made by Hon. George W. Barnes of Lyme, member of the executive council from the first district, whose interest in the matter arises from the fact that his

grated from Norwich, Conn., in 1770, by ox team, to Hanover, where they settled upon what is now known as Moose Mountain, long called Tenney Hill. In the sixth generation was Captain John Tenney, who was born in Connecticut, but came to Hanover in childhood. He married Lucinda Eaton, of Windham, Conn., cousin

of the famous General William Eaton, and they had six children, one of whom was Adna Tenney, while another was Captain John Tenney, father of Ulysses Dow Tenney.

Captain Adna Tenney, taking his title like his father from service in the militia, was born in Hanover, Feb. 26, 1810, and represented his town in the legislature in 1853-4. His boyhood and young manhood were spent on the farm and he did not take a paint brush in his hand until after his 30th birthday. But from that time devotion to art possessed him and so continued far into his long life, which ended at Oberlin, August 17, 1900.

In the fall of 1844 we find him receiving what seems to have been his only instruction in painting from Francis Alexander of Boston. His first patron as the subject of a portrait was Dr. Dixi Crosby of the Dartmouth Medical College, followed by most of the other personages of that day at Hanover. Senator John P. Hale, and Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Bouton, famous his-

torian and divine, were others of his early subjects. Contemporary critics called his portrait of General Franklin Pierce very good and it was chosen for a reproduction in the life of its subject which Nathaniel Hawthorne wrote to help along the campaign which resulted in the election as president of the only native of New Hampshire ever to hold that office.

The New Hampshire State Manual of 1921 lists 26 portraits now on the walls of the capitol building as the work of Adna Tenney. Several of them are still among the most admired in the collection. While most of Mr. Tenney's painting was done in New Hampshire he also visited and worked in Boston, New York and Baltimore. One winter before the Civil War he passed in Arkansas and Mississippi, painting 27 portraits during his stay in the South. Somewhat later he resided for a time in Winona, Minn., and there devoted himself particularly to miniature painting, in which he achieved interesting results.

AN AUGUST PICTURE

By Alice Sargent Krikorian

How swift the pictures flash on Memory's wall,
Coming and going, as the daylight flies!
On fleeting August, dreamiest of them all,
Lingers the gaze of our enchanted eyes.
We catch a glimpse of asters on the brink,
Admiring their colors in the pool,
And poppies, in their gowns of red and pink,
Asserting, as of old, their right to rule.
Now, Summer, tho' we beg of her to stay,
Is spurning with her dainty foot the sod,
And hast'ing o'er the distant hills away,
Her pathway lit by lamps of goldenrod.
And vanishing too soon,—we know not where—
Leaves a sweet fragrance on the misty air.

EDITORIAL

The editor and publisher, since January 1, 1919, of the Granite Monthly, has been named by the secretary of state of New Hampshire as his deputy, and for that reason finds it necessary to relinquish the pleasant, if not over profitable, task of issuing the state magazine. He is very glad to announce that his ownership of the Granite Monthly has been transferred to parties who have the ability and the disposition to make the publication a greater credit to and a more valuable asset of, the state, than it ever has been in the more than forty years of its honorable history. The change in editorship and management will take effect with the October number and we bespeak for the new regime a continuance of that friend-

ly support and co-operation on the part of the contributors, subscribers and advertising patrons which have made possible the regular issue of the Granite Monthly during the past three years and eight months.

On the eve of finally covering the editorial typewriter and balancing for the last time the publishers' books, our heart is cheered by finding in the mail a check for two years' advance subscription bearing the signature of the head of one of the greatest industrial enterprises in this country, a distinguished native of New Hampshire, who thus manifests his belief that his old home state should have a magazine of its own and that the Granite Monthly is enough of a success in that direction to merit his support.

RAGGED MOUNTAIN

By M. White Sawyer

Where majesty of hill is wide, God wrought
With skyward fling, as eagle's wingcloud sought.

Deepening in blue with mist to distant glance,
Her outline purely shows as shadows dance.

'Ragged; Whose woods wind sung and piney sweet
Recall each year the friends who love to meet.

Where mountain brook sings silver clear, God's rill
Through cooling nook His anthem praises fill

Water music, trills true, snow white in sun
Green rimmed in fern, with straying wild root run.

'Ragged; where unspoiled Nature gives to man
A loftier view, to glimpse her spiritual plan.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

During the years of his active life, Captain Richard W. Musgrove of Bristol, soldier, editor, historian and legislator, who was born Nov., 1, 1840, and died Feb. 19, 1914, was one of New Hampshire's useful, honored and influential citizens; a man of many friends and true civic spirit; and last, but not least, the father of six talented children, one of whom, Miss Mary D. Musgrove, has worthily continued, since her father's death, his valuable work as editor and publisher of the Bristol Enterprise, one of New Hampshire's best weekly newspapers.

An interesting feature of the Enterprise in recent years has been the serial publication of Captain Musgrove's Autobiography. Those who enjoyed reading it in the newspaper will be glad to know that Miss Musgrove now has issued it in handsome book form with an excellent frontispiece portrait of her father; making a volume which should be in every library in the state and which will have a strong appeal to every one who appreciates the value of first-hand historical testimony given by a keen observer, a just chronicler and a writer of simple, direct and most engaging style.

So charming are Captain Musgrove's recollections of his boyhood

and school days that one notes with regret how small a part of the book as a whole they make; but the interest they inspire is held without diminution by the succeeding chapters in which the author paints vivid pictures of the splendid service which the 12th New Hampshire Regiment rendered at Chancellorsville, Gettysburg and the other famous names that are inscribed on its battle flag.

At the close of the civil war Captain Musgrove accepted a commission in the regular army and served for a time on the western frontier, so that the closing chapters of his autobiography contain stories which will delight all boys of whatever age about fighting Indians, hunting buffalo, etc.

Those of us who know how sane and helpful was his outlook upon life, how well he judged men and measures, would have rejoiced had he continued his self-record to cover the period of his public service in his home state.

But we are glad of the book as it is and feel that public thanks are due to Miss Musgrove for thus honoring the memory of her father and at the same time making a valuable addition to the library of New Hampshire history and biography.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HARRIET L. HUNTRESS.

Miss Harriet Lane Huntress, one of New Hampshire's best known women and most useful public servants, died at her home in Concord, July 31. She was born Nov. 30, 1860, in that part of Meredith which is now Center Harbor, the daughter of James L. and Harriet Page (Perkins) Huntress, her father being the proprietor of the Senter House, a famous summer resort on Lake Winnepesaukee. Miss Huntress was educated in Massachusetts schools, but from 1879 resided in Concord, where in 1889 she began a connection with the state department of public instruction which continued unbroken until her death. She gave most valuable assistance to six state superintendents and was herself from 1913 a deputy state superintendent.



THE LATE MISS HARRIET L. HUNTRESS.

In recognition of her services to the cause of education New Hampshire College in 1920 conferred upon her the honorary degree of Master of Arts. Miss Huntress was an active worker in the New Hampshire Equal Suffrage Association, a faithful supporter of the Unitarian church and a member of the Concord Woman's Club, Country Club, Beaver Meadow Golf Club, Woman's City Club of Boston, New Hampshire Historical Society, Capital Grange, Rumford Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Mount Vernon

Ladies' Association, whose work she most ably represented in New Hampshire.

MARY C. ROLOFSON.

Mrs. Mary Currier Rolofson, remembered by many readers of the Granite Monthly as a former contributor to its pages, died in Powell, Wyoming, July 11. She was born at Wentworth, May 24, 1869, the daughter of Lorenzo and Josephine C. Currer, and attended St. Johnsbury Academy, Smith College and Wesleyan University. She was the author of three books of poems. In 1907 she married Warren T. Rolofson, by whom she is survived.

REV. LUTHER F. McKINNEY

Rev. Luther F. McKinney, former congressman from New Hampshire, died in Bridgton, Me., July 30. He was born in Newark, Ohio, April 25, 1841, and served in the Civil War. At its close he studied for the ministry at St. Lawrence University and held Universalist pastorates in Maine and New Hampshire. While thus located at Manchester he was four times the Democratic candidate for Congress and twice successful, in 1886 and 1890. In 1892 he was the Democratic candidate for governor of the state and in 1893 was appointed by President Cleveland as United States minister to Columbia, serving four years in that capacity. Upon his return to this country he preached for a time in Brooklyn, N. Y., but for a number of years had been located in Bridgton, the scene of his first pastorate, where he engaged in trade with his son. He continued his political activity there, serving in the state legislature and as a congressional candidate. He was prominent in Odd Fellowship and the G. A. R. and was for some years chaplain of the First Regiment, N. H. N. G. Mr McKinney was an able and popular preacher and a strong and forceful political speaker.

CHARLES R. MILLER

Charles Ransom Miller, one of America's leading editors, was born in Hanover, Jan. 17, 1849, the son of Elijah T. and Chastina (Hoyt) Miller, and died in New York City, July 18. Upon grad-

uation from Dartmouth College in 1872 he began newspaper work upon the Springfield, (Mass.) Republican and there continued for three years, then joining the staff of the New York Times. The remainder of his life was devoted to the Times and from 1885 he had been its editor-in-chief. He was also the second largest stockholder in the corporation owning the paper and was its first vice-president and a member of the board of directors. He was likewise a director of the Tidewater Paper Company.

He married Miss Frances Daniels of Plainfield, October 10, 1876, who died in 1906. A son and daughter, Hoyt Miller and Miss Madge Miller, survive him. The degree of doctor of laws was con-

ferred on him in 1905 by Dartmouth College and in 1915 he received the degree of doctor of literature from Columbia university. In February, 1919, the French government bestowed the decoration of the Legion of Honor upon him and the Belgian government decorated him with the Order of Leopold. He was a member of the Century, Metropolitan and Piping Rock Clubs of New York City.

Mr. Miller was recognized as one of the ablest and best informed editorial writers in the world and especially during the late War his leaders in the Times attracted wide and respectful attention.

DREAMS

By Lilian Sue Keech

When nights has fallen, and the hour is late,
The dreams come stealing through the garden gate.
Past crimson roses, heavy with the dew,
White lillies, passion flowers of purple hue.

Upon his grassy couch, the old dog stirs,
As close beside him, a dream partridge whirs.
The shadowy forms flit through the fast closed doors,
And noiseless run upon the polished floors.

Along the wall, the horseman spurs his steed,
And ancient warriors drink their mug of mead.
The fairy dreams dance in the children's room,
And dreadful nightmares, in the background loom.

But in the chamber, where the dead doth lie,
Dreams may not enter, not with smile nor sigh.
Upon the quiet form, the pale moon gleams,
The walls are empty, there are no more dreams.

ON THE ROAD FROM CORMICY

(The ancient highway between Rome and Belgium).

By Mary E. Hough

On the road from Cormicy
Leading down to Rheims,
Rows of poplars edge the way
Yellow-green as in the spring
When young leaves were blossoming.
Sepal flowers of May!
Yet mid-summer's burning sun
Sheds its hottest rays upon
The road that leads to Rheims.

Other trees stand gaunt and bare,
Lifting naked arms in air,
Or there are no trees,—
Only stumps and riven trunks
In a jangle of barb-wire,
Scrolled against the horizon's edge
Like a blackened frieze.

These have stood the test of war,
They have kept the Roman way—
The ancient road through France.
What care they for hot grenade
Crackling in the withered grass,
Kindled by the sun's fierce rays
Into smoking gas?
They are vestals of the shade.

* * * *

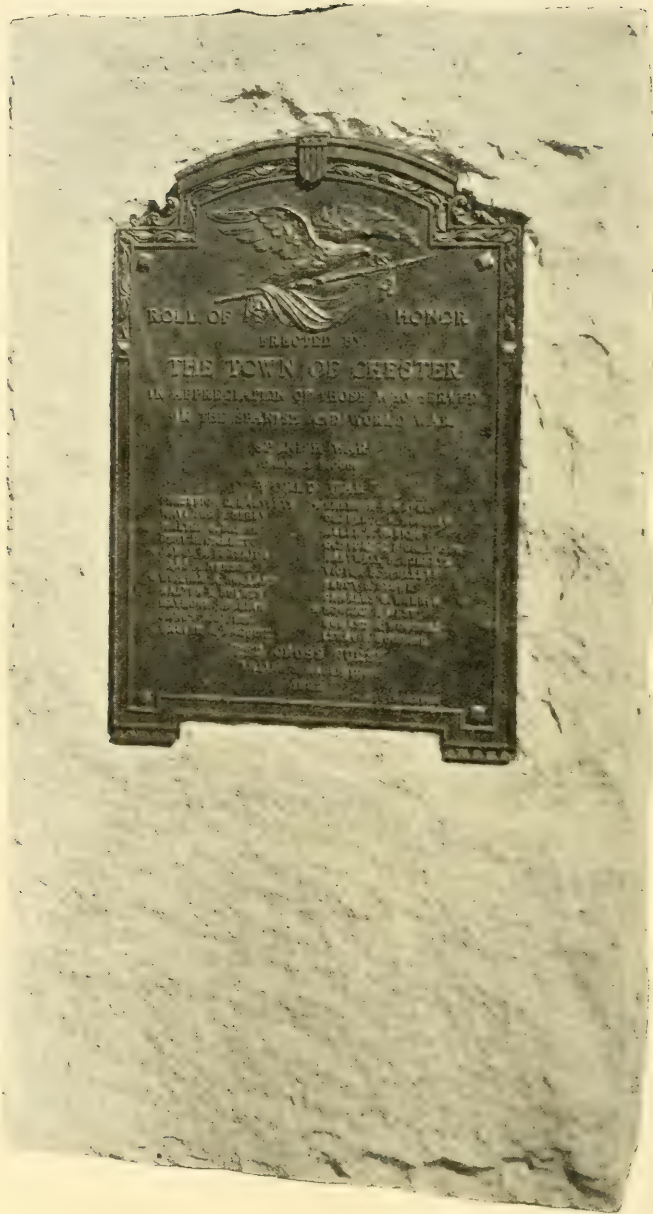
And the rows of poplar trees
Leading down from Cormicy,
Yellow-green as in the spring
When young leaves were blossoming,
Are a happy prophecy
Of undying Rheims!

Cormicy, France, July 11, 1921.

HIS LITTLE FLOCK ARE WE.

By Elias H. Cheney

Immanuel, our Solid Rock——
Hath christened us his Little Flock.
He knows his flock: each sheep by name:
Its tiniest lamb knows Him, the same.
Fear not, he saith, my lambkins: I
Am your Good Shepherd, always nigh.
Your Father's pleasure good it is,
To give to you the Kingdom his,
Wherein the strife and tumult cease,
And all is harmony and peace.
Kingdom of God, enthroned on High;
Ours, now: ours when we cleave the sky.
He bids us first his Kingdom choose:
All things he'll add! O wondrous News!
All things! supply our every need;
By waters still lead us to feed.
Our Father's Kingdom—for our sakes—
Equally ours and his he makes;
E'en as the bridegroom to his bride
Gives all: and they walk side by side.
All this our Father's pleasure good!
Earth never saw such Fatherhood.
Well pleased my Father thus to give;
Well pleased I for his Kingdom live.



CHESTER'S WORLD WAR MEMORIAL
Unveiled August 28, 1922.

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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CHESTER'S BICENTENNIAL

From the twenty-seventh to the twenty-ninth of August the Town of Chester celebrated its two hundredth anniversary. Tireless in their preparations and apt in running the intricate program smoothly, the committees unfortunately had to contend with rain on Sunday and Monday the first two days, but in spite of all it was a celebration worthy in every way the town and the occasion and on the final day the sunshine atoned for the previous dampness.

Chester is a town of rare beauty and no little historic interest. The beauty, perhaps not enhanced for the celebration, was at least brightened by the elaborate decorations from end to end of the Street. Historic houses were simply and appropriately marked, so that he who ran an automobile might in passing recognize the house of Lord Timothy Dexter and know that the Inn was built in 1761. Scores of places were thus marked and fuller information regarding them included in the official program. This valuable work was done by the Committee on Publicity, whose chairman was Miss Isabelle H. Fitz.

In the Stevens Memorial Hall was an excellent exhibition of interior antiques, supplemented exteriorly by the rows of fine colonial houses which line the long, tree-bordered Street. As one admired the fine taste which guided the hands of the designer and artisan of ancient days, one did homage as well to the sense of beauty and fitness which led the settlers of the eighteenth century to choose for their village that slow-sloping hill, with its charming vistas of wood and mountain.

The celebration began with the

church services on Sunday morning, which filled both churches to capacity. The Congregational Church is nearly as old as the town, having been organized in 1730 or earlier, although the building in which it worships dates only from 1773. It is true that the edifice was remodeled quite beyond recognition in 1839, yet it is undoubtedly one of the oldest houses of worship in present use in the state. Here the Reverend Silas N. Adams, pastor of the church, extended the welcome, and the anniversary sermon was preached by the Reverend Samuel H. Dana, D.D., of Exeter. Appropriate music was furnished by a quartet and Mrs. Ella A. Allen, organist. Not least in interest was an historical address by the Reverend James G. Robertson, now of South Strafford, Vermont, but for twenty-six years pastor of this church. The music was under the direction of Waletr I. Martin, hymns of the eighteenth century being used.

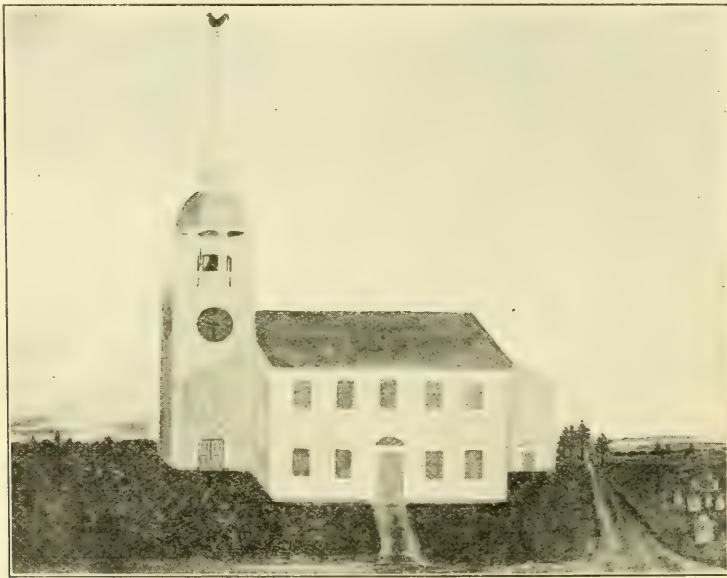
The First Baptist Church is more youthful, only a little over a century old, yet deemed ancient enough to bear a worthy share in the observances. At this church the pastor, the Reverend Mary E. Morse, gave the welcome. Two former pastors contributed to the program, the Reverend Bernard Christopher of Hampton making remarks and the Reverend Thomas J. Cate of Meredith preaching the sermon. There were also remarks by the Reverend Chester J. Wilcomb of Riverside, California, who united with this church over thirty years ago. All three of these ministers were ordained in this church. The music was by the choir and Mrs. Myron F. Robie, organist.

A union mass meeting was held

Sunday afternoon in the anniversary tent which was erected on the Wilcomb field. There was an attendance of about a thousand. The Reverend Silas N. Adams presided, and there was music by a chorus of one hundred under the direction of Mr. Walter I. Martin. The speakers included the Reverend Charles D. Tenney of Palo Alto, California; the Reverend Henry M. Warren of New York City; the Reverend J. Wallace Chesbro of Fall River, Massachusetts; the Reverend Morris W. Morse

rather, on the spur of the moment, with the Highland Band of Manchester and the Raymond Band.

A simple but handsome memorial to those who served in the Spanish and World Wars was dedicated on Monday. Those taking part in these exercises were: George E. Gillingham, Chairman of the Executive Committee of the celebration; the Honorable John C. Chase, president of the day; the Reverend Silas N. Adams, invocation; Colonel George A. Hosley, presiding officer; Albert



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, 1773.

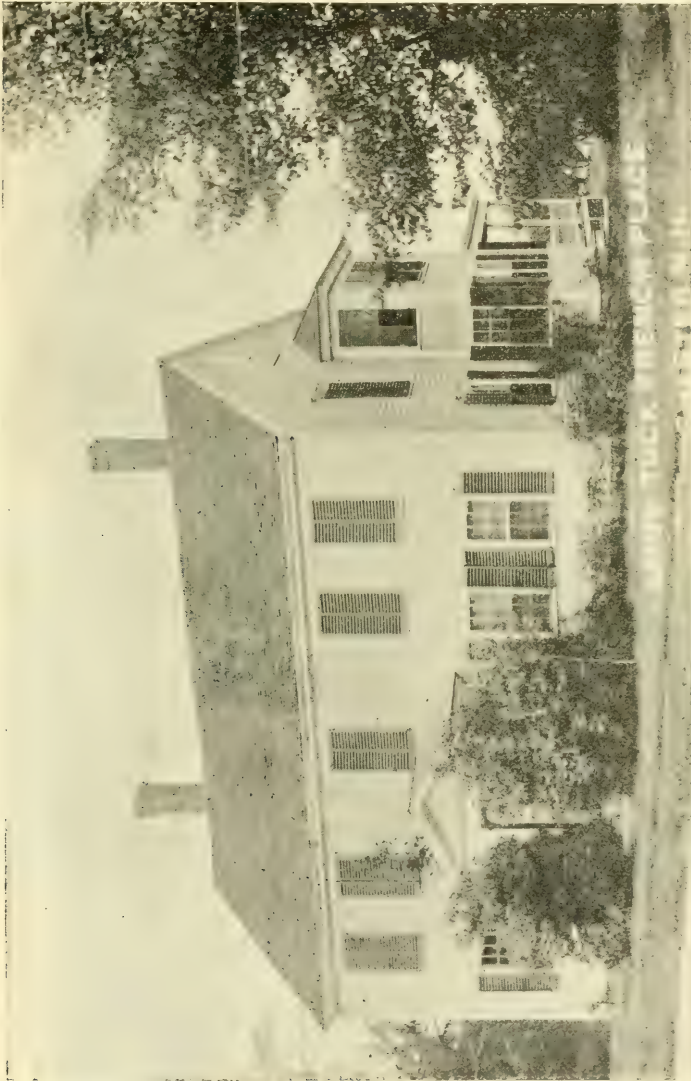
of Moscow, Idaho; the Reverend Messrs. Wilcomb, Robertson, Christopher and Cate, and Reverend Mary E. Morse.

Monday, August 28, was designed to be the great day of the celebration, but the inclement weather forced the postponement until Tuesday of the general parade and the pageant. Nevertheless Monday was crowded. Two of the four bands engaged for the day arrived in spite of attempts to cancel them, so a short parade was picked up and run off

F. B. Edwards, Chairman of the Memorial Committee, who made the presentation to the American Legion for dedication; retiring Department Commander Robert O. Blood, of Concord, who accepted the memorial; Major Frank Knox of Manchester, who gave the dedicatory address; Governor Albert O. Brown, who extended the congratulations of the state. A message from Governor Cox of Massachusetts was read. The exercises were concluded by three volleys fired by American Legion

members and sounding of taps. Of twenty-two soldiers sent by Chester to the World War, four died in service. The town furnished also one Red Cross nurse.

by the combined bands. Mr. Hazelton was born in Chester ninety years ago and was a representative from Wisconsin in the National Legislature for several sessions. For many



JUDGE RICHARDSON HOUSE

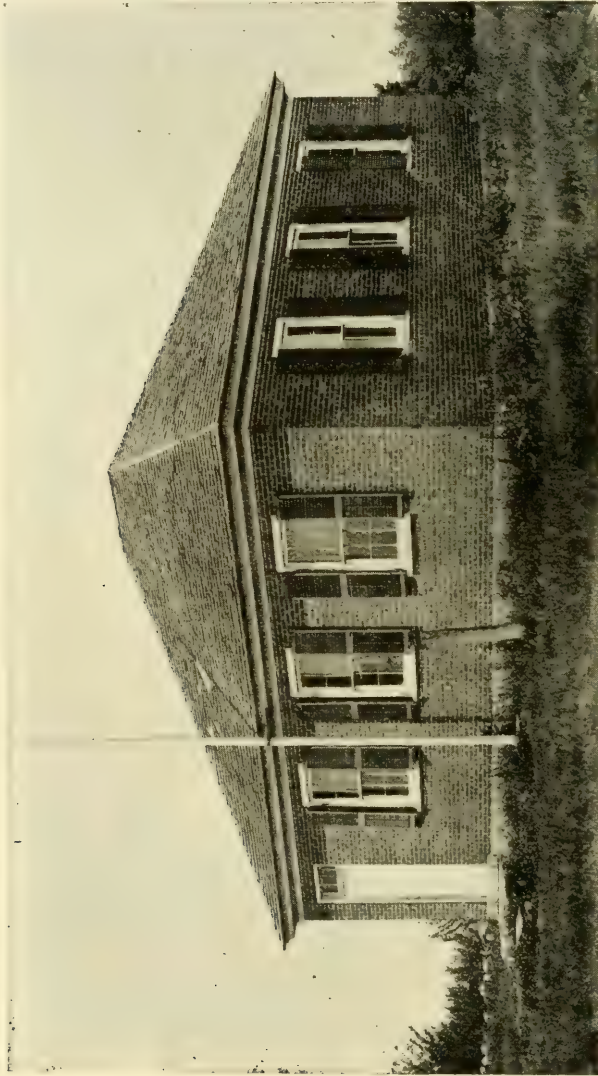
After dinner, provided in both the Stevens Memorial Hall and the tent, the latter place was the setting for the anniversary address by the Honorable George C. Hazelton of Washington, District of Columbia. Mr. Chase presided. There was music

years he practised law in Washington. He survived the celebration less than a week, passing away suddenly at his Chester summer residence on September 4. His last address, delivered entirely without notes, was considered by all his masterpiece.

Tuesday was as ideal in weather as Monday was forbidding, and the village was crowded by thousands who came from far and near. The general parade, somewhat crippled by the postponement from the day be-

fore, was a splendid affair under the direction of Chief Marshal Herbert H. True. From Wilcomb Common to the old brick schoolhouse and back, the gay-colored precession

marched under a sunny sky. The numerous floats in beauty or ingenuity, or both, all denoted a thought and care which showed how much the citizens of Chester and her daughter towns cherish the memory of the two



OLD BRICK SCHOOLHOUSE

centuries of their civic life.

In the line of march were found

town officials and representatives of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company, the Fusilier Veterans, the

Amoskeag Veterans, the Grand Army of the Republic, the Women's Relief Corps, the American Legion. Col. George A. Hosley of Chester, chief of the National Grand Army, was in line. To make clearer and more local illustration of the military history of the two hundred years, there was an inspiring group representing the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, the Mexican War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, the World War. Each man wore the uniform appropriate to the conflict he represented, and carried a banner on which was inscribed the number of men furnished by

industry were shown by floats carrying ancient agricultural implements and by representations of the hand processes of cooperage and blacksmithing. Still other floats represented a pioneer cabin in course of construction and the meeting house of 1773 in rather large miniature. A unique feature was a collection of equipages comprising the history of travel from horseback to motor, not forgetting the ox-cart and the stage coach, and including examples of wheeled and runnered vehicles for a period of over a century, all marked with identifying dates. Nor must



CHESTER INN—1761

Chester to that war. The range—from 254 in the Revolution to 22 in the late war—illustrated two points in the history of Chester—her ready response to every patriotic call, and the steady decline in population wrought not only by the omission of the railroads to touch such towns, but by the annexation of large parts of Chester's area to other towns.

History was further illustrated by the contrast between a tiny "hand tub" of 1842 and modern motor fire apparatus. The older methods of

illustrations of early customs, pioneer and native, be overlooked.

The school children, the Grange, various orders and individuals furnished a colorful and interesting series of floats. There were flowers, there were "Callathumpains"; there were Indians and Uncle Sams; there were hunters and hucksters. Not least in interest was a group of the oldest inhabitants: Elijah Sanborn, 103; George C. Hazelton, 90; Susan J. Webster, 88; Carlos W. Noyes (a Civil War veteran), 86; "Aunt"

Hannah (Wilcomb) Williams, aged 84; James Heath, 92; Mark Sanborn, 83, and Cyrus Hill, 87. All told there were over 500 people and 100 horses in the line. Nevers' Band of Concord and Rainey's Cadet Band of Manchester furnished the music for the parade and throughout the day.

Other events of Tuesday were a program of sports for the younger, and a very pleasant reunion of Chester Academy students for the older and more reminiscent. Dinner was again served at the Stevens Memorial, but the chief table event was the banquet at the anniversary tent in the early afternoon. Here, the Hon. John C. Chase presiding, there was speaking by Congressman Sherman E. Burroughs and others. "Aunt" Hannah Williams recited, and Miss Isabelle H. Fitz read an original poem. Those who made remarks included Rev. B. W. Lockhart, D.D., Louis Bell, Ph.D., Judge Charles U. Bell, Hon. M. A. Moore, Harris M. West, Mrs. Annabell F. Hogan, Mrs. Horace A. Hill, Rev. Chester J. Wilcomb, Thomas Rice Varick of Manchester, Eugene W. Watkins, Rev. Harry M. Warren, Dr. R. H. Barker, who spoke for Candia. Letter was read from J. Henry Townsend, Esq., of New York, in which he tendered to the Town as a gift his Chester Estate to be used as a home or for any public purpose. The gift will doubtless be appreciatively accepted at the next town meeting.

In the evening there was a display of fireworks, followed by the historical pageant written by Mrs. Mary Stuart MacMurphy of Derry. Mrs. Helen L. Kloeber of Newburyport, Massachusetts, was general director and Mrs. Walter P. Tenney local director. Nevers' Orchestra of Concord supplied the musical accompaniment. The program included a prelude, five episodes, three interludes and a postlude, and covered the history of Chester from the purchase of land from the Indians to the separation of Candia, Raymond and Au-

burn. The pageant was splendidly given, and was attended by two thousand people.

The committee responsible for the planning and execution of the celebration included: George E. Gillingham, Chairman, Edwin P. Jones, Vice-Chairman, John M. Webster, Treasurer, John C. Ramsdell. Those on the executive committee were Rev. Silas N. Adams, Augustus P. Morse, John M. Webster, Mary B. Noyes, George A. Hosley, Jennie P. Hazelton, Cyrus F. Marston, Eleanor J. Locke, Isabelle H. Fitz, Martha T. Learnard, Nathan W. Goldsmith, Arthur H. Wilcomb, Clarence O. Morse, George D. Rand, George S. West, John C. Ramsdell, William B. Underhill, Martin Mills, George E. Gillingham, Walter P. Tenney, John H. Robie, William T. Owen, Edward T. Morse, George L. Fitts, Edwin P. Jones, John D. Fisk, Edward C. Chase, William B. Wason, Roger P. Edwards, Walter W. Lane, Herber W. Ray, William C. Hall. Those on the committee representing Manchester were Dana A. Emery, Thomas R. Varick, William B. Farmer and George M. Clark; representing Candia, John H. Foster, Carrie A. Richardson, Hattie A. Hubbard and Henry A. Hubbard; representing Auburn, George E. Spofford, Edgar L. Preston and Freeman R. Davis; representing Raymond, Walter J. Dudley, T. Morrill Gould, Edward F. Cram and Joseph F. Savage.

The financing of the celebration, no small burden, was cared for with great foresight. For five years beginning with 1917 the town appropriated \$125 annually, with a final appropriation of \$1,000 this year. The daughter towns of Raymond, Candia, and Auburn added generous contributions, as did many present and former residents. In this, as in other ways, the Chester folk have illustrated the value of long and thorough preparation for an event of outstanding importance.

HISTORICAL NOTES ON CHESTER

The Town of Chester was formally inaugurated by royal charter dated May 8, 1722. This, however, was but by way of confirmation and enlargement of rights granted by the Governor and Council as the result of transactions lasting some three years. In 1719 about one hundred Hampton and Portsmouth folk petitioned for a grant of eight miles square in the waste land which was then known, apparently interchangeably, as "the Chesnut Country" and Cheshire. The same year, pending action on the petition, a proprietors' society was organized to settle the proposed grant, and home lots were drawn.

Meanwhile a motion was made on the part of Haverhill folk to settle the same territory. Quite likely they began on the theory that the land was in the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, but in any event they joined Exeter parties in petitioning the New Hampshire authorities to be admitted with the first petitioners. At the same time (May, 1720) the first petition was withdrawn and a new one substituted for a township ten miles square. Neither was immediately acted upon. There are suggestions of litigation, but in June a compromise was apparently effected by the first petitioners voluntarily admitting as proprietors Samuel Ingalls and other Haverhill men. This was shortly followed by the granting of the substituted petition of the Hampton society. Already, however, the lay-out had been made, and now some fencing was done. It seems to have been part of the arrangement that the proprietors as a whole should make a road passable for carts from Kingston, while the Haverhill people, at their separate charge, should make a similar road from their town.

Who was the first actual settler is not known, but probably it was Captain Samuel Ingalls. There is

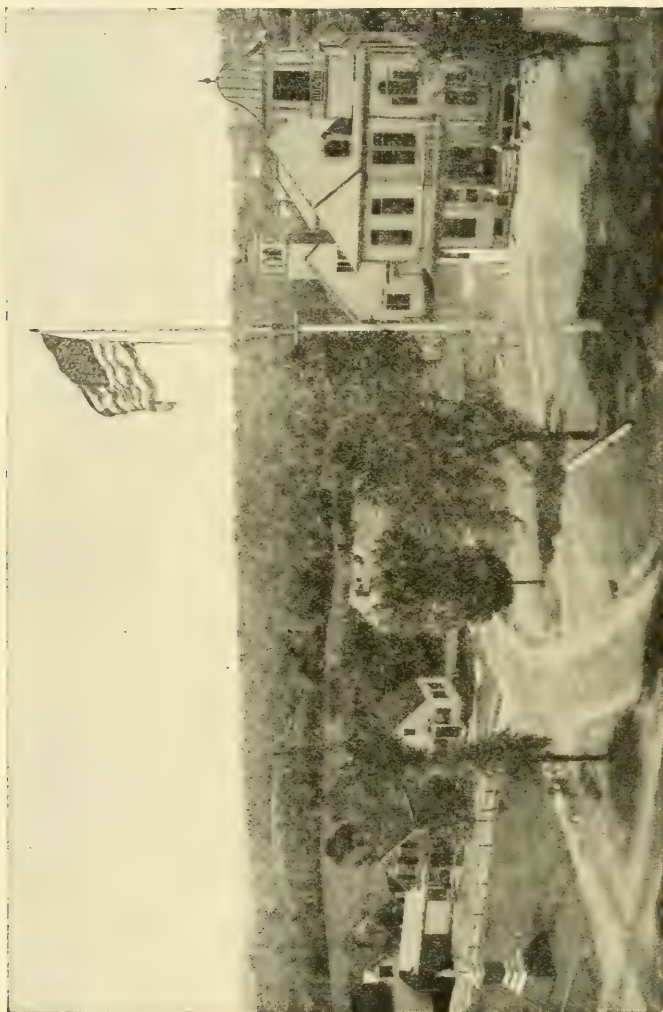
evidence that he was a resident before the date of the charter, and it is supposed he built in 1722, on the crest of Walnut Hill, the first house in Chester. Here was born, in 1723, his daughter, Mehitable, the first white native of Chester. Captain Ingalls built the first framed house about 1732. The year 1723 seems to have brought a few settlers, but probably no considerable number were there until 1727. The original settlers located principally in the southeasterly corner of the town, though from the first the center seems to have been designed for its present location.

Chester, as finally granted, covered about one hundred and twenty square miles, including, besides the present town, Auburn, Candia, Raymond and large portions of Manchester and Hooksett. The early settlers suffered their share of the anxieties which were common to all pioneers. In 1724 Lieutenant Thomas Smith and John Karr, while constructing a brush fence to protect their cattle from the Indians, were set upon by Joe English and a band of natives, and captured. Their captors took them northward, securing them at night by staking them to the roots of trees and binding them with deer sinews. During the second night, while the Indians slept, they slipped their bonds, and on the evening of the third day found their way back home. Others were not so lucky. At least one, John Robie, was slain, and his son, Ichabod, was captured but later escaped. It was such experiences as these, doubtless, that led the town in 1725 to vote to employ two soldiers to stand guard for four months. The Wilson Garrison house now occupied by Chester P. Hunt, was built in 1730, and other garri- sons were constructed from time to time as occasion required.

Road building was an early neces-

sity in frontier towns, and at the first March meeting, in 1725, the Londonderry Road was laid out. The first recorded road actually built, however, is the one to Haverhill, constructed about 1730, although before

January, 1720-21, the proprietors voted that at the expense of the whole proprietary they would maintain a minister when thirty householders were settled, and would build a meeting-house when fifty families



CHESTER SQUARE
Baptist Church, Stevens Memorial Hall,
Soldiers' Monument

that time doubtless rough ways had been built. Mills also were a prime necessity, and one was built at Free-town in Raymond, in 1726.

The temper of the fathers was of too serious a turn to be long without settled religious instruction. In

were settled. It was voted to hire a minister in 1728, and to erect a meeting-house at the Center. The Reverend John Tuck of Hampton was called in 1729, but declined, although it appears that he preached in Chester for fourteen Sabbaths that

year. The town then called the Reverend Moses Hale, and worship was held from late 1731 under his ministry in the first meeting-house, within a few rods of the present Congregational Church. Mr. Hale, having been brought under distraction of mind, did little service. He was succeeded in 1736 by the Reverend Ebenezer Flagg, who was pastor for sixty years until his death at the age of ninety-two. During his ministry, in 1773, the present house was constructed, and some sixty-five years later remodeled.

The Presbyterians at first joined in the common worship, but when the church became disorganized by the incapacity of Mr. Hale, they hired the Reverend John Wilson to preach for them, and stubbornly objected to being taxed to support Mr. Flagg. They appealed to the Governor and Council successfully, and built on Cunningham Lane about 1740, in which year the two parishes were separated by legislative act. In 1794 they dedicated a house at the Long Meadows. Theological and slavery disputes having divided the Presbyterians, the remnant withdrew, and in 1843 formed the Second Congregational Church, which finally became the First Church of Auburn. The history of other churches in the daughter towns is omitted here.

The Baptist Society was organized in 1819, and built a house of worship in 1823. This society also became disorganized about 1845, but was reorganized and a new building erected in 1861.

In letters the town has not been backward. Before the charter was granted the proprietors voted to appropriate the first forfeited lot for a school. The first record of a money appropriation for a school master was in 1737, though doubtless there was instruction before that date. At first the master travelled from one part of the town to another, teaching in the homes, but in 1744 and 1745

"school housen" were built, probably three in number. In one respect the town was lax; after there were one hundred families settled they declined to support a grammar school according to law, whereupon the selectmen were indicted and two convicted.

The Social Library was opened in 1793, and in 1801 an academy was built by public subscription. The historic Chester Academy dated from 1854 and had many noted teachers, most distinguished of whom was Professor John K. Lord. The town now supports a high school in the brick schoolhouse.

Chester did not for many years maintain her vast area. Derryfield was incorporated in 1751, its territory being taken largely from Chester and Londonderry. Candia was set off in 1763 and Raymond two years later. Yet Chester retained, at the beginning of the Revolution, a population of practically 1,600, which increased to over 2,200 in 1820. Then in 1822, a part of century-old Chester was incorporated in Hooksett, and in 1845 came the final diminution by the set-off of Auburn. Even so, Chester had 1,351 inhabitants in 1850, since which time it has lost a little more than half in population from the economic trend of the times. But Chester has not lost, and will not soon lose, the vitality of the good blood which has persisted for the two centuries of her life.

Some of Chester's families are notable beyond the common. Daniel French came to Chester from Derryfield in 1799 and practised law as the successor of the Honorable Arthur Livermore, who had just been elevated to the bench. Mr. French was a distinguished lawyer who served as Solicitor of Rockingham County and Attorney General of New Hampshire. In his fine residence, built on the Street in 1800 and burned in 1902, were born eleven children, among whom were Benjamin Brown French, a lawyer and clerk of the National

House of Representatives, grandfather of Amos Tuck French; Henry Flagg French, also a lawyer, first president of the Massachusetts Agricultural College, and father of Daniel Chester French, of W. M. Henry French Hollis and Allen Hollis. Another of the eleven children was Mrs. Helen French Cochran, well known as a writer. Both Benjamin B. and Henry F. French married daughters of William M. Richardson, Chief Justice of the Superior Court from 1816 to 1838, and

pave Chester Street if the town would call it Dexter Street. Whether the change of name appealed to the citizens as undemocratic or the paving as unnecessary, does not appear. In any event they rejected the proposition with substantial unanimity. Dexter lived in Chester but a short time, then returned to Newburyport, which was the scene of his most memorable eccentricities.

Leaving eccentrics, and coming back to a family which left a lasting impression, one must not overlook



DANIEL FRENCH HOUSE

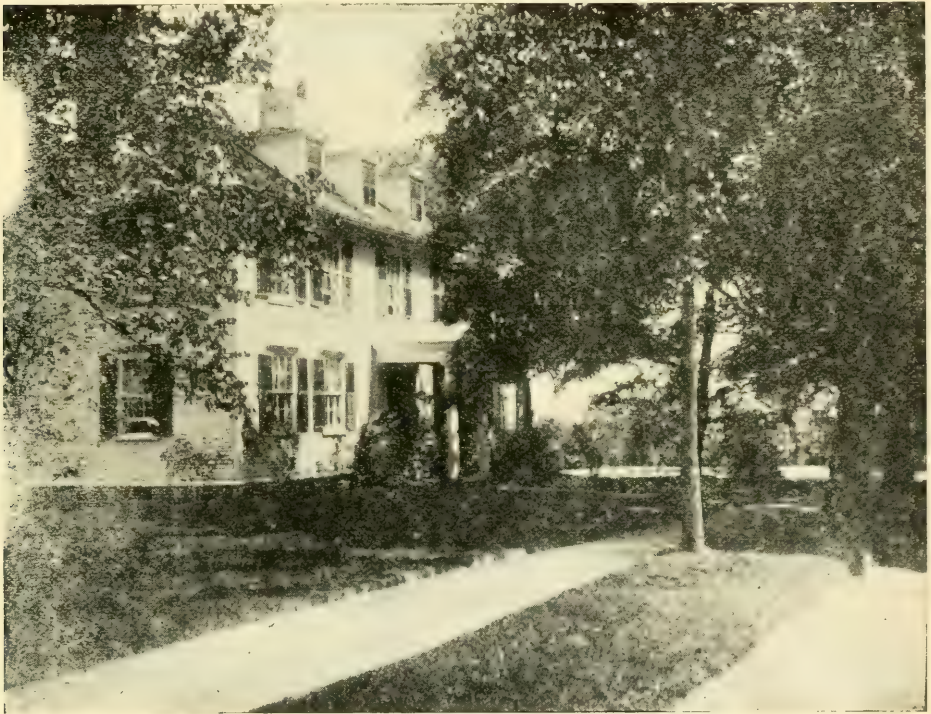
owner from 1819 of the house formerly the property of Benjamin Brown, father of President Francis Brown of Dartmouth College and of Benjamin B. French's mother. This house is now owned by Amos Tuck French.

Adjoining the Richardson house is another historic place, which Mr. French also owns. It was built in 1787, a year before the Richardson house, and was bought in 1796 by Lord Timothy Dexter. This curious man two years later offered to

the Bells, one of New Hampshire's best strains. Their immigrant ancestor came from Ireland to Londonderry in 1719. Three of his grandsons, Jonathan, John and Samuel, lived in Chester. Jonathan was a trader. John also was a trader and acquired a considerable fortune. He was a member of the Executive Council from 1817 to 1823, then Sheriff of Rockingham County, and in 1828 was elected Governor. His oldest daughter married the Reverend Doctor Nathaniel Bouton of

Concord, the second married the Honorable John Nesmith of Lowell, Massachusetts. Other children, with the exception of Charles H. Bell, died at an early age, though several of them survived long enough to show promise of worthy careers. Charles H. Bell was a successful lawyer who practised in Chester, Somersworth and Exeter, served a few months as United States Senator

1823 to 1835. His son, Samuel Dana Bell, also practised law in Chester, was Representative, County Solicitor, Justice of the Court of Common Pleas, Justice and Chief Justice of the Superior Court, and commissioner to revise the statutes in 1830, 1842 and 1867. Two of his sons, John James and Samuel N., were well known lawyers, and the latter was a member of Congress from 1871 to



LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER HOUSE

and was Governor of New Hampshire from 1881 to 1883.

Samuel Bell was a Dartmouth graduate and a lawyer, and came to Chester in 1812. His political career had already taken him into both branches of the legislature, and he had been presiding officer of both. He was a Justice of the Superior Court from 1816 to 1819, Governor of New Hampshire from 1819 to 1823, United States Senator from

1873 and from 1875 to 1877.

Another son of Governor Samuel Bell was John, a professor of anatomy at the University of Vermont. Still another, James, was a lawyer and United States Senator. A fourth, Luther V., was superintendent of the McLean Asylum and a surgeon in the Civil War, during which he died. A fifth, George, was a lawyer and served in the Civil War. John Bell and Charles Bell were the sixth and

seventh sons. Both were practising physicians, and the former served as a surgeon in the Civil War. The youngest son, Louis, was a lawyer, and was Colonel of the Fourth New Hampshire Volunteers. He was killed at Fort Fisher in 1865. His son, Dr. Louis Bell, is a well known electrical engineer. Charles Upham Bell, son of James, for more

than 20 years a Justice of the Massachusetts Superior Court, is another prominent living representative of this great family.

Chester, however, does not live solely in her past. She is still blessed with a citizenry of the substantial old stock, awake to the modern life of the world.

MY CHESTER!

(For the Two Hundredth Anniversary)

By Isabelle H. Fitz.

My Chester, oh my Chester!
 The town that gave me birth;
 What memories cluster round thy name!
 The deraest spot on earth.
 No maples wear such Autumn tints
 As those that line our Street;
 No sunset glows with deeper rose,
 No birds sing half so sweet.

My Chester, oh my Chester!
 In seventeen twenty-two,
 Men came from far to call thee "home,"
 Brave, loyal, staunch and true;
 They plied the axe, they drove the plow,
 But scorning England's thrall,
 They signed "The Test," to give their best,
 Their lives, their gold, their all.

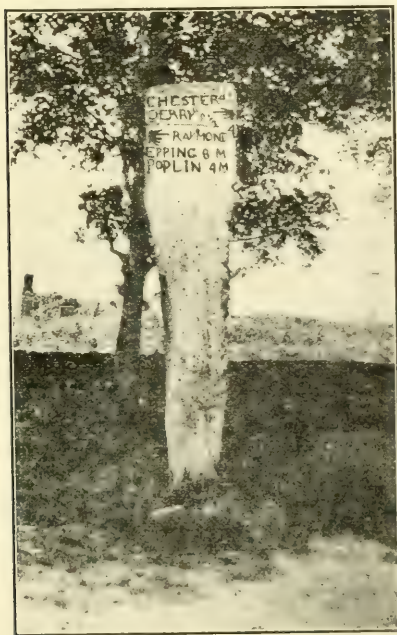
Peace brought us honors:
 Where legislators wait,
 Came none more skilled or learned or wise
 Throughout our Granite State;
 For Richardson, and French, and Bell
 Were names that won renown,
 And Washington claimed many a son
 From that dear, honored town.

Once more the war cloud threatened,—
 With Sumter's booming gun,
 They sprang to arms, to say with might,
 "This nation shall be one!"
 At Gettysburg, at Petersburg,
 Our gallant boys were found,—
 And women wept, for husbands slept
 On many a battle ground.

Then came the Titan conflict
 Whose war shock rent the world;
 All life was in the maelstrom,
 Where blood-stained waters swirled;
 They went,—our lads of promise,—
 Quite unafraid were they
 To dare the curse, ay, even worse,
 Of Teutons' tyrant sway.

I see thee still, my Chester!
 Though through a mist of tears;
 Thy people brave, unfaltering,
 Throughout those bygone years;
 Thy daughters sweet, and fair, and true,
 And strong in freedom's fight,
 Thy sons, no less, for righteousness,
 For justice, truth and right.

God keep thee pure, my Chester!
 From soil or stain of sin;
 That selfishness and greed and hate
 May never enter in;
 But with a name untarnished,
 As in the days of yore,
 Till as a scroll the heavens roll,
 And time endures no more.



MILESTONE, 1775

WHO PLANTED NEW HAMPSHIRE?

By Charles Thornton Libby

(We are indebted to Mr. Libby, lawyer and antiquarian, of Portland, Maine, for permission to publish his address, as President of the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers, at the observance on August 10, 1922, at Portsmouth, of the three hundredth anniversary of the patent to Gorges and Mason. Mr. Libby writes that this paper includes the results of his investigations of the Hilton family in England, and also sums up the conclusions of all former investigators, making this paper, in his belief, "the most up-to-date summary of this much abused subject." We welcome so valuable an addition to the discussion of New Hampshire's beginnings which the magazine has recently been featuring, and invite further contributions on the subject. The obscurity of the early days from 1623 to 1630 calls for untiring and critical investigation.—Editor.)

In behalf of the members of the Society of Piscataqua Pioneers, it gives me pleasure to return thanks for the welcome so kindly accorded us by the mayor of Strawberry Bank. If Sir Ferdinando, at some moment of his long life of struggle and disappointment, could have looked forward and seen the Honorable Ferdinando doing his part in a three-hundredth anniversary as mayor of this fine city, his face must have brightened with the happy thought that his labors had not been in vain.

Portsmouth has always been an interesting place to visit, ever since the new comers at Little Harbor first found the strawberries up the river; and for us, whose forefathers, living on one or another of the branches of this river, had to come to "the Bank" in order to know they were living, once in so often, it is doubly pleasant.

It has been said that the patent of the Province of Maine, Aug. 10, 1622, granting all between the Merri-mac and the Kennebec, was of minor consequence because nothing was done under it. Rather may we regard it as the foundation, both in legal operation and in actual carryings on, of all that came after.

By the terms of this grant, which we celebrate today, Sir Ferdinando and Captain Mason bound themselves under £100 penalty to settle one colony with a competent guard and at least ten families within three years. We must believe they did it. They two were the efficient colonizers of New England. They squandered both their own wealth and the wealth of others, but they achieved. Having agreed to settle ten families, they did it. Here was the founding of this State, and of Maine this side of the Kennebec.

It is true that the Plymouth Company in 1622 deeded this land where we now are to Gorges and Mason, and in 1623 deeded it to Mr. David Thomson, and in 1629 deeded it to Captain Mason, and in 1631 deeded it to the Laconia Company, and in 1635 gave a 999 years' lease of it to Sir John Wollaston, all covering the same land. But in dealing with these old patents we must bear three things constantly in mind, or we shall trip ourselves up. For one thing, the corporation called "the Council established at Plymouth in the County of Devon for the planting and ordering of New England," was only another name for Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason. Second, when Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason gave deeds of parts of their land, they did it in the name of the corporation. Third, the deeds they gave were really only options, conditioned on making actual settlements. When the conditions were not performed, the lands reverted to Gorges & Mason.

Wollaston's deed back to Capt. Mason openly explains the lease, "which said indenture was made unto the said John Wollaston by and with the consent of the said Captain John Mason." Instead of Capt. Mason giving the lease himself, he gave it in the name of the Council. The grant

to Mason in 1629 is explained by the lawyers of Mr. Mason's grandson, "being a division of the lands formerly granted unto Sir Ferdinando Gorges and John Mason." Instead of Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason giving deeds to each other to divide their lands, they issued new grants to themselves in the name of the Council.

Mr. David Thomson, the first planter of New Hampshire, was not what the historian, Hubbard, said he was "the agent of Georges and Mason." Nor did he receive a conflicting grant of lands already granted to them. His deed, although in the name of the Council, was really from them. Some historians have failed to understand how he received a grant of 6,000 acres already granted to them, or why he did not hold it afterwards. These two questions answer each other if permitted to do so. Sir Ferdinando Gorges and Capt. John Mason in effect deeded to Mr. David Thomson six thousand acres of the best of their lands on conditions which he failed to fulfill; and so the lands reverted to them.

As the patent to Mr. Thomson is lost, we cannot know exactly what the conditions they put into it were, but we may be sure that they covered the undertaking for which they themselves were under bond, to settle in this wilderness a sufficient guard and ten families. We have from Mr. Samuel Maverick, who came to Massachusetts in 1624, some years before the Boston colony started the Year One of New England, as they reckoned it, and who soon married Mr. Thomson's young widow, a graphic account of what was done:

Strawberry Bank, the Great House and Isle of Shoals.

Within 2 myles of the mouth is Strawberry Bank where are many families, and a minister

and a meeting house, and to the meeting houses of Dover and Exeter most of the people resort. This Strawberry Bank is part of 6,000 acres granted by patent about the year 1620 or 1621 to Mr. David Thompson, who with the assistance of Mr. Nicholas Sherwill, Mr. Leonard Pomeroy and Mr. Abraham Colmer of Plymouth, merchants, went over with a considerable company of servants, and built a strong and large house, enclosed it with a large and high Palizado and mounted gunns, and being stored extraordinarily with shot and ammunition, was a terror to the Indians, who at that time were insulting over the poor, weak and unfurnished planters of Plymouth. This house and fort he built on a point of land at the very entrance of Piscataqua River and having granted by patent all the islands bordering on this land to the middle of the river, he took possession of an island commonly called the Great Island, and for the bounds of this land he went up the river to a point called Bloody Point, and by the seaside about four miles. He also had power of government within his own bounds. Notwithstanding all this, all is at this day in the power and at the disposal of the Massachusetts.

So here we see what method Sir Ferdinando and Capt. Mason took to fulfill their bond to the Council. Mr. Thomson, a cultured and traveled gentleman, whom Sir Ferdinando had employed in difficult negotiations with high officials, was to do it for them, and for this service to have 6,000 acres on one side of the river. To get the necessary capital, he contracted with three Plymouth merchants to

run the plantation five years, and then turn over to them three-fourths of the improved land and three-fourths of the profits. After three years effort, he saw fit to remove to Massachusetts Bay, where he could have all his improved lands and all of his profits. Whether he settled all the ten families within three years from August 10, 1622, or whether Gorges and Mason had to come forward to finish the task, we do not know.

Let us remember that we know very little about this dark period when the Province of Maine covered Maine and New Hampshire both. Except Mr. Thomson and the Hiltons, and perhaps Mr. Ambrose Gibbins, we have not one name to associate with this period. The arrival of the Warwick, when our written history begins, was not until the summer of 1630.

They have in Boston, not in its legal custody, a sheet of paper written on both sides, a separate document on either side, and both certified by Elisha Cooke, clerk of courts. On one side is a copy of the inventory of the Laconia Company goods, July, 1635, attested by Mr. Chamberlain, Secretary of this Province in 1683, when the case of Mason versus Waldron was tried, and this is of unquestionable genuineness.

On the other side is the list of people, "sent by John Mason, Esquire," winding up, "Eight Danes, Twenty-Two Women." If this list was offered in court in 1683, it was rejected as spurious. Both from external and internal evidence, it seems a fraudulent production. Probably it was made up to use in the suit against Humphrey Spencer in 1704, as there is a check mark in the margin opposite Thomas Spencer's name, and Elisha Cooke was not appointed clerk of courts until 1702. The list omits names of some who we know were

sent over by Capt. Mason, as Thomas Crockett; and inserts names of young men who were children or unborn at the time of Capt. Mason's death, as the two younger Chadbournes, Thomas Fernald, Jeremy Walford; and includes the names of men who we know were not sent over by him, as William Seavey, who came on a fishing trip to the Isles of Shoals, John Symonds, sent over by Trelawny to Richmond's Island, Francis Norton and Sampson Lane, who came after the Captain's death, and others. The name printed as Henry Baldwin is not that name in the Boston list; evidently Clerk Cooke could not read it, but from his imitation of the writing, I judge it was Odiorne. No Henry Odiorne is known to have been here, which is true of other names in the list, which may have been invented at the same time as the Wheelwright deed, in the desperate resolve to protect the community from the loss of their homes, with various names inserted that might help different ones to claim their lands as descendants of Captain Mason's servants. Thomas Crockett's descendants were living on Kittery side, but as they claimed no lands on Portsmouth side, there was thus no occasion to include his name.

So our certain knowledge after the arrival of the Warwick is none too full, yet luminous when compared with the unwritten period preceeding, although the Isles of Shoals and the Piscataqua were the principal ports in New England in that period. If the settlement had been abandoned, Governor Bradford would surely have recorded the fact. On the contrary, in 1628 Piscataqua contributed as much as Plymouth to the expense of banishing Morton, who was selling firearms to the Indians. There must have been many people here, besides hundreds of tran-

sients here and at the Shoals; but we ask in vain who they were.

If Mr. Gibbins came over early he went back, as he came on the Warwick. Hubbard says the Hiltons were here, that they came with Thomson. Hubbard, who certainly was mistaken in part, seems to have gotten his information from young William Hilton, a boy not six years old when Mr. Thomson came over. In young Hilton's petition to the General Court in the year 1660, to confirm lands given his father and himself by the Indians, he said:

"Whereas your petitioner's father, William Hilton, came over into New England about the year Anno Dom. 1621 and your petitioner came about one year and a half after, and in a little time following settled ourselves upon the River of Piscatag with Mr. Edward Hilton, who were the first English planters there."

This reads as though Mr. Hubbard accepted Hilton's story and recorded it as history, merely inserting David Thomson's name with the Hiltons. Mr. Hubbard, who was the minister at Ipswich, was a few years younger than William Hilton, Jr., who was baptized at Witton church, in Northwich, Cheshire, June 22, 1617. Hilton's two wives belonged to prominent families of Newbury and Charlestown. Mr. Hubbard must have been well acquainted with both families. William Hilton, Jr., was a ship-master, and had had a book of soundings or charts printed before Mr. Hubbard got up the map of New England for his history of King Philip's War. About Plymouth, as well as the Piscataqua, Mr. Hubbard seems to have gotten information from Hilton. He says, what no one else does, that the first complaint against Mr. Lyford, who was brought over by Mr.

Winslow in 1624, to be minister at Plymouth, was over baptizing a child of Mr. Hilton's, although not a member of their church. Hubbard's History shows familiar knowledge of the Hiltons as accurate as a little boy might remember and tell things to a friend.

Certainly William Hilton did not come over with Thomson. He came to Plymouth in 1621, and was there with his family in 1624. It seems doubtful whether Edward Hilton did, although from April 9, 1621, when he came out of his apprenticeship in the Fishmongers' Company of London, until 1628, when he contributed to keep firearms away from the Indians, we have as yet no knowledge of his movements. But there is contemporary evidence that some Bristol merchants joined with him to settle his colony, and a young fellow just out of his apprenticeship must be allowed sufficient time in which to perfect such important connections, even if aided by Sir Ferdinando. If Edward Hilton was one of Mr. Thomson's first company, it seems that he must have gone back.

At any rate, if here early in 1624, he was with Thomson at Little Harbor, and had not yet made his settlement up the river. Capt. Christopher Levett in 1628 printed a book on his voyage of 1623-4. He stopped a month with Mr. Thomson at Little Harbor. While there he "discovered" the Piscataqua river and an Indian who came down the river told him that up the river was much good land. In this season of tercentenary good cheer, we all wish to work our believers overtime if necessary to keep everybody happy, but we must be equipped with believers as big as bushel baskets to believe that that Indian told Capt. Levett that there were good lands up the river without telling him also that there

were Englishmen living on them, if there had been such.

So in 1922 we can all join in celebrating the three hundredth anniversary of the granting of the charter under which New Hampshire and Maine were colonized; and

next year we can all join in celebrating the founding of New Hampshire; and at later periods as we may learn the facts, different localities can celebrate, in a series of tercentenaries, all in our turn, and begrudging none.

SAILS

By Alice Leigh

The sea must miss the bellowing sails,
That frolicked and tossed in the roaring gales;
That lazily flapped and the yard-arms beat,
On the sun-baked days in the doldrums' heat—

The sails that swayed to the chanties' charms,
Or furled to the sailors' straining arms;
Or stood so tall against the blue
As around the masts the sea gulls flew.

The steamship's path is an esplanade,
And she travels it free and unafraid;
But the whim of the wind led the bending sails
Into reckless, wandering, gypsy trails.

The curling smoke from the engine's fire
Has lighted the sailing vessel's pyre;
But the steamer shall ever an alien be
To wind and sails and the tossing sea.

THE COLOR OF HAPPINESS

By Louise Patterson Guyol

It is the color of the sun
Sifting through apple-trees in bloom.
It is a subtle color spun
By rain upon a silver loom.

It holds the tint of April skies
Cupping a honey-colored moon,
And pulsing wings of butterflies
Adrift across the summer noon.

It is the tender opal shade
Of hopes untold and dreams unborn,
It is as bright as carved jade;
Whiter than dew on tasseled corn.

Changing and glowing, jewel-fair,
Happiness floats on rainbow wings.
For Happiness is all things rare,
All beautiful, all lovely things.

NOTTINGHAM'S 200th ANNIVERSARY

By Rev. Harold H. Niles

Certainly a town which furnished four generals for the Revolutionary War, besides rendering other distinguished service to the State and the Nation, has a right to celebrate its two hundredth anniversary. Such a town is Nottingham, New Hampshire.

On the twentieth and twenty-first days of August, this beautiful and historic town commemorated its two hundredth birthday with suitable and appropriate exercises under the direction of a committee, appointed at the last Town Meeting and consisting of Charles Chesley, chairman; Thomas E. Fernald, Treasurer; Mrs. Fred Fernald, Mrs. John Harvey and Mr. I. A. Colby.

The celebration began with a huge bonfire on Nottingham Square on Saturday evening. This fire, to the students of history, was a symbol of those beacon-fires which once blazed on the hill-top of New Hampshire summoning the men and women of the Granite State to patriotic duty.

On Sunday morning a religious service was held in the Universalist church, which was packed to the doors with a congregation which assembled for miles around.

Music was ably rendered by a choir from Northwood consisting of Mrs. Clarence Sanborn, soprano; Mrs. Tilton, alto; Mr. Daniel Miner, bass; Mr. Raymond Bickford, tenor; and Mrs. Raymond Bickford, organist.

The service of worship was in charge of Rev. Harold H. Niles of Concord, Chaplain of the New Hampshire Legislature, assisted by the Reverends Allen Brown of Rumford, Maine, I. D. Morrison of Nottingham, and Mr. Goodwin of Northwood.

In the evening a community sing was held at the home of Dr. and Mrs.

Frederick Fernald at Nottingham Square.

Monday morning dawned bright and fair. A large crowd of people estimated from three to five thousand people, gathered to assist the townspeople in carrying out the day's program, which began with music by Nevers' Band of Concord, following which Nottingham defeated Northwood at baseball by a score of 10 to 9. After a basket picnic there was an address by Governor Albert O. Brown, and more music by the band.

In the afternoon was given the historical pageant, at the foot of Long Hill. Before describing it, a brief historical note should be quoted from the program.

The town of Nottingham was founded by royal charter on May 8, 1722. The petitioners for the charter resided in Boston and Newbury, Massachusetts, and in New Hampshire from Exeter and Portsmouth. The development of the town was hampered by Indian troubles till the conclusion of the French wars. Then followed a continued growth, a census in 1775 showing 999 inhabitants including sixteen slaves.

During the Revolution no town of its size rendered more cordial or efficient service. Nottingham furnished three colonels and one captain who later became Major Generals in the New Hampshire Militia, Joseph Cilley, Thomas Bartlett, Henry Dearborn and Henry Butler. It is stated that Captain Dearborn marched with sixty minute men from Nottingham Square to Bunker Hill in twelve hours, on April 20, 1775. In the War of 1812 the town was also represented by Colonel Joseph Cilley who served first as ensign and later as brevet captain. In the Civil War and in the World War the town also played its patriotic part.

Nottingham was situated on the stage route between Portsmouth and Concord, which aided its prosperity, but the introduction of the railroad, the development of the fertile lands of the Great West and, to some ex-

portrayal of the history of the town.

The program is here given:

Prologue, Mrs. Arthur McDaniels.

EPISODE I.

THE COMING OF THE FIRST SETTLERS



TO NOTTINGHAM'S FOUR GENERALS

tent, the effects of the Civil War, have altered local conditions and left the delightful quiet town as we know it to-day.

The pageant, written and directed by Miss Grace Wright of Boston, was well rendered and gave a vivid

The signers of the original charter of Nottingham were apparently given grants for services rendered to the crown. The tract of land petitioned for was to be called New Boston and it does not appear why this name was not given it in the charter in-

stead of Nottingham. Among the early settlers was Joseph Cilley who built a log cabin on Rattlesnake Hill about 1727. He brought with him all his worldly effects on one pack horse. The early settlers laid out a compact village with great exactness on the beautiful elevation later known as the Square. Here were the church, school house and stores. The petitioners asked for a tract of land ten miles square. The boundaries established were such that the settlement at the Square was far to the south of the center of the township and this remoteness resulted in the separation of those tracts which later became Northwood and Deerfield.

CAST

JOSEPH CILLEY AND WIFE.....
MR. AND MRS. HARRY D. CILLEY
BENJAMIN BUTLER AND WIFE.....
DR. FRED FERNALD, MISS ELIZABETH FERNALD
SAMUEL BARTLETT AND WIFE
MR. AND MRS. I. A. COLBY
PAUL GERRISH AND WIFE
MR. AND MRS. CHARLES JONES
ROBERT HARVEY AND WIFE
MR. AND MRS. JOSEPH GLOVER
ABNER CLOUGHGEORGE CARMICHEAL
Indians and others.

EPISODE II

INDIAN MASSACRE

During the early French and Indian wars Nottingham was an outpost town and was constantly in danger of Indian raids. The Longfellow block house was established in what is now Deerfield and another near the Square. Great anxiety prevailed and large numbers of settlers removed from the town. Clearing and tilling of the soil was nearly abandoned for a time. Some help was received from the provincial government, and rangers travelled the forests between Chester and Rochester. Most of the settlers lived at the Garrison house, but in spite of all precautions Robert Beard, John Folsom and Mistress Simpson were surprised and massacred while at work at their homes.

A small band of Indians lived near

North River Pond. The chief named Swansen was disposed to be friendly to the settlers but seemed to be unable to restrain his braves.

CAST

ROBERT BEARDBRAINERD MEARS
JOHN FOLSOMREV. H. H. NILES
MISTRESS BEARD ...MRS. HARRY D. CILLEY
MISTRESS FOLSOM...MRS. JOSEPH GLOVER
Ranger, Guards, Indians and Settlers.

EPISODE III

WITCHCRAFT PERIOD

Nottingham shared to some extent the prevalent superstition of the early times, and various stories are still handed down regarding those days. No account appears, however, that those suspected of witchcraft were ever persecuted or driven away.

CAST

MADAME ROWLINMRS. FRED FERNALD
OLD LETMRS. MARGARITE DAVIS
MISTRESS SAWYER ...MRS. EDITH GERRISH
MADAME GOODFELLOW, MISS VIENNA SMITH
MRS. HOPKINS ...MRS. ALICE BATCHEDLER
MISTRESS PECK
MISS ELIZABETH BATCHELDER
YOUNG LETMRS. FRED GOVE
FEV. GOODHUEMR. FRANK SMITH
JOELFREDERIC FERNALD
HIRED MANJOSEPH COLBY
Children.

EPISODE IV

REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD

The unrest of this period was keenly felt in the lower towns of New Hampshire and the taverns were the scenes of many discussions regarding the oppression of the crown and the unjust taxation. The settlers of Nottingham were ardent patriots and were represented by Cilley, Dearborn and others in the raid on Fort William and Mary which resulted in the capture of powder and other munitions. This plunder was brought to Durham by General Sullivan and later sent to surrounding towns for safe keeping. A part was secreted in Nottingham subject to General Sullivan's orders. Previous to this, militia had been organized and drilled by Dearborn and when the call to action came they left their tools in

the fields, hastily forming for a forced march to Bunker Hill where many of them were in action.

TAVERN SCENE

LANDLORD BUTLER Mr. GEORGE WIGGIN
THOMAS BARTLETT

Mr. ARTHUR McDANIELS

TORY TROWBRIDGE Mr. FRED GOVE

MADAME BUTLER MILLIE SMITH

And Settlers.

Call to Arms

CAPT. DEARBORN Mr. CHARLES JONES

MESSANGER Mr. DUDLEY LEAVITT

Spinners, Soldiers and Settlers

Sending Away the Powder

of the highway bridge at Dover Point the route was changed to what is known as the turnpike in the North Side.

CAST

GOV. WENTWORTH Dr. FRED FERNALD

LADY WENTWORTH .. Mrs. FRANK FERNALD

MRS. THOMAS BARTLETT

MISS ADA PERKINS

MISTRESS ARVILLA .. Mrs. HARRY D. CILLEY

BENJAMIN TRUE .. Mr. HARRY D. CILLEY

DRIVER OF STAGE COACH.....

Mr. ANDREW STEVENS

Parson, Fisherman, Maids, Coachmen and Footmen.



HISTORIC CILLEY HOUSE

MAJOR THOMAS BARTLETT

Mr. ARTHUR McDANIELS

COL. JOSEPH CILLEY

Mr. BRADBURY BATCHELDER

MESSRS. HILTON AND KENDEL

MR. ELMER HOLMES AND MR. CHARLES

CHESLEY

Horsemen, Guards and Settlers

EPISODE V

STAGE COACH DAYS

During the colonial days Nottingham was on the direct stage coach line between Portsmouth and Concord and its taverns flourished as it was a favorite stopping place. The early route led through the Square and Deerfield but with the opening

EPISODE VI

SINGING SCHOOL, A FAVORITE

PASTIME

Presented by the people of Deerfield

EPISODE VII

VIRGINIA REEL

Representing the amusements of the times

Typical characters

EPISODE VIII

CIVIL WAR PERIOD

While slaves were owned in Nottingham in colonial days, that condi-

tion had long past and the people were strong abolitionists and ably supported the cause of the Union.

CAST

Muster Drill presented by the Northwood Post of the American Legion and others.

EPISODE IX

COBBLER'S DANCE

Following the Civil War the mak-



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE MONUMENT.

ing of shoes was a considerable industry. Every home had its cobbler's shop.

CAST

COBBLERDANIEL MINER
Assisted by Children.

EPISODE X

PAST AND PRESENT

LADY NOTTINGHAM

MRS. CLARENCE LAWTON

Attendants, Mothers, Sons and concluding pageant procession.

Indians—Chief Swansen, Mr. ANDREW J. AYERS; *Braves*, LEAVITT HARVEY, LEON DAME, JOHN DEMERRITT, HARRY PARKER, TOM STEVENS, PERRY HARVEY, WESLEY HARVEY, ELMER PARKER.

Spinners, MISS VIENNA SMITH, MISS ELIZABETH FERNALD, MRS. FRED FERNALD, MRS. GEORGE WIGGIN, MRS. WESLEY HARVEY, MRS. CHARLES JONES, MRS. JOSEPH GLOVER, MRS. MARGARITE DAVIS.

Soldiers, CLARENCE H. LAWTON, T. E. FERNALD, MR. PERLEY BATCHELDER, FRED GOVE, MR. GEO. WIGGIN, CHARLES CASE, JOSEPH GLOVER, MR. WESLEY HARVEY, HARRY PARKER, ELMER PARKER.

Fishermen and Maids, DUDLEY LEAVITT, GEORGE CARMICHEAL, LEAVITT HARVEY, LIONEL HARVEY, DORA CARMICHEAL, ELIZABETH BATCHELDER, MILLIE SMITH, JOSEPHINE FERNALD.

OTHERS TAKING PART IN PAGEANT

JOHN FOSS	MISS HAZEL WATSON
MISS MARY IDE	MRS. L. L. CALLAN
CLARENCE LAWTON	MISS ILA HARVEY
T. E. FERNALD	ALLEN HARVEY
PERLEY BATCHELDER	MRS. JOHN HARVEY
MRS. GEORGE WIGGIN	MISS MARIA KELSEY
MRS. WESLEY HARVEY	CHARLES KELSEY
ANDREW D. STEVENS	HENRY GOVE
THOMAS STEVENS	WILLIS FERNALD
MRS. CHARLES CASE	HARRISON CHESLEY
MRS. H. H. NILES	EDWARD FOSS
MANSFIELD JOHNSON	

SOLO DANCER .. MISS JANET SIMMONS

Those who attended this celebration have as their reward, as Lieut. Col. John Van Schaick described his visit to Nottingham Square:—

"Pictures of the pine woods, the oaks and maples, the well-tilled fields, the great New England farmhouses, the little country churches, with old friendships renewed, new friendships made; with that keenest of joys which the lover of history has, in running suddenly upon beautiful and historic things, and with lasting memories of a people who seem worthy to be the children of such heroic fathers."

NEW ENGLAND'S INDUSTRIAL FUTURE

By Robert P. Bass.

(It will be the policy of the magazine to encourage discussions such as those recently begun by Dr. Hodsdon and Mr. Upham as to present-day New Hampshire problems. Approach from varying angles is desirable, so we republish here an article recently written by ex-Governor Bass for the Peterborough Transcript. We have promise of at least one other paper by another author for an early issue.—Editor.)

Numerous articles have recently appeared in the newspapers and periodicals published in New Hampshire and in other New England states discussing the future of New England industrial development.

Many of these have undertaken to point out the dangers which threaten the continued prosperity of various industries in New England. Among those most frequently mentioned, are first, the high cost of coal, which is the motive power used in most of our industries. Second, the handicap under which our manufacturers labor, in importing their raw materials from a long distance and exporting those manufactured goods which they sell outside of New England. In this connection, it is pointed out that the center of population in the United States is moving steadily westward, and that it has now reached the State of Indiana. Consequently, New England products have further to travel before they reach their ultimate consumer.

Other obstacles to industrial prosperity frequently mentioned, are high taxation and high wages.

It has seemed to me that there is much food for sober thought in these suggestions. They raise questions vital to the continued prosperity of many of those industries which have been the chief source of the wealth and growth of New England, and which have provided employment for an increasing part of the people who live in these States. There are few questions which more vitally or per-

manently affect the continued prosperity and development of this section of the Country.

In reading these various articles, I have been surprised at the absence of certain constructive remedies which I believe would be of material assistance in successfully meeting this critical business situation.

One of the chief burdens which New England manufacturers now have to contend with is the high cost of coal. It is unfortunate that we are so far removed from the deposits of coal, oil and gas. On the other hand nature has favored us with a substantial amount of water power. Much of this power is still undeveloped and going to waste, while our industries are staggering under the burden of their coal bills. It would seem that one of the first steps necessary to meet new conditions is to hasten the development of these water powers, and to do this in a way which will most benefit our industries and the public. New Hampshire, in particular, has undeveloped water power. Some of those which have been developed are of little benefit to our industries, for a large part of the power is now transmitted beyond this State and used in the operation of industries elsewhere.

The creation of storage reservoirs near the sources of our larger streams would increase the minimum flow for all those powers already developed on such streams. This would diminish or eliminate the need for auxiliary steam power now so commonly used during regular periods of low water. It would be necessary for the State to take the initiative in this matter in order to apportion the charges to the various industries which would be so largely benefited by the new power so provided. The extent of the public benefit which would be derived through the conservation of the water

which now goes to waste, can be realized when we consider that every cubic foot of water which was thereby released during periods of low water would increase the amount of power generated at every plant on the stream. The cost of large storage reservoirs, which would be prohibitive for any one plant, would become very moderate if distributed among all those who made use of the water on the stream.

This is a matter in which the State should take immediate action. The valuable information made available through Col. Leighton's recent report showing the extent and location of our water powers, could well be used as a basis for the formulation of a State policy which would encourage their development for the use of New Hampshire industries. We might even find that they could be used to reduce the cost of railroad transportation. Such a policy should have as one of its chief purposes the protection of the public and business interests by preventing monopoly and exorbitant rates for hydro-electric power. It would be disastrous for New England if the water power were exploited for the private gain of a few, as the coal mines now seem to be.

Bringing raw material for our manufacturers to New England is one of the heavy burdens now hampering our industries. There are two lines of action which will clearly help to overcome this obstacle. First, to develop and increase the supply of such raw materials which we ourselves produce. In New Hampshire, the most important raw material at our command is to be derived from our forests. At present, we are not only rapidly exhausting the supply of this valuable raw material, but much timber which is now cut in this State is being shipped beyond our borders, to be manufactured elsewhere into a finished product. Furthermore, much of our soft timber is being cut before

it is mature. Little is being done to insure a continuous supply of lumber for New Hampshire. A recent survey of the State made by the Federal Government, shows that we have over two million acres of waste land which is at present producing little or nothing of value, and which might easily be made the source of a large revenue to the State, and of a continuous supply of a valuable raw material which could profitably give employment to a large number of people in New Hampshire, were it manufactured here into finished products.

We sorely need a far-sighted and advanced State policy in regard to our forests. One of the first steps in this direction lies in the adoption of a new method of taxing growing timber. Under our present tax system, no one can afford to own and raise a crop of growing trees. The owner of young growth has a continual outlay to meet tax requirements. Each year he must pay a tax on the full value of his growing timber, and gets no income for something like fifty years. A single stand of mature timber is required to pay taxes forty or fifty times over before the crop matures. This is one reason why so much land, well adapted to growing trees, is today, lying unproductive in our state.

Under a far-sighted and progressive State policy, we could easily produce a continuous supply of timber which would place this industry at least in a position to compete successfully with any other section of the United States. This is the kind of constructive action, which will insure the continued growth and prosperity of at least one important New England industry.

New England railroads should be owned by New England people, and developed in their interests. There is now much talk of consolidating great railway systems. We should not allow our arteries of commerce to become mere adjuncts of the systems in New York and Pennsylvania. If they

do, we shall suffer in rates, in service, and in the development of our means of transportation.

The ablest observers and students of industrial affairs in this country, agree that New England's greatest industrial resource, lies in her large supply of highly skilled workmen. It is probable that our continued industrial prosperity depends in a large degree upon our ability to keep and increase this supply of skilled labor. For it is only by means of highly trained men and women that we can hope to turn out finished products of such a quality as will command the best prices. The transportation charges incurred in the distribution and selling of such goods, will be proportionately less than the transportation charges on bulky coarse products, turned out by unskilled labor, which must be sold at a much lower value in relation to their bulk or weight.

It is perhaps natural that the first tendency of manufacturers who feel the pressure of the increasingly keen competition, should be vigorously opposed to the more liberal working conditions which are being adopted in other sections of the country. The plausible argument is advanced that New England cannot afford to meet these conditions owing to its adverse situation in respect to coal and freight rates. Is it wise for New England to allow other sections of the country to maintain more favorable conditions for skilled labor? If the conditions under which employment can be obtained in New England are lower than those which prevail elsewhere, it is inevitable that the more enterprising, intelligent and skilled men and women within our borders will gradually and continually drift to those localities where conditions of work are more favorable.

Furthermore, there is a field of economy and thrift in this connection which we in New England, cannot afford to overlook. Strikes, lockouts, large groups of employees hostile or

antagonistic to their employers, are all the source of immeasurable losses, not only to the community at large, but to our industries themselves. It is of vital importance to New England business that its leaders should develop a far-sighted and resourceful policy in dealing with the labor situation.

Another serious disadvantage to New England industry lies in the fact that the cost of living is higher here than it is in some sections of the country which produce the food necessary for their population. We in New England import 75% of our food. The transportation charges on this food add substantially to its cost to the consumer. This has an injurious effect on New England business. If mill operatives, for instance, can live better on the same wages in St. Louis than they can in New England, there is bound to be a tendency for those industries which employ the best class of help, gradually to move their plants where living costs are cheapest. In such localities they will find a more abundant, more contented, and more capable supply of labor.

Industrial prosperity and agricultural development are largely interdependent. This is more true to-day than ever before, because of the increase costs of transporting food.

In the interests of the continued prosperity of New England, we need to foster and encourage our agricultural resources. We have not been doing this in the past. During the last fifty years, while our population has largely increased, products of our farms have shown a steady and alarming decline. We need to encourage better and more efficient agricultural methods, accompanied by a discriminating selection of the things to be produced on New England farms. We need more productive stock, a better selection of seed, intensive cultivation of land, more fertilizer, and a wise selection and rotation of crops.

The valuable work being done along

these lines by our State College, by the Agricultural Extension Service, and by our farm organizations, should be encouraged. They not only help the farmer, but indirectly they contribute fundamentally to the prosperity of all business in our community.

We have in our midst the best markets for farm products to be found anywhere in the world. But, unfortunately, these have not been developed in the interests of New England farmers. Others have profited by this natural advantage. We have in this country the most extravagant system of distributing food to be found anywhere in the world. Much can be done to reduce the cost of food and to increase farm profits by means of co-operative buying and selling. In New England, at least, we cannot afford longer to support a system of food distribution which charges the consumer, on an average, twice as much as it costs to produce that food on the farm. Here is a field for constructive progress which will benefit both our industries and our farmers.

Many of the policies and lines of action which I have suggested can be initiated and developed only by the business men of our community. They are broad, economic questions which must be handled as other practical problems are handled.

But there are a few things which can be done through our government. Of recent years, taxes have grown to such an extent that they are a serious burden to the farmer, to the householder, and to many business enterprises. At present, our taxes are not equally distributed. Certain classes of property bear more than their share of the cost of government. Other classes of property escape taxation either in part or in whole. This discrimination is not only unjust, but it may even threaten the continued prosperity of those interests most heavily burdened. This is a time when taxes should be distributed fair-

ly on all classes of property, in some reasonable proportion to their ability to pay.

In the last ten years the cost of running our state government has more than doubled. Much of this increase is inevitable, and due to causes we cannot control. But we should take every precaution against waste, inefficiency and the extravagant use of public moneys. Realizing the taxes are unusually high, and that the functions of Government have been enormously extended, some 25 states have been making a careful survey of all the departments of government. These surveys have for their object, increasing the efficiency, and introducing economies, in conducting the business of the state. I believe that New Hampshire could profitably order a similar investigation of its State's affairs to be made by men of experience and training in such matters.

In brief, it seems to me that the business prosperity of New England could be substantially increased; first through the wise development of our water powers to overcome the disadvantage of expensive coal and high freight rates. Secondly, by encouraging the development of our forest to provide cheap raw material, at least for one great industry. Third, by developing our agricultural resources, and a cheaper system of food distribution, in order to lower the cost of living. And finally, by a vigilant and intelligent effort to institute efficiency, thrift, and economy in all public expenditures. This to be accompanied by a wider and more equitable distribution of the cost of government, through an equalization of the tax burden.

Such action calls for the cooperation of all elements and classes, to unite in overcoming the difficulties which menace the prosperity of New England. This is a matter in which we all have the most vital interest. If all classes of people understand the

fundamental causes of the present situation, it will be possible to enlist their united cooperation in a constructive plan of action. For this purpose, a free discussion and full publicity, concerning existing conditions, and the action necessary to meet these conditions, is most desirable.

FANTASY

By L. Adelaide Sherman

Drunk with the sunset's spilled red wine
 Day has swooned, and the western hills
 In dappled amethyst, mauve and gray,
 Bend and weep over prostrate Day—
 Each tear in a drop of dew distils.

Back where the sentinel fir-trees stand,
 Blackly agleam on the sky-line white,
 Hark! he has broken the holy hush;
 The seraph-throated hermit thrush
 In liquid triplets greets King Night.

I have fled from the House of Day,
 Spite of her warders, Toil and Care;
 Breathing the balsam breezes pure,
 Into the gem-shine, star-shine lure—
 Palpitant sky and dew-dipped air.

Fleeing, I laugh at the House of Day—
 Weariness, like an out-worn dress,
 Slips away on a shimmering tide,
 A sea of fancy, deep and wide,
 Soft impearled by the moon's caress.

Flash of an arrow, crystal tipped,
 Silver meshes that hold me fast;
 Song of a pixie, light of a star,
 And an elfin echo, faint and far,—
 A faery herald's bugle blast!

High I wing me with bird and song,
 With the moon and steadfast stars I shine.
 Lo! I am one with flower and tree,
 And a glory throbs in the soul of me!
 I, too, am drunk with the sunset's wine.

THE NEW WILLEY HOUSE CABINS

By John H. Foster, State Forester.

The Crawford Notch, one of the most famous gateways in the White Mountains, was named for Ethan Allen Crawford, one of the first settlers in the region. It is a source of gratification to know that a tract of 6,000 acres, extending southward from the gateway for a distance of about six miles, belongs to the people of New Hampshire and is known as the Crawford Notch State Forest Reservation. This reservation occupies the northerly half of the township known as Hart's Location. On either side the boundary extends to the summits of the mountains bordering the Saco river. The purchase of this reservation was made possible by a special act of the Legislature of 1911.

To the east and west of the State Reservation lies the White Mountain National Forest which makes of the region altogether a splendid stretch of forested mountains, valleys and slopes now in public ownership. A short distance below the gateway are the Silver Cascades, well worth a stop on the part of motorists passing through the Notch, but unfortunately frequently overlooked. Mounts Avalon, Willard, Willey and Frankenstein comprise the border range on the west, while the magnificent slopes of Mt. Webster occupy much of the easterly border of the valley. The southern border of the reservation is near the crossing of Bemis Brook, where a vista has been cut through to the river and a magnificent view may be obtained of the summit of Mt. Washington.

Within the Crawford Notch reservation and some three miles below the gate of the Notch, is the site of the original Willey House, famous the country over on account of the great slide which on

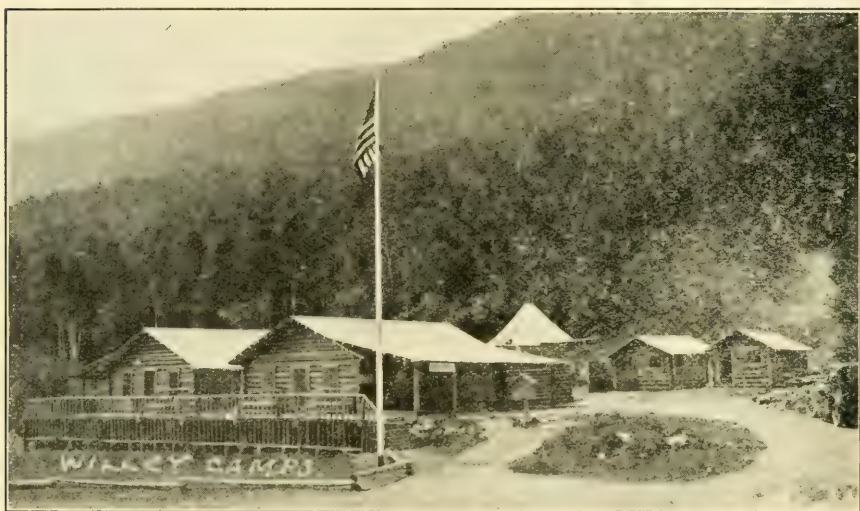
August 28, 1826, came down the slope of Mt. Willey and killed the entire Willey family, who had rushed from their home upon the approach of the avalanche. It is well known that the house itself remained untouched. This house was afterwards enlarged by the addition of another building and used as a hotel. The original house was finally destroyed by fire and the hotel buildings eventually disappeared. For many years now the only suggestion of previous habitation at this famous spot has been the clearing in the otherwise unbroken forest, the remains of the cellar walls of the original Willey House and the walls of other buildings. Gravel from the great slide has been used for many years in constructing and maintaining the state highway, known as the Theodore Roosevelt Highway, which passes the spot.

One-half mile below the Willey House site is the headquarters of the State ranger or patrolman employed by the Forestry Commission as caretaker of the reservation. The ranger cabin is known as the Allen Spring Camp, where there is located one of the finest springs in the mountains, close by the highway and near the State cabin. Through the fire season the State ranger watches for fire, patrols north and south along the state highway and the railroad above, allots camping space to forest travellers and motor tourists and gives permits for building fires. He is at the service of the public and is always glad to accommodate passers-by, point out places of interest and render every service possible free of charge. The open spaces between the Allen Spring Camp and the Willey House site are used for the accomodation of

the public for 'camping purposes. Two permanent camps away from the highway and on a roadway leading to the Willey House Station on the Maine Central railroad a half mile below the Allen Spring Camp have been built by private parties under leases from the State. The station on the Maine Central railroad, known as the Willey Station, makes the Notch country accessible to parties wishing to visit the place either from the north or south by railroad.

Thousands of persons each year

Boston, who has freely given his services in the interest of this mountain country. One of the cabins is for a public rest room, with fireplace and toilets. The other cabin is a store and lunch room, where food and supplies as well as souvenirs, both for the trumper and automobile party, may be purchased at reasonable prices and under regulation by the State Forestry Commission. Smaller cabins, also of peeled spruce are placed artistically in the rear, both for service quarters and for use of over-



WILLEY HOUSE CABINS

stop at the Willey House site to see the historical spot and enjoy the unsurpassed view of the mountains afforded by the clearings made years ago. To accommodate the public and increase the recreational advantages, the forestry Commission has this present season undertaken by lease to J. F. Donahue of Bartlett to erect two peeled spruce cabins close by the site of the old Willey House. Plans for the construction have been worked out by Arthur A. Shurtleff, landscape architect of

night parties to a limited extent.

The Appalachian Mountain Club has accepted the Willey House cabins as one of the links in its system of camps east and west across the mountains. The possibilities for future development and service are very great. It is believed that this establishment may be able to render great public service and become a headquarters for camping parties and outfitters for those who wish to spend subsequent days in the woods. There is no purpose or intent to furnish hotel accomoda-

tions. Those who stop at the Willey House over night must either camp out on the public camping grounds, for which there is no charge, or pay a nominal price for the use of one of the cabins where they may have cot beds, but no luxuries.

The recreational use of forests has developed to a marked degree during the past few years. While our mountain roads and trails have long been used by trampers, the auto camping party has come into his own quite recently. It appears that camping by the roadside has been longer in vogue in the western states and has come to us from that direction. The possibility for recreation through-

out our mountain region is very great. The National Government is bending its efforts to establish public camping places, and private parties are beginning to take advantage of the opportunity to accommodate the public in this way. It is believed that the Willey House site is proper and suitable for development in this direction, always remembering that the public must be served freely with all that Nature has provided and that the traveler may pay for food supplies and comforts at reasonable prices. Already it is no uncommon thing to have forty automobile parties pass the night on the Willey House grounds.

WHEN THE SUMMER DAYS HAVE FLED

By Alice Sargent Krikorian

All the sweet summer we have felt the charm
Of her own witchery; by the changing sea
We have found a peaceful, happy calm
While we tried to learn its mystery;
Shall we remember what the waves have said
When the summer days have fled?

Or perchance, our roving feet have led
Where the cowbell tinkles faint and low,
Where the leafy boughs close overhead
And the mountain shadows come and go;
There again, in fancy, shall we tread
When the summer days have fled?

In gardens old, beside the gray stone wall,
We found the roses growing white and fair,
The pure, calm lily, and the poppy tall
Flaunting her brilliant petals in the air;
Shall we picture yet her beauty red
When the summer days have fled?

Now flaming woods reflect the sunsets gold,
And fluttering earthward falls the crimson leaf;
The flocks are coming homeward to the fold,
The farmer binds again the golden sheaf.
And yet, with matchless beauty we are fed
E'en tho' the summer days have fled.

SOUTH OF MOGADOR

By Erwin Ferdinand Keene.

Roaring up the mango-bordered beach,
White-fingered waves lift high their greedy hands
To the green-veined, throbbing jungle, out of reach—
Then whisper down the seaweed-tasseled sands.

Tall palms, like troubadours, lean each to each
And murmur minstrelsy from many lands,
Or sing of voyages along thy strands
When men had much to learn, and more to teach.

From gold-prowed triremes to our steel-ribbed ships,
For thrice a thousand years, with hope unfurled,
No dauntless keel e'er kissed thy tide-wet lips
But claimed thy seizin for some new-found world.
Land of romance! of ivory, gold, and slaves:
Thy fevered breast is bosomed high with graves!

THE HERMIT THRUSH

By Laura Garland Carr.

From out the woodland's sacred hush
There comes a sweet, melodious gush
Of perfect song. It is not sad;
It is not gay; it is not glad.
It is the soulful overflow
Of bliss not given man to know.
Nor can the little singer feel
The mysteries his songs conceal.
Bird song and human heart combine—
Then ecstasy! O thrill divine!

BABY'S PUFF

By Ruth Bassett.

Soft as a mantle of feathery flakes,
Shining as pearl.
Fragrant as clover covering over
My little girl.

Silken and light as a rose-tinted cloud
To earth beguiled.
Warmly it holds in its delicate folds
My little child.

A DEGENERATE OF THE PINK FAMILY

By Mary E. Hough.

I remember that you grew
In the sunlight and the dew,
Where stood an old gray farm-house in clustering woodbine
set—

Then you strayed down to the road-side;
Yes, I think I see you yet.
All your kin wore fresh, pink dresses,
Crumpled yours, unkempt your tresses—
Too much flouncing, but I liked you,
Bouncing Bet.

Now you've crept into my garden
Without saying, "By your pardon!"
I shall root you up without the least regret,
Lest you harm my other flowers.
Do you blazonly forget
That you've chummed with weed and sorrel,
That you really aren't quite moral?
O, I heartily dislike you,
Bouncing Bet.

But one morning I was speeding
In my auto—no one heeding—
I saw a stretch of roadside all pink and dewy wet.
You stretched miles and miles from home,
But I knew where we had met.
You were fluttering and graceful,
And I picked a pretty vaseful
Of your bloom,—for I loved you,
Bouncing Bet.

I thought you would be cheery
For my city-flat was dreary
And I owed to you besides a much belated debt,
Or the duty to reform you—
You became my wild-flower pet.

* * * * *

But your pale pink has grown blowsy
And your locks are strangely frowzy—
O, I love you and I loathe you,
Bouncing Bet.

A BIT OF COLOR*By Laura Garland Carr.*

There is mist on the mountain,
There is dew on the vines;
The humming birds flit
Down the scarlet-bean lines;
The bees in the blossoms
With nectar are muddled—
And still the pink moth
In the primrose is cuddled.

The webs of the spiders—
With jewels bedight—
Say all will be lovely
From morning till night.
Don't, don't with the primrose
Forever abide—
Be astir—little moth—
In this glory outside.

Adown leafy branches
The sunbeams are sifting;
Across grassy reaches
Are shadow clouds drifting;
The insect brigade is abroad
In good numbers.
Be a wise little moth
And awake from your slumbers.

Did the primrose beguile
By its hypnotic motion
Till now you are lost
In oblivion's ocean?
And your dreams—are they fair—
Like the picture you make?
Then sleep in your primrose
And never awake.

There's a realm of delight
In the ether—somewhere—
We've sensed it and glimpsed it—
And know it is there.
Is the little pink moth—
This primrose marauder—
A waif and a stray
From over its border?

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

At the primary election held on September 5, there were more than 15,000 fewer votes cast than at the last primary two years ago.

Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene won the Republican nomination for Governor by a vote of more than two to one over Arthur G. Whittemore of Dover. Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, in a triangular contest, had a comfortable margin over John C. Hutchins of Stratford for the Democratic gubernatorial nomination, while Albert Wellington Noone of Peterborough was far in the rear. In the first congressional district, the Republican nomination went to John Scammon of Exeter by a considerable margin over Hobart Pillsbury of Manchester. The other contestants, Fernando W. Hartford of Portsmouth and Albert E. Shute of Derry, were far behind. William N. Rogers of Wakefield received the Democratic nomination for this district without opposition.

In the second congressional district, Edward H. Wason of Nashua was renominated by the Republicans without opposition. A triangular contest for the Democratic nomination between William H. Barry of Nashua, Amos N. Blandin of Bath and George H. Whitcher of Concord resulted in the first named receiving more votes than his two competitors together.

In view of the defeat for senatorial nomination in the fifth district of Fred A. Jones, who was expected to be president of the Senate, it is understood that Benjamin H. Orr of the fifteenth district and George Allen Putnam of the sixteenth district will be candidates for that office. For the speaker of the house Harry M. Cheney of Concord has been suggested. Mr. Cheney was speaker in 1903, but is not yet a candidate.

Another suggested candidate for speaker is Charles W. Tobey of Temple who held the chair in the session of 1919. At present the indications are that the legislature will be an unusually strong one.

The eleventh annual forestry conference under the auspices of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, in cooperation with the New Hampshire Forestry Commission, was held on August 29-31, at the Keene Normal School and was largely attended. The influence of the Society, under the presidency, first of the late Governor Rollins, and more lately of Allen Hollis, Esq., and under the skillful executive guidance of Philip W. Ayres, has been of inestimable value in the way of education. To it is due in large measure the enlightened public opinion which has made our forestry laws and our state department of forestry things of real vitality.

The attendance at the conference was large, and the interest unflagging. Many came, as usual, from without the state, most prominent among whom was Colonel William B. Greeley, Chief of the United States Forestry Service. Of prime interest was the discussion on the second day of the subject of forest taxation. State Forester John H. Foster presided, and Harris A. Reynolds, Secretary of the Massachusetts Forestry Association, explained the new law which has recently gone into effect in his commonwealth. In the general discussion, Governor Brown and former Governor Bass joined, while the viewpoint of the practical lumberman was voiced by S. F. Langdell. There seemed to be a pretty general agreement that if our forests are to be maintained as a permanent valuable resource of the state, some change in taxation is

necessary. Just how this may be done is not a matter of agreement; certainly full relief is apparently impossible without constitutional amendment, and, even granted that, great care will be necessary, as Governor Brown remarked, to relieve timberlands without unduly burdening the heavily timbered towns. The problem is not beyond solution, however, once the need be clearly recognized. Such activities as the forestry conference are going to be of great value in working out an enlightened system.

The success of this year's conference was due in no small part to the cordial co-operation of Director Mason of the Normal school and of the well-known civic spirit of Keene as expressed by the Chamber of Commerce and a committee of arrangements, headed by the mayor, the Honorable Orville E. Cain.

Another and even more important discussion of the question of state taxation was that held on September 14 by the newly organized New Hampshire Civic Association at the State College at Durham. President Hetzel presided and there was an attendance of about one hundred representative men from all parts of the state including three former governors, a justice of the Superior Court, the secretary of the Tax Commission and other public officials, representatives of the lumbermen, farmers, bankers and business men, clergymen, teachers and lawyers.

The discussion was opened by former Governor Bass and Fletcher Hale, secretary of the Tax Commission, after which the conference resolved itself into a discussion of the

specific problems represented by intangibles and growing timber.

There was practically unanimous agreement that the tax situation in New Hampshire is critical and that it is desirable to find some way to tax intangibles and so to change the system of timber taxation as to encourage growth to maturity. The need of economy and of making every dollar of revenue do the work of a dollar was also emphasized.

There was a long discussion as to the scope of constitutional amendments needed to bring about the ends desired. All shades of opinion were expressed, ranging from the view that no amendment was necessary to advocacy by a considerable number of such an amendment as would throw the whole subject of taxation wide open to the legislature, so that it might frame a taxation system which should be elastic and susceptible of prompt change to meet new conditions.

It was voted to authorize the executive committee to select two committees of five each to consider the two problems of intangibles and timber and to report to a later meeting a plan for legislative action.

On the same day of the meeting at Durham a session of no less importance was held at Manchester. This was the first of a series of hearings by the commissioners recently appointed by Governor Brown to represent New Hampshire in the New England conference relative to railroad organization. The future of the railroads in this section will hardly have less influence on the prosperity of New Hampshire than will the system of taxation.

Further hearings have been ill attended. New Hampshire's citizens should awake promptly to the seriousness of this problem.

EDITORIAL

A friend of The Granite Monthly living in Concord offers through the Granite Monthly a prize for the best prose essay contributed by an undergraduate of any New Hampshire High School (including Junior High) before April 1, 1923.

A first prize of \$15.00 and a second prize of \$10.00 will be awarded, and the prize-winning essay will be published in the magazine. The editor of the magazine will reserve the right to publish any manuscript submitted which is considered deserving of special mention even though it does not win a prize.

The following will be the conditions of the competition:

1. All manuscripts must be received by the Granite Monthly, Concord, New Hampshire, on or before April 1, 1923.

2. No manuscript is to exceed 1,500 words in length.

3. No manuscript will be considered unless clearly written on one side only of the paper.

4. The subject of the essay may

be chosen by the writer, with the restriction that it must have to do with the author's personal observation of the men, women and things about him. Historical and biographical papers and literary criticisms will not be considered. The object of the competition is to test the ability of the High School students to observe, to think and to express their thoughts clearly in good English.

5. The essay must not be corrected or revised by any other hand than the author's. Except for this, it does not matter whether the essay is written as a part of the school work or otherwise.

6. The manuscript should not bear the name of the author. The title of the essay and the author's name should be placed upon a separate sheet of paper, to which should be appended a statement of the principal of the school that the author is an undergraduate student of his school.

The names of the judges will be announced at a later time.

SOLITUDE

By Helene Mullins.

In the cool night I wander,
Dreaming
Of someone who loves me.
Someone who loves me
More than I love white birches
Glimmering in the moonlight,
More than I love
The night's naked silence.
Someone whom I can hurt
More than white birches
Glimmering in the moonlight,
Or the night's naked silence
Can hurt me.....

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

POLLY THE PAGAN: HER LOST LOVE LETTERS, by Isabel Anderson. The Page Company, \$1.90.

Mrs. Anderson, hitherto known for *The Spell of Belgium* and similar travel books, here makes her first venture into fiction. She has, however, retained the background of travel, and often the love letters drop into vivid thumb-nail sketches of Italian scenes. Her treatment of such passages, needless to say, is charming.

Polly is a "peppy" American girl on a European tour. At Rome she flirts outrageously with an Italian officer, a Spanish marquis, an American secretary of legation and a mysterious Russian prince, thus starting a series of cross purposes which sustain interest to the end. The story is developed cleverly by means of extracts from Polly's journal and correspondence. The progress of the heroine from gay and thought-

less flirtations at hurdle-jumping carnival dances, and the like, to a settled and very sweet love is most deftly handled.

There is an appreciative foreword by Basil King. The publisher has given the book an attractive dress.

THE ROMANCE OF NEW ENGLAND ROOFTRESS, by Mary Caroline Crawford. The Page Company, \$2.50.

Originally published a score of years ago, this well-written description of two dozen famous old houses is now issued in a new edition. Packed into its nearly four hundred pages is a wealth of historic interest. The tourist will find it a valuable guide-book; and to the fireside reader, it will furnish many a pleasant half hour. It is a book which will add to any library. There are more than thirty excellent illustrations.

A SONG TO PASS AWAY THE EVENING

By Helene Mullins.

Your face is old..old,
My Beloved,
I have known it too long....
I would sell it, I think,
To a peddler,
For a bit of a song.

And then I would lie
In the grass,
And..perhaps..fall asleep,
And because of remorse
For my folly,
I would weep....I would weep....

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

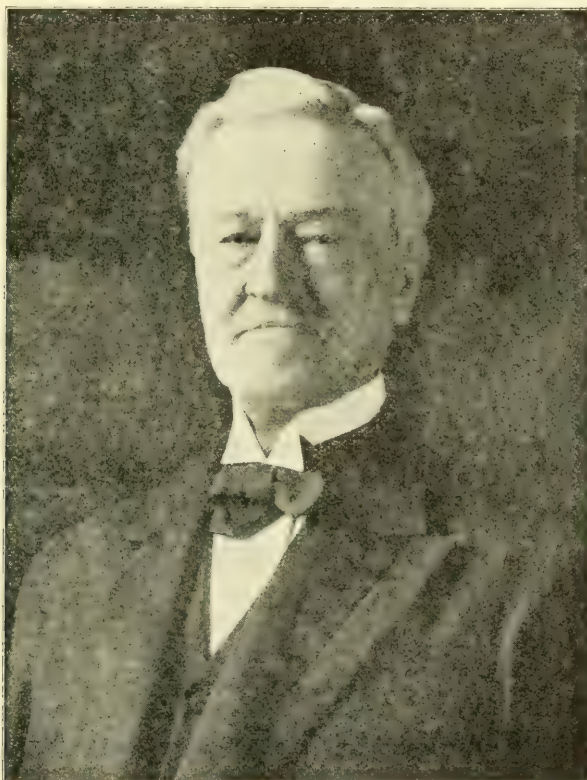
HON. HOSEA W. PARKER.

Hosea Washington Parker, born in Lempster, May 30, 1833, died in Claremont, August 21, 1922.

Mr. Parker was the son of Benjamin and Olive (Nichols) Parker. The son of a farmer, he was reared to a life of industry, such as characterized the life of most New England farmers' sons of his day, and which gave him the measure of physical health and vigor essen-

profession, he pursued a partial course at Tufts College, and then entered the office of Hon. Edmund Burke of Newport, the most distinguished lawyer of his day in that part of the State as a student at law, meanwhile teaching school in the winter season, as he had done for some time previously, as a means of earning money to meet his expenses.

Retaining his legal residence in Lempster while pursuing his studies, Mr.



HOSEA W. PARKER

tial to success in any calling. At the same time he developed an ambition for service in a field of effort where the strong mental powers, with which he had been endowed, might have full play.

He made the best of such advantages for education as the brief terms of district school afforded in boyhood, and subsequently attended Tubbs Union Academy in Washington, New Hampshire, and the Green Mountain Liberal Institute at South Woodstock, Vermont. Having determined to enter the legal

Parker served that town as its Superintending School Committee in 1857-8, and was its representative in the State legislature in 1859 and 1860, being unquestionably, the oldest survivor of that body, in date of service at the time of his decease, as he was the oldest lawyer in the State.

In the autumn of 1860, having been admitted to the bar in the previous year, he opened an office and commenced the practise of law in the town of Claremont, which he continued until the

time of his death, or until failing health a few months previous, compelled retirement.

A Democrat in politics, located as he was in a strong Republican town and county, Mr. Parker enjoyed little opportunity for public political service, nor did he aspire to the same, preferring the steady pursuit of his profession, in which he soon took high rank; but he took strong interest, nevertheless, in the cause of his party, to whose principles he was devotedly attached, and served it faithfully, as opportunity offered, in its conventions, upon its state committee for many years, in no less than three National Conventions, and on the stump in many campaigns.

In 1871 he was the candidate of the Democratic party for Representative in Congress in the old Third District, the Republican candidate being that distinguished soldier, Gen. Simon G. Griffin of Keene. Although the district was normally Republican by a good majority and had never elected a Democrat since the Republican party came into existence, Mr. Parker was elected by a substantial plurality, and served so efficiently that he was re-elected in 1873, and completed the two terms then generally the extent of service accorded a New Hampshire Congressman. It was during his second term that the sewing machine monopoly, whose important patents were about expiring, put up its great fight for the extension of those patents. Mr. Parker was a member of the House Committee on Patents, and it was through his vote and influence in the Committee that an adverse report was made, and the monopoly defeated in the House.

At the close of the forty-second Congress Mr. Parker returned home, and resumed his legal practice, which had been interrupted by his absence during the several sessions, following the same closely through the balance of his long life; but never neglecting the duties of citizenship, which appealed to him no less strongly than those of his profession. He took an active interest in everything pertaining to the welfare of the community, and was particularly active in furthering the cause of education. It was mainly through his efforts that the bequest of the late Paron Stevens for the establishment of a high school in Claremont was made available. He served for a long series of years as a member of the board of trustees of the school, and had been for more than a generation moderator of the school meeting, as well as town auditor, and

legal counsel. He was universally recognized as the town's "first citizen," and his judgment was ever sought, upon all measures and projects of public concern, and almost always followed.

In business affairs he was also active. He was for many years, and up to the time of his death, president of the Woodsum Steamboat Company, operating steamers on Lake Sunapee, was president of the People's National Bank of Claremont, and long a trustee of Tufts College, serving for some time as president of the board. He was also prominent in the Masonic order and had served for twenty-one years as Emment Commander of Sullivan Commandery, Knights Templar.

In religion Mr. Parker was a lifelong Universalist and had been for many years the most eminent layman of the denomination in the country. He was a lay reader in the little church at East Lempster, in youth, and for more than sixty years the leading spirit in the Universalist church at Claremont and superintendent of its Sunday School. He was for many years president of the Universalist Sunday School Convention; served for two terms as president of the General Convention of the United States and Canada, and had been for the last sixteen years president of the New Hampshire Convention of Universalist churches and, ex-officio, chairman of its Executive Board, his last service in the capacity having been at the meeting of the board in Concord last May.

Mr. Parker presided at the last great legislative reunion in New Hampshire, in connection with the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary celebration of the charter of Concord, and also served as temporary chairman of the last Constitutional Convention, in which he was a delegate and a member of the Legislative Committee. He had been for the last seventeen years president of the Sullivan County bar, by which he was honored with a complimentary dinner, on the occasion of his eightieth birthday anniversary, at the Hotel Claremont. In 1883 Tufts College conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M., and in 1912 that of LL. D.

May 30, 1861, he was united in marriage with Caroline Louisa Southgate, of Bridgewater, Vt., who died September 14, 1904. He is survived by a daughter, Elizabeth S., wife of Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Chaplain of Tufts College and Dean of the Crane Divinity School; one grandson, Parker McCollester, assistant counsel of the New

York Central Railroad; one granddaughter, Catherine, wife of Hugh Gallaher of New York, and one brother, Hiram Parker of Penacook, now ninety-two years of age.

H. H. M.

DR. GEORGE COOK

Doctor George Cook, distinguished physician, surgeon, and nationally known fraternity man, and a life long resident of Concord, died there August 31 after a long and serious illness. He was born at Dover, N. H., November 16, 1848, and was the son of Solomon and Susan (Hayes) Cook. After receiving his early education at Franklin, Concord High School, University of Vermont Medical College, and Dartmouth Medical College, he commenced the practice of medicine at Henniker, and in 1875 removed to Concord, where he resided up to the time of his death.

In addition to his medical duties, Doctor Cook found time to devote considerable attention to church work, and for thirty years was vestryman in St. Paul's Church of Concord. During the early part of his career he was also superintendent of schools in Hillsborough, where he practiced medicine for a time. He was an ardent and enthusiastic Greek letter fraternity man; and in past years had made many trips over the United States for the Alpha Kappa Kappa Society, of which he was grand president. During the World War he was a member of the New Hampshire draft board.

He served as city physician of Concord from 1878 to 1884, was inspector of the State Board of Health in 1885, assistant surgeon in the New Hampshire National Guard in 1879, surgeon in 1882, medical director in 1884, and surgeon general in 1893-1894. He was United States pension examining surgeon from 1889 to 1893, a member of the Margaret Pillsbury hospital staff, president of the state medical examining and registration board since 1897, past president of the New Hampshire Medical Society, major and chief surgeon of the First Division, Second Army Corps of the United States Volunteers of the Spanish American War, a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society, of the Odd Fellows and Sons of Veterans. He was also a member of the Military Surgeons of the United States, and a member of the American Medical Society.

A willing helper in the time of need, and of a lovable disposition, Doctor Cook

is mourned by a wide circle of friends. He is survived by two sisters and one brother, Mrs. John H. Currier of Concord, Mrs. W. H. Jenness of Rosendale, Mass., and William H. Cook of Cambridge, Mass.

GEORGE C. HAZELTON

George C. Hazelton, orator and author, was born January 3, 1833, in Chester, and died at his summer home on Walnut Hill in that town September 4. He was a graduate of Pinkerton Academy Derry of which he was one of the oldest alumni, and was also a graduate of Union College. He was a member of the Wisconsin state legislature and was president pro tem of that house. For three terms he had served as a member of Congress from Wisconsin, and had been United States district attorney. A Republican in politics, he had been on the stump for every Republican presidential candidate for the past sixty years, and was a member of the Chicago convention that nominated Lincoln for the presidency. For the past thirty years he has been a practicing attorney in Washington, D. C., where he was legal advisor for several South American countries.

Although advanced in years, Mr. Hazelton still retained those pleasing qualities which made him always much sought after as an orator, and he was the principal speaker at the exercises when the town of Chester celebrated its 200th anniversary August twenty-eighth last. Always deeply interested in the activities of his native town, where he had been an annual visitor, he had found time in the midst of a very busy career to compile and edit a history of the soldiers' monument at Chester.

He is survived by a son, John H. Hazelton, and three grandchildren.

JOSEPH MADDEN

Joseph Madden, prominent New Hampshire attorney, was born in Central Bridge, New York, July 1, 1866, the son of Thomas and Honora (Cain) Madden. After receiving his early education in the public schools of Keene, he studied law in the offices of Don H. Woodward of that city, and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1889. For several years he was associated with the late Judge Parsons of Colebrook. Later he established himself in Keene, where he died Sept. 2.

An attorney of marked ability, Mr.

Madden was admitted to practice before the federal court and the United States Supreme Court, and was prominent in many important cases tried before those tribunals. He was a member of the American Bar Association, in 1921 was elected president of the New Hampshire Bar Association, and for many years was president of the Cheshire County Bar Association. In 1907 and 1911 he served as Democratic representative in the State Legislature, and this year was a Republican candidate for the same position. He served also in the Constitutional Conventions of 1901 and 1921. At the time of his death he was chairman of the divorce commission, and had only recently returned from Europe where he had gone to in-

vestigate conditions for the purpose of comparing them with those existing in this country.

Mr. Madden was affiliated with many social and fraternal organizations, being a member of the Keene Council Knights of Columbus, the Foresters, and the Keene Aerie of Eagles. From 1911 to 1915 served as captain of Company G, of the New Hampshire National Guard.

In 1894 he married Eugenie Chalisfour, who survives him, as do four brothers, Nicholas Madden of Chicago, Thomas Madden of Worcester, John Madden of Pittsburg, Mass., and Charles A. Madden of Keene, and two sisters, Mrs. Frank Burnham of Nashua and Mrs. Annie Belcher of Manchester, Mass.

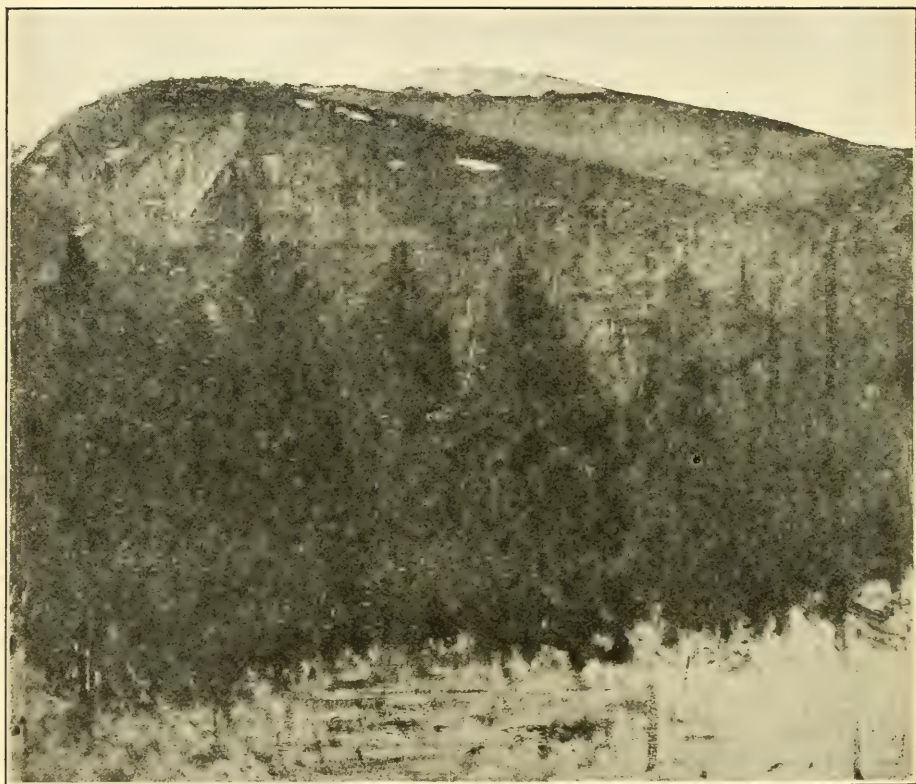
RETROSPECTION

By Ethel Davis Nelson.

They were beautiful days,
Those days of the past
But we hurried them on,
 You and I.
We knew not nor cared
The pleasures they brought;
We lived for the days
 By and by.

It was a beautiful life,
The youth that was ours,
But we heeded it not,
 You and I.
We left all its sweetness,
Its freshness and joy,
While we sought for the days
 By and by.

'Twas a beautiful life,
The past that was ours,
And the wealth of its knowledge
 We've gained.
Let us share it with those
Who knew not its worth,
And live in its pleasures
 Again.



WINTER SUNRISE ON MONADNOCK

By Abbott H. Thayer.

Courtesy of The Metropolitan Museum of Art

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MEMORIAL EXHIBITION

ABBOTT H. THAYER

By Alice Dinsmoor

"Now, gentlemen take off your hats!" This was the introduction given by William M. Chase to a painting of Abbott H. Thayer's brought for exhibition at the Society of American Artists in New York, when really great works were hung there—when Inness, LaFarge, Vedder, Winslow Homer and their contemporaries were forming a school of distinctive American Art.

And ever since, men have kept their hats off to Thayer's work. Born in Boston in 1849, a student in New York and in Paris, resident in Peekskill and New York, his latest and most loved home was in Dublin, New Hampshire, where he died last May.

Soon after his death, a committee of artists and friends, including also his son, Gerald, were asked by the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of New York to bring together there a collection of his pictures, as a memorial exhibition. Accordingly seventy-eight paintings have been arranged in one of the galleries, and in a smaller room near some representative drawings. Thayer's intimate friend and the most discriminating art critic we have, Mr. Royal Cortissoz, has written the introduction to the catalogue.

With him as authority I am in no danger of straying from the truth in any statements I may make about the artist or his work.

As a boy and a student at the Academy in New York, Thayer painted dogs and horses and the

dwellers in the "Zoo." During his four years of study in Paris he gained in his ability to draw, but Gerome, in whose studio he worked, apparently left no impress upon him, though the discipline of his atelier was beneficial.

By 1887, Thayer began to paint flowers, landscapes and pictures, sometimes portraits of women and children. Intense lover of Nature and of beauty in the human face and form, his brush never failed to respond to their charm. It is impossible to imagine him as putting on canvas a repulsive object or scene.

Let us walk about the gallery just now sacred to Thayer's work. At the right on entering we find his "Winter Sunrise on Monodnock," owned by the Metropolitan. A purple haze lies over the mountain, its topmost ridge just touched with the rosy glow of the rising sun. Row upon row, the massive evergreens climb the side, rising from "a roughly generalized foreground" reminding one of Corot. Mr. Cortissoz says of this picture, "This is one of the greatest landscapes ever painted in America or anywhere else—a personal impression of nature."

A little beyond it, is a later picture of the same subject, which is to me yet more impressively beautiful. The sun has risen a little higher, not only lighting the topmost snowy heights but also throwing a dark, rich glow over the bare shoulder of the mountain. This

canvas, painted in 1919, belongs to the Thayer estate. I should suppose that the Corcoran or some of the other great art museums of our country would add this treasure to their collections.

With it should also go the majestic "Monadnock Angel"—his last picture and unfinished, but eloquent. The Angel, a life size woman's form with dark hair and round, girlish face, in a loose white robe such as Thayer loved to put about his figures, stands with spread wings and outstretched, half beckoning hands, on the mountain side, partly among the evergreens. It is as if Thayer had said to himself, "I will not leave my beloved mountain until I have bequeathed to her an angel form that shall ever bid nature-lovers to her shrine."

At the opposite end of the room is his "Caritas," familiar to all frequenters of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts. A great pleasure indeed it is to see the majestic, statuesque figure and the lovely children beside her, here in New York. Near this hangs a three-quarters portrait of Alice Freeman Palmer, the early president of Wellesley College, lent by that institution. The shy wistfulness that those who knew that strong, noble woman never failed to find in her face, is there. Close by is one of the artist's most beautiful angels—the property of Smith College. She has laid one wing against a cloud, and resting her head upon it, has fallen asleep. The face is girlish and lovely.

For several of the pictures, his own children have served as models. Notable among them there is the

"Virgin Enthroned" one of his largest canvases and owned by his ardent admirer, Mr. John Gellatly, "The Young Woman in the Fur Coat" and "Lady in Green Velvet" have the splendid virility that we associate with Renbrandt and Leonardo. The "Boy and the Angel," painted between 1917 and 1920, Thayer himself was inclined to consider his best work. The Boy of perhaps ten years stands close in front of a strong, masterful angel, whose one hand is bent protectingly toward him, while the other, raised high above him, points forward.

The history of the "Figure half-draped" is as romantic as it is strange. "Painted in New York City in the 80's it was unearthed in some old box of canvases and forgotten sketches in the barn at the artist's home at Monadnock, New Hampshire, in the summer of 1920. No one apparently of the artist's family had remembered its existence during these thirty years or more, and it would seem that the artist himself had lost track of it." It is "lent anonymously," and I am told was sold for a higher price than had ever been paid for a painting by an American.

The woods and the flowers and the winds, especially as they are associated with his beloved Monadnock, were inseparably a part of Thayer's very being, and so it was most fitting that when "the earthly home of his tabernacle" had been reduced to ashes, they should be scattered on that mountain top to be guarded by the angels of the mountain and the clouds.

FRANKLIN B. SANBORN

AN APPRECIATION

By Harold D. Carew

Franklin B. Sanborn, last of the abolitionists, disciple of Emerson, counsellor of John Brown, friend and biographer of these two crusaders and their contemporaries, Higginson, Longfellow, Thoreau, Channing, Bronson Alcott, Wendell Phillips, Theodore Parker and Hawthorne, was perhaps Hampton Falls' most illustrious son; and this year, when that little New Hampshire town is celebrating its two hundredth anniversary, it is timely to record something of the man whose career as a patriot, historian, publicist, and biographer gave him world-wide distinction.

Frank Sanborn was essentially a radical, a soldier of the common good. He played many parts during his more than eighty-five years, and each part he played well. His death on February 24, 1917, marked the closing of a remarkable life such as is given to few men. It is perhaps too early to make a critical estimate of his work, although his influence on three generations was very great. It is a singularly remarkable fact and one worth recording that with his advancing years, when most men's literary output diminishes and their activity in current affairs become lessened, Sanborn maintained his voluminous production with the same vigorous bouyancy that marked his earlier years. He was a veritable storehouse of knowledge, with wide experience covering the greater part of one century and no inconsiderable part of the present one. It is unthinkable that a man who molded his opinions under the influences of such a remote period as the 1850's and who was a leading

participant in the anti-slavery movement, could have kept abreast of the times not only as a student but as a leader and a teacher of modern democratic ideals. But this he did up to yesterday, as it were, championing what he believed right and opposing what he thought wrong; writing a spirited defence of this and caustic criticism of that; supporting this movement with all the passionate fire of his forceful and attractive intellect and directing with unrestricted vigor the shafts of harsh condemnation against what he considered mistaken ideals and false standards.

Born in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, on the last day of the year 1831, the years of his youth became intimately associated with the little town of Peterborough—an association whose spiritual influence for more than sixty years gave Peterborough the enduring dignity of a shrine. This interest was the memory of a romance shattered into tragedy under circumstances at once the most poignant and pathetic. In his "Recollections of Seventy Years," written when he was seventy-five, he chronicles the story of his meeting with Miss Ariana Smith Walker of Peterborough in the little church at Hampton Falls one Sunday morning; of his subsequent visits to the Walker home, of the courtship that followed, and of the hurried marriage that took place when her approaching end was only a matter of days. Sanborn made many pilgrimages to Peterborough during his lifetime, to "the little wood across" and to other scenes which he cherished with deep rev-

erance and which he describes with vivid, sentimental appreciation. My repeating the story here is needless when he himself has told it so much better than I could repeat it. No sympathetic insight of mine would be comparable to the tribute he weaves round the reality and the memory.

II

As a publicist Sanborn was pre-eminently a leader, an authority who spared no one for the sake of nicety of expression. A hater of sham and hypocrisy, he had no use for the social and political demagogue. He had an almost uncanny ability to forecast political events. I recall a notable instance, in February, 1912, when Roosevelt had announced his hat was in the ring for the presidential nomination, he prophesied to me the outcome of the feud between T. R. and Taft. He likened Roosevelt to President Buchanan, who divided the Democratic party in 1860, and declared that if the Oyster Bay statesman, whose political life Sanborn considered then at stake, did not receive the Republican nomination at Chicago, he would not submit to defeat, but would straightway proceed to organize a third party. That was four months before the memorable cry of fraud went up in the convention hall. What Sanborn told me was printed as an interview in a Boston newspaper. His opinion was widely heralded throughout the country, though his dislike for Roosevelt was generally understood; and in the light of events that followed, this prophecy serves to indicate the accuracy of his political predilections.

I have said that Frank Sanborn was a radical. He was a radical in the sense of being unconventional. I have said that he was a hater of sham and hypocrisy. The very foundation of his social philosophy

precluded his being otherwise. The only aristocracy he recognized is the aristocracy of intellect. He was a keen and critical analyst, capable of understanding the motives that move men, quick to detect superficial traits and shallow pretense. Intuitively he perceived cause and effect with sweeping precision, and through his long life he never lost the spirit of radicalism born of freedom. It was the radical spirit which made him an agitator and led him into that courageous circle headed by Wendell Phillips.

The year 1835 witnessed the mobbing of William Lloyd Garrison in the streets of Boston by slavery sympathizers. Abolition was then in general disfavor except with a little knot of agitators here and there, and anyone known to be in sympathy with the movement was socially and politically ostracized. That same year, Phillips, just admitted to practice as an attorney in Massachusetts, had seen the mobbing of the friendless editor. Soon after he threw himself into the cause with all the ardor and sincerity of youthful conviction. Seventeen years later, when Sanborn arrived to participate in the struggle, Phillips and his co-workers were yet regarded as dangerous radicals.

Sanborn must have counted well the cost, but his radicalism born of freedom urged him into the work on the side of righteousness. Public opinion had not yet crystallized against slavery, and conservative business interests exercised complete mastery over the situation, giving of their time and influence and money to repel these crusaders for equal rights.

Sanborn was secretary of the Massachusetts Kansas Committee during the dark days of border ruffianism and bloodshed when Kansas Territory was the center

of the struggle between the forces of anti-slavery settlers and Southerners who wished to save the territory to slavery. To his office in the Niles Building in Boston came John Brown one day, and of this first meeting Sanborn says: "I was sitting in my office one day in 1857 when Brown entered and handed me a letter from my brother-in-law, George Walker, of Springfield. He had known Brown as a neighbor and a borrower of bank loans while carrying on a large business as a wool dealer He (Brown) was profound in his thinking and had formed his opinions rather by observation than by reading, though well versed in a few books, chiefly the Bible." Sanborn possessed a keen insight which at once aided him in understanding Brown's motives and ideals. Of Brown he further records: "He saw with unusual clearness the mischievous relation to republican institutions of Negro slavery, and made up his fixed mind that it must be abolished not merely, or even mostly, for the relief of the slaves, but for the restoration of the Republic to its original ideal."

Brown was entertained at Sanborn's house in Concord, Massachusetts, during his visits to New England to raise money for the defense of "bleeding Kansas," and Sanborn, though having no knowledge of the old captain's plans, aided indirectly in the plans for the Harper's Ferry raid which lighted the fires of civil war. Indeed, it was the finding on Brown's person of letters written by Sanborn which caused the issuance of a summons for Sanborn to appear before the United States Senate to tell what he knew of the event which ended so disastrously for the captain. A record of this brief but loyal friendship which terminated with the execution of Brown at Charlestown, Virginia, on December 2, 1859, is

made both in his biography and in his "Recollections."

John Brown's heroic figure has taken its place in history, and time has removed him sufficiently from our day to enable us to judge his worth and influence fairly. Contemporary judgment is not usually unbiased but there are those who have the vision to determine aforesaid what the estimate of other times will be. This is particularly true in the case of John Brown.

III

Sanborn's friendship for Brown "led to unexpected and most important results," as he himself has recorded. Those unexpected results were his complicity, indirectly, in the plans for the foray on Harper's Ferry—the event which definitely served notice on the slaveholders that slavery in free territory would be repulsed by conflict; his subsequent summons to Washington, and, later, the order that he be arrested and brought before the United States Senate to tell what he knew of "Brown's treason;" and Sanborn's sensational escape into Canada upon advice of his counsel, John A. Andrew, who later was to become the war governor of Massachusetts.

"I have met many men and women of eminent character and of various genius and talents, among whom Brown stands by himself—an occasion for dispute and blame as well as for praise and song," says Sanborn in his biography of the old captain. "I belong now to a small and fast dwindling band of men and women who fifty, sixty, and seventy years ago resolved that other persons ought to be as free as ourselves. Many of this band made sacrifices for the cause of freedom—the freedom of others, not their own. Some sacrificed their fortunes and their lives. One man, rising above the

rest by a whole head, gave his life, his small fortune, his children, his reputation—all that was naturally dear to him—under conditions which have kept him in memory, while other victims are forgotten or but dimly remembered. John Brown fastened the gaze of the whole world upon his acts and his fate; the speeding years have not lessened the interest of mankind in his life and death; and each succeeding generation inquires what sort of man he truly was What more impossible than that a village girl of France should lead the king's army to victory? —unless it were that a sheep farmer and wool merchant of Ohio should foreshow and rehearse the forcible emancipation of four millions of American slaves?"

Sanborn believed with Wendell Phillips that the recognition or permission of a wrong is "an agreement with hell;" that a nation, like an individual, cannot hope for enduring greatness if it lose its sense of moral responsibility; and that the claim set up by the slaveholding oligarchy that slavery was constitutional must be met with militant defiance, even by conflict if necessary. This was the keynote of his rebellious youth, an index of his character throughout his career. His early beginning as an apostle of freedom, a beginning which was fraught with great personal danger, made him forever a staunch defender of human rights.

Like all men with decided opinions, and unafraid to pronounce them, Sanborn was as thoroughly hated by some as he was sincerely loved by others. He never hesitated to say what he thought, was blunt and brusque at times, and, occasionally, with his peculiar gift of phrase, wielded a scathing satire almost brutal in its frankness. He never, when asked his opinion, concealed his thoughts, never equiv-

ocated for expediency's sake; and what we modernly refer to as "calling a bluff" he revelled in. A born agitator, he had no patience with vain pretension, and his condemnation of it cut like a rapier. With Voltaire he could say to an opponent: "I wholly disapprove of what you say and will defend to the death your right to say it."

IV

Emerson chose Concord for his home because of its ancestral associations. Thoreau was born there and lived away from the town only for a few weeks at a time. Bronson Alcott went there to live in 1840, Hawthorne took up his residence in the Old Manse two years later, and the next year Ellery Channing wrote to Emerson why he had come all the way from Illinois: "I have but one reason for settling in America. It is because you are there. I not only have no preference for any place, but I do not know that I should even be able to settle upon any place if you were not living. I came to Concord attracted by you; because your mind, your talents, your cultivation, are superior to those of any man I know, living or dead. I incline to go where the man is, or where the men are, just as naturally as I should sit by the fire in winter. The men are the fire in this great winter of humanity."

In December, 1854, Sanborn was invited by Emerson to take charge of his children as pupils, and in March of the next year the young Harvard student, not yet finished with his own studies, removed to Concord and opened a school in the village. He welcomed the invitation, for it gave him a means of livelihood and an opportunity to be near the poet-philosopher and to enjoy the company of Thoreau, whom he had met that year in Cambridge. The poet-naturalist

had just published "Walden," and Sanborn, temporarily editing one of the Harvard magazines, had reviewed the book. Thoreau sought out Sanborn when he next went to Cambridge, but the young reviewer being out when his visitor called, the two did not meet until nearly a year later. From the meeting which took place at Concord came a friendship which lasted until Thoreau's death in 1862.

The golden age of Concord literary days was, in many respects, from 1878 to 1888, the decade during which the School of Philosophy was held. The school was in some measure a fulfillment of the promise of Transcendentalism, for which Margaret Fuller and Theodore Parker had labored as editors of "The Dial," the publication which was Emerson's dream of an international magazine. The school became world famous, having at one of its sessions, which were held for four weeks each summer, as many as a hundred students. Although the Concord circle had already lost Thoreau and Hawthorne, Alcott, Emerson, and Channing took active part in its formation. Emerson's death in 1882 gave the following session of the school over to studies in Emersonian philosophy.

How far reaching have been the influences of the school it is impossible to say, though certainly as a forerunner of university summer schools and the Chautauqua it served to stimulate thought on other subjects than philosophy. Sanborn's leadership in organizing the movement led the other members to choose him secretary of the association.

The first of Concord's brilliant group to lay down his pen was Thoreau. Two years later (1864) Hawthorne died in Plymouth, New Hampshire. Sanborn knew Hawthorne less intimately than he did

the others, for the author of "The Scarlet Letter," having received an appointment from his old friend and classmate, President Pierce as consul to Liverpool, had left Concord early in 1853, and did not return until late in June, 1860. Hawthorne knew little about politics and cared less. He took no more than passing interest in the social movements of the day, and the two found little in common.

V

In his "Recollections" Sanborn tells us that one of his decisions in early life was to do his own thinking. "I saw no reason why," he wrote, "I should take my opinions from the majority or from the cultivated minority—or from any source except my much-considering mind." And he stoutly maintained this resolution to the last. That is why he would neither be gagged by convention nor stampeded into action by popular clamor. He was a liberal in politics and in religion, and his independence made him a detached observer of current events. His semi-weekly letters contributed for nearly half a century to the Springfield Republican were always written with refreshing vigor and were a source of inspiration to that journal's great army of readers interested in politics and letters.

Sanborn as a biographer of his friends flings away all bookish culture and shows the sensitive appreciation with which he noted every utterance, every incident worth remembering, during his years of friendship with the men who made New England the center of American literature. Perhaps more than anyone else he was better fitted for the work. He knew the truth, either from their own lips or from his personal knowledge of events to which he wished to give permanency. From the time of his going to Concord he kept an ex-

acting account in his journal of all meetings, conversations, and occurrences, and he placed upon these records the stamp of historical accuracy instead of leaving them to be shaped by the mere guesswork of those who were to come after him. Events in which he himself had participated are so closely interrelated to the story he tells that we find it the more interesting for the personal touch, the intimate understanding with which it is told, the authority in which it is clothed. Sanborn made his biographies more than literary reminiscences. He lifted his subjects into the realm of living memories. Under his touch they are not historical char-

acters but people very much alive to one who studies them; not authors who lived and wrote for a reading public a half century ago, but teachers imparting wisdom, apostles bearing the message of a new spiritual philosophy.

Sanborn was blessed with long life and he devoted it to great causes. He was not a great writer but he was a faithful and painstaking one. His temperament was essentially that of the biographer, and he became Concord's Boswell. Although the fame of his friends transcends his own, he earned a worthy place for his name in the Republic of Letters.

PROMETHEUS

By Walter B. Wolfe

Rosy the snow lies under my ski
And the sun bronzes my face;
Glittering sapphires on the white slope
Dare me to race.

Morning triumphantly rules on the crest;
Sun in the heavens is high;
Only the valleys are dark far below
Where the fogs lie.

There men still sleep in darkness and dreams;
Somberly reigns there the night;
Here on the mountain in splendor there glows
Celestial light.

Over the chasm! Exultant I course
Swift as the wind, to the west;
Aura of sunlight and streaming white gold
Flung from my crest.

Prometheus am I! And I ski from the heights
Down over blinding white snow,
Bearing the torch of Apollo with me
To world below.

HAMPTON FALLS BICENTENNIAL

By Frances Healey

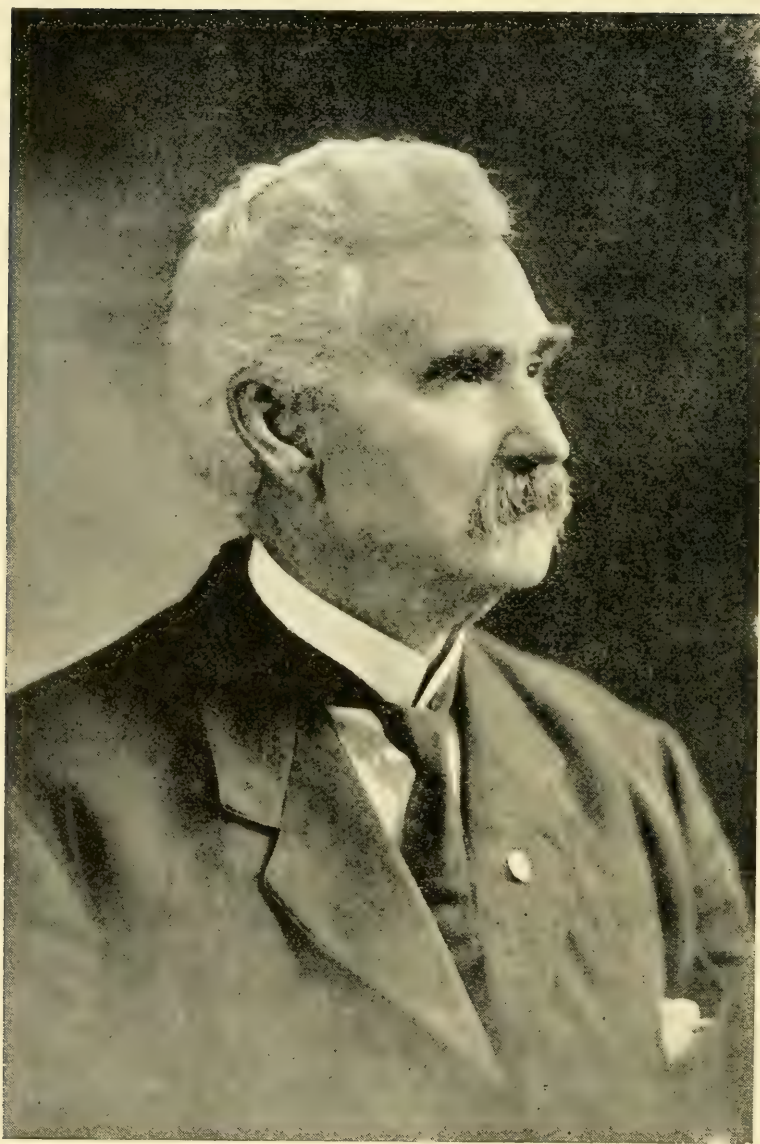
August 24, 1922 was such a day as belongs to Hampton Falls, misty and overcast, with a hint of rain that did not fall. A warm day, tempered in the afternoon by a fugitive east wind that brought into the Town Hall a breath of the sea, that sea that nearly three hundred years before, bore Stephen Bachiler and his little company from Old England to the New. On this day the town celebrated the two hundredth anniversary of the separation of Hampton and Hampton Falls, and the folk of the latter town stoutly maintaining that theirs is the parent.

The town has always been proud of her sons. With the sturdy independence that is the inheritance of all New England towns, there has been a liberality of mind, a touch of statemanship in more than one, and these have given the town a certain wideness of vision. They built large, two-story houses on their well-kept farms, and the town has always expressed prosperity and thrift. The population has fluctuated very little, running between five and seven hundred in the past two hundred years. Farms have changed hands, but the owners have worked their land as a means of livelihood, which has meant that Hampton Falls has always been a town of homes, and not of "summer places," and transient visitors.

Among her famous sons was Nathaniel Weare, who was sent to London in 1682 to settle a dispute concerning land titles. His grandson, Meshech Weare, Washington's friend and the first president of New Hampshire, lived here, and his house and the monument on the Common are our most conspicuous landmarks. Frank B. Sanborn, the Sage of Concord, was born and

brought up in the town, one of a large and brilliant family. He and Warren Brown, progressive farmer and politician and author of the excellent History of the town, were own cousins. Here in the quiet beauty of Miss Sarah Abbie Gove's house, John G. Whittier visited and rested, and here he died. Of the next generation, Ralph Adams Cram and his brother, William Everett Cram, have brought honor to the town, and Alice Brown's books have immortalized the country life of forty years ago.

For this celebration, committees had been appointed and money appropriated at the Town Meeting in March. Walter B. Farmer was chairman of the General Committee, which included Mrs. Sarah Curtis Marston, Mrs. Annie Healey Dodge, Mr. George F. Merrill and Dr. Arthur M. Dodge. Invitations were sent to every man and woman who claimed residence or ancestors here. When the day came, nearly every house in town was decorated with flags. The fields were empty, the front doors locked. All had turned toward the Town Hall, where the program was to be given. Automobiles kept coming all day, in the morning for sports and visiting, for renewing old friendships. There were no outsiders. Everyone belonged here and seemed akin to all the rest. Signs urged each one to register. In the lobby, presided over by the Reception Committee, was the book, given to the town by Mrs. Berlin. Page after page was filled, over 700 names in all. Bows of tri-colored ribbon were given, these bows being the tickets of admission to the hall for the afternoon and evening sessions. With the ribbons were the programs designed by Samuel Emmons Brown.



THE LATE WARREN BROWN
Historian of Hampton Falls.

They carried out the scheme of the day in their beautiful lettering copied from a book of 1722.

There were games and sports for those who wanted to see them, and

in two large tents pitched near the Library just across the road from the Hall, the Town served luncheon to its guests and its own people.

By half past two every seat in the

hall was taken and the Selectmen's room and the kitchen on either side of the entrance were full of standing listeners. Music of the outdoor band concert drifted in, many voices hummed, there was a homely, happy sound of low laughter. Then, escorted by members of the Reception Committee, the speakers of the afternoon climbed the steps to the platform. Talking to that audience was talking to one's own family. There was no alien there. We had met to show our pride and love for the town, and we found with a sort of happy surprise that the town had woven us into one fabric, that we who were many, were in a very deep and real sense, one. Mr. Parker, minister of the Baptist Church, offered prayer. Mr. Farmer then introduced the speakers, binding together with skill and tact, the different addresses.

Reverend Elvin J. Prescott spoke on the history of the town. He emphasized the liberality of the fathers, their hearty independence both of the Puritan colony at the south, and the commercial settlement at Strawberry Bank. He used the church records, the most trustworthy source for those early days. He was followed by Miss Mary Chase, who sang to a justly enthusiastic audience.

The next speaker was Dr. Ralph Adams Cram of Boston and Sudbury. Dr. Cram told of his pride and love for his birthplace and "fellow-citizens." He touched on the past, saying "Although I hold no brief for the unlovely qualities of the Puritans, they did develop here in New England a certain high character that has influenced and to a large extent moulded the whole country." He sketched the town life of forty or fifty years ago when all necessities were raised on local farms. Wheat and vegetables, beef, pigs, sheep for food, wool and flax for clothes, candles, soap, shoes,

dyes, all these came from the land, and the householders created from their own raw materials the finished articles. All that has changed with the development of machinery and the hordes of foreign-born, congesting our cities. Mr. Cram said a city of over 100,000 is a mistake, and a city of a million is a crime. With this increase in the size of the cities, and dilution of our racial stock, have come different morality and ideas. Along with these economic and social changes has come a political change. For one reason or another the small town has relinquished or had taken from it, its earlier powers. The town, instead of being ruled by its own people, is directed by the state or by Washington. This political situation is full of danger, and already there are signs that centralization of authority has gone as far as it can, and that a new tide of decentralization is setting in. In this new tide, Dr. Cram sees great hope for the future of the small town. With responsibility and power restored, the town can meet its own problems and develop as a unit. Transportation difficulties, manipulation of crops, all the dangers of the present intricate and perilous economic structure, vanish in a self-supporting town. Dr. Cram closed by pointing out the great opportunity that awaits such towns as Hampton Falls, where the farms are owned and managed by descendants of the early settlers, unhampered by the assimilation of an alien population.

The town showed its hearty approval and enthusiasm for its distinguished townsman by prolonged applause. He had touched a chord in all hearts, for he had said the thing we believed and had longed to hear put into words by a man of power. It was this note of hope and of faith in a living future for Hampton Falls that dominated the

entire day, and to Dr. Cram belongs the honor of putting it into words.

Mrs. Walter B. Farmer read the following poem written by another famous child of Hampton Falls—Alice Brown:

HAMPTON FALLS

O pleasant land of field and stream,
Down-dropping to the sea!
No words could weave a dearer dream
Than your reality.

The sunbright mists bewitch the air
Above your bowery grace.
And fair you are,—but ten times fair
The veil upon your face

Of spin-drift, salt, and fragrance blent,
The ocean's benison,
Mixed for a moment's ravishment,
And, with the moment, gone.

And you are fair when driven snow
Lies hollowed, darkly blue,
And fair when winds of morning blow,
And drink the morning dew.

And fair when orchards richly hang
Beauty on bending trees,
Become, where late the bluebird sang,
A bright Hesperides.

Mirror of England's Midland bloom
Ribbed with New England rock!
Our sires, who framed our spacious room,
That staunch, enduring stock,

Were not more leal to you than we
Who love you,—nor forget
The faiths that kept our fathers free
Are yours and England's yet.

The final address was given by Rev. Charles A. Parker. He too

looked toward the future, and saw the town growing in success as the ideals of cooperation grow. Miss Frances Healey read a prophecy concerning Hampton Falls in 2122 A. D., and the afternoon meeting closed with the singing of America, led by Joseph B. Cram.

For a few hours the Town Hall was deserted as duties of farm and house and "company" called the people home. But at eight o'clock every seat was again taken, chairs and settees in every available spot giving added room. The program of the day was given by townspeople, that of the evening by distinguished guests. No one who was there will forget that he has heard Arthur Foote play, and the town will always remember that he helped make the day one that the town recalls with pride. Mr. Charles T. Grilley of Boston read and was very generous to the enthusiastic audience. Mrs. Alvan T. Fuller of Boston and Little Boar's Head sang alone and in duets with Mr. Charles Bennett of Boston and Kensington. Mr. Bennett, accompanied by Mr. Foote, sang two of Mr. Foote's own compositions. "It was a wonderful audience to play to," one of the artists said. Fittingly, the celebration closed with a dance of the young people, to whom the future belongs.

MISS HEALEY'S PROPHECY

The east wind blows in from the sea
Across the town eternally.
Two hundred years ago it passed
Through virgin timber. And the last
Old house it whispered over then
Is gone. Has this new age of men
Built more enduring homes than they,
Our fathers of an earlier day?

What will the east wind blow across
These coming years? There will be loss
Of landmarks known to you and me.
Of all these orchards, scarce a tree
With roughened, gnarled boughs, will bear
Apples, where once great orchards were.
And houses, homes of joys and tears,
Will be forgot uncounted years.

Yet dear, quaint names will last. Who can
Forget Drinkwater Road, and Frying-Pan?
Or Brimstone Hill, its smoking lid
Clamped with the starry-pointing pryamid
Of Holy Church? The Common too,
Shaded by antic maples, through
Whose leaves, windswept, the sun pours down
On sons and daughters of the town.

The sons and daughters! They will bear
Names dear to us. And they will share
This fair town's honor and heritage
Binding them to our earlier age.
Sanborn and Batchelder, Prescott, Brown,
These are the names that built our town.
Janvrin and Farmer, Dodge and Weare,
Cram and Moulton, Lane, Pevear,
Healey and Merrill, Greene, all these
Names endure in our histories.

The east wind sweeping in from the sea
Will find strange houses where ours be.
More and statelier, shadowed by wings
Of swiftest airplanes. The ether sings,
Hums and whirrs in myriad keys
Perpetual, vibrant mysteries.
Men will hear echoing clear and far
Ethereal voices from some bright star.
And shouts of heroes centuries dead
Will be caught up and heard and read.
Caesar, rallying legions in Gaul,
Boadicea, the thin, shrill call
Of Jericho trumpets,—every man,
Every sound since the world began.

Then men will acknowledge, as men now should.
One holy, eternal brotherhood.
And they will look back on this age of ours
That slowly conquers physical powers
As an age of beginnings, of gropings blind.
For the holier, mightier powers of mind.

Some few old fogies may care to drive
An automobile, though half-alive
The neighbors think such doddering folk;
For sixty miles an hour's a joke!

And railroads, antiquated long,
Are quaint, remembered things of song.
Comforts and labor-helps will then
Fill every house. In some dark den
Of ancient store-room may be hid
Quaint coal-hods, Grandma's dear stove-lid,
And some may have a whole cook-stove
With all attachments Treasure-trove
To antiquarians that will be!
And some new modern house that we
Think of as grand and up-to-date
Will seem to them most antique!
And they will shake their heads and say
"Men built well in that early day!
Those good old days of nineteen twenty
With lumber cheap and workmen plenty!
Such timbers as we never see
In twenty-one hundred and twenty-three!

"And they had time, our ancestors,
To play, to celebrate! Their doors
Were freely open to guests! They ate
Enormous piles of food! A plate
Was heaped! While we but swallow
A dinner pill! And know to-morrow
We'll have another. It must, I think,
Have been great fun to eat and drink
With all your folk three times a day!
But the modern is the easier way!"

Perhaps two hundred years from now.
When you and I have long been ghosts,
We'll visit Hampton Falls again
And wander through the towns with hosts
Of our forefathers. How we'll laugh
Together, we and they! And find
Though years and centuries pass, not half
The difference we thought to see. Man's mind
Has little change, and swept away
Th' inventions of our hurried day,
The men of seventeen twenty-two
Were not unlike the rest of you.
Nor will they centuries after me
Be greatly changed essentially.

TRAGEDIES IN MY ANCESTRY

By Rev. Roland D. Sawyer

It's the great tragedies that grip, either in fiction, drama, or history. There is in the human mind a certain fear, dread, perhaps sad memory, which gives a psychological basis for keen response to the tragic. We read, watch or listen breathlessly: then go away to ponder and never forget. In twenty years' study of such scraps, notes, records of my ancestry as I have been able to find, it is the tragic things that stand out before me. When read and dug out from original sources, the tragic things stand before us with vividness. I see with all its surrounding pathos, the body of a seventeen year-old lad (Betfield Sawyer) dragged from Smith's River in Danbury, and taken to the rude home in Hill—then laid away in the little family yard beneath the pines.

I see time and time again, scarlet fever and diphtheria enter the overcrowded households, and I feel the wearing care, the fears, the sadness of the fathers and mothers, as perhaps one, two, or even four of the little ones are taken away to the Churchyard. I see the widow with her children clinging about her, as the broken form of the husband and father is brought home, dying or dead, from accident, drowning, or a fall. Ah! the life of our brave ancestors in harsh New England was hard and full of sorrows in those days of insufficient equipment, to withstand the climate and give comfort.

I want to speak here of three such tragedies.

First, I take up the scourge of diphtheria. More dreadful a hundred-fold than small pox ever was. It originated in 1735, in Kingston, within six miles of where I was born, and where my ancestors had lived. Tradition said it started from a sick

hog. The germ theory of the spread of disease was unknown. Sick children were hugged and kissed by weeping parents, brothers and sisters. Funerals were public. It is easy to imagine the havoc it made. Into the family of my great, great great-grand-father it came. Two years before scarlet fever had taken two small children, now diphtheria took three more; taking five of the nine children from the home. What sorrow—depressing, deadening, it must have left. (Yet even in tragedy, there comes comedy. The clergymen furnished it in this case. They held a solemn conclave of prayer throughout the New Hampshire colony, and finally put forth the solemn judgment, that the plague was a visitation from God upon the people, because they did not pay their ministers on time. And they pointed out as proof, the fact that Massachusetts had a law compelling prompt and full payment, and that hence Massachusetts had no plague.)

I pass from Kensington up into the old settlement at Hill. Here scarlet fever takes the only two children of the strong young husband and wife, one aged three, the other one. The husband is unlettered, but he is a rude philosopher, such as Soutarev and Bonderev, who had such influence on Tolstoy. He says I will not bring children into the world to die. What's the use? He leaves his wife, refuses to again co-habit and goes off and lives alone; years later he becomes a lay Universalist preacher. David Sawyer was wrestling with the world-old problems, over which every generation has labored and sobbed and sighed.

Once more I turn back south, and I stop beside "Suicide Pond," near Whittier's home; and its sad story

greatly impressed the great poet, and he wrote his poem upon it. There the quiet, beautiful and shy maiden, loved by all, drowned herself at the age of 22. One of my ancestors loved the maiden; proposed to her marriage. She, in the purity of her heart, her sweet nature and quick conscience, would not allow him to marry her, without her telling him, that years before, when a maid of

seventeen, she had once, with a hired man on the place, violated the sanctions of morality. And he, poor dupe, felt in the harsh judgment of the standards of Puritanism, that she was thus unfitted to be his wife. Clothed in the carefully ironed dress she had hoped to be her wedding garment, she threw herself into the pond: he lived to be 87, unwedded, lonely and sad. The tragedy of ignorance.

THE BLACK ROCK OF NANTASKET

By Alice Sargent Krikorian

What great upheaval in the ages past
 Raised your huge shape above the ocean bed?
 What changes, inconceivable and vast,
 Sent the waves tossing round your massive head?
 The lights send signals to you through the mist
 From far away across the hurtling sea,
 The waves croon softly, by the moonbeams kissed,
 And stars come out to keep you company.
 Our lives are like the ships that pass you by
 Drifting so swiftly to Eternity,—
 While there, grim, fixed, immovable you lie
 Looking with steadfast eyes out toward the sea.

URANIA: MUSE OF ASTRONOMY

By Louise Patterson Guyol

Great mother to the little stars, who cry
 And huddle close about your skirts, afraid;
 White queen of constellation-haunted shade;
 You walk the unknown places of the sky
 Where foreign moons and alien planets fly.
 In space and darkness terribly arrayed
 Where even a sun would shudder to have strayed
 You have your throne, with heaven and hell near by.

Goddess, your heart is gentle as Love, I know,
 But you have eyes deeper than Death. Your hand
 Is kind, but foolish people here below
 Cannot believe beauty so great and grand
 Heeds little things: they think themselves forgot.
 Only the wise, who know you, fear you not.

BARRINGTON CELEBRATES

By Morton Hayes Wiggin

The picturesque old town of Barrington, arrayed in gala attire and aided by perfect weather, indeed did itself proud in the four-day celebration of the two-hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, August nineteenth, twentieth, twenty-first and twenty-second. It could be said without danger of exaggeration that it, as a whole, was the grandest and most successful event taking place within its borders during its long and eventful history.

On Saturday afternoon and evening of the nineteenth, the celebration was opened by a sale and entertainment in the Congregational Church, under the auspices of the Barrington Woman's Club. The entertainment proved to be excellent. The entertainers—J. F. Hicks, soloist; Miss Norma and Mr. J. L. Slack, cornetists; and Mrs. Leonard Merrill, reader—were at their best and were greatly appreciated by a large and enthusiastic audience. The proceeds of the sale netted a very considerable sum toward the new community house which is to be erected as soon as funds become available.

The Congregational Church was crowded at the eleven o'clock service Sunday morning to hear the anniversary sermon delivered by the Rev. Francis O. Tyler, pastor of the church. Rev. Mr. Tyler was assisted in the service by the Rev. Chester W. Doe of Strafford in recognition of the fact that during the first ninety-eight years of its history, Strafford was a part of Barrington.

Directly following this service the congregation went to the site of the first Meeting House of the Town. Here a tablet, placed there

by the Congregational Christian Endeavor Society, was unveiled. This service took place after the choir, accompanied by two cornets, marched to the scene singing "Come to the Church in the Wildwood." This was followed by reading of the Scripture by Rev. Mr. Tyler and prayer offered by Mr. Doe. The tablet was unveiled by little Virginia Lougee, a descendant in the seventh generation from the first deacon of the Church, Hezekiah Hayes.

Following this ceremony an address, "The History of the First Congregational Church," was delivered by Morton H. Wiggin, a descendant from Deacon Hayes in the sixth generation. Mr. Wiggin said as an introduction that full appreciation of the early New England community life and spirit could be obtained only by important co-factors, politics and religion, and of these two religion as centered about the old meeting houses was the more important. He then spoke of the derivation of the term "Barrington" as from the early English walled "Tun" or town of the clan of "Boerings" or "Barings." The speaker then laid a political foundation to the address by briefly mentioning the steps leading to the building of the First Meeting House, namely: the grant made by the General Court of Massachusetts to the town of Portsmouth in 1672, in reward for a donation made by Portsmouth to Harvard College; the failure of Portsmouth to apply for the grant and the subsequent grant by the General Court of New Hampshire in 1719 of the "Two Mile Slip" or "New Portsmouth" to a group of opulent Portsmouth merchants in-

terested in iron mining along the banks of the Lamphrey River. It was of great interest that the speaker noted that the old line marking the upper boundary of this "Slip" passed directly in front of the tablet being dedicated and that it crossed the road at a point where many of the listening audience were standing.

Because the town of Portsmouth generously voted to repair H. M. S. "Barrington," that town was given a tract of land west of the Dover line six miles wide and thirteen

in Portsmouth which appropriated two hundred pounds for a meeting house thirty-six by forty-four. This was commenced at the foot of Waldron's Hill, but not being centrally located, was removed to the site which the dedicated tablet marks, where it was completed.

Mr. Wiggin then spoke of the call given by the town to Rev. Joseph Prince, a missionary-evangelist of note, who formed the First Congregational Church, June 18, 1755, and served as its pastor for thirteen years, during which time the rec-



TABLET—SITE OF FIRST MEETING HOUSE

miles long, which now includes the towns of Barrington and Strafford. The date of the charter for the town of Barrington as well as Chester, Nottingham and Rochester, was May 8, 1722. Since there was provision that a meeting-house must be built within seven years and the support of preaching in the charter, the religious history of the town begins at that point. The speaker spoke first, in this connection, about the four parsonages which have served the Congregational Church. He then spoke about the town meeting held

ords show that he always received his salary promptly. He next spoke of the Rev. Benjamin Balch, a Harvard graduate and chaplain during the war of 1812 on the U. S. S. "Ranger," who received a princely salary, since Barrington was, during the latter part of his thirty-one year pastorate, the third largest town in the state; of the fact that he is the only pastor of the church ever buried in the town; of the memorial service in 1912 in which his remains were removed from the Old Parsonage Lot to Oak Hill Cemetery. The pastors serv-

ing the Old Church were then commented upon.

The building of the new Church in 1840 and the new Town Hall in 1854, taking away both capacities of this old building, necessitating the selling of it to be removed to another spot as a dwelling was dwelt upon. Mr. Wiggin next described the Old Church as of a plain exterior, with pitch roof and two doors in front and with no steeple. The ornate interior with its great sounding-board over the high and richly carved pulpit, the pen-like

who is a descendant of Deacon Hayes in the fifth generation, spoke of the first Deacon, Hezekiah Hayes, of his advent from Dover to Barrington, his marriage to the daughter of Captain William Cate of the Cate Garrison, his service in the Revolution and the large number of his descendants. He spoke of the long public service of Deacon Benjamin Hayes, of Deacon John Garland of Green Hill, recalling concerning the latter the story of the stern command to his son to go out into the night to get a "back-log."



THE FIRST PARSONAGE

old pews with seats completely around, the great gallery around the three sides of the room, a constant attendant in which was the old negro slave of Capt. Hunking and Rev. Mr. Balch, "Old Aggie"; of the lack of stoves and the use of "foot warmers." The speaker finished his address by a brief resume of personages and events since 1840 and an eulogy to the Old Church.

Following the singing of the hymn "How Firm a Foundation," Deacon Elmer Wiggin delivered an address, "Deacons and Leaders of the Old Church." Deacon Wiggin,

for the fireplace. The son returning with a small one was rebuked and told to go out and not return until he had a sizable back-log. The son remained away nine years but upon return brought in a huge back-log on his shoulder, saying, "Here is your back-log, Father."

Although the Garland family moved back into the wilderness in 1812, they did not get outside the bounds of their native town. The speaker next spoke of Deacon William Cate of the Cate Garrison, the leading figure in the town of his day. He mentioned public spirited Deacon Wingate of Madbury who

in 1848 moved to Weare, but never liked his new surroundings, for at home in Madbury he was "Esquire Wingate," but in Weare he was "Old Man Wingate." Mention was made of Deacon Thomas Hussey, father of Professor T. W. H. Hussey; Mrs. Judge Knapp of Somersworth, who left a fund known as the "Hussey Fund" to the Church; of Deacon Thompson, who had three sons in the Civil War, one of whom was killed in action and buried in the debris of Fort Sumter, although there is a tablet to his memory in Oak Hill Cemetery. The speaker mentioned a very interesting episode concerning James Hayes, son of Paul Hayes, one of the founders of the church, who, owning the tip top of Green Hill, raised a huge crop of corn in the famine year of 1816, when all other crops were killed by frost. Demanding a silver dollar for each peck, Hayes made a huge fortune for those days. The son of James Hayes, somewhat of a reprobate, being reprimanded at one time by the minister, entered the church, one Sunday morning, and with great noise and profanity nailed up the door of his pew. Deacon Wiggin mentioned as deacons of the new Church, Deacon Joseph Babb, Deacon J. R. Drew, Deacon Samuel C. Ham, Deacon William C. Buzzell, brother of Captain Lewis Buzzell of Company F., Thirteenth New Hampshire Volunteers, who was killed leading his men against the enemy at Suffolk, Virginia; Deacon Horace G. Carter and the deacons now serving with the speaker, William B. Swaine and George B. Haley. The address ended with a eulogy to the sacrifice made by the faithful church members of the past.

This impressive dedication ceremony was concluded by the singing of "America."

Sunday evening "Old Home

Vespers" were held with a filled church auditorium in attendance. The Vespers were opened with a song service followed by the reading of Scripture and prayer by the pastor, Rev. Mr. Tyler. Miss Hilma Anderson of Everett, Massachusetts, sang a selected solo that was much appreciated. The address of the evening was given by Mr. Thomas C. Ham of New York, who took as his subject "Where there is no vision, the people perish"—Prov. 29: 18. Mr. Ham, who is the son of the late Deacon Samuel C. Ham, began his address by a series of reminiscences of his boyhood days and the good influences which surrounded him. His main address was devoted, however, to the alarming decadence of the New England rural town, Barrington being one which is a good example. He did not confine himself, however, to a delineation of these tendencies, but came out with a straight-forward constructive program for every rural community which to his mind would strike at the root of rural New England decay. His proposals were as follows; (1) reforestation of deforested areas; (2) introduction of the graded school; (3) the utilization of the water power of the town to generate electrical power which would bring industry into the life of the town; (4) renewed interest in the Church and a careful study of its place in the community; (5) the formation of a "Vision Committee," which would hold before the community as a whole a vision of a greater future. In closing his address, Mr. Ham pleaded for the conservation of the rural youth for the rural communities, and for a vision to be always held before the community; for "Old men shall dream dreams, but young men shall see visions."

Following Mr. Ham's very able address, a mixed quartette from the

choir sang the "Vesper Hymn." The service closed with the singing of "Abide With Me" and the benediction.

On Monday at 2 p. m., there was a Play Carnival and Sports at Depot Field, under the direction of Mr. R. W. Giviens, the County Y. M. C. A. Secretary. There was a Junior and Senior 100 Yard Dash, Obstacle Race, Sack Race, Relay Race, Three-legged Race, Tug of War, Potato Race, and Group and Mass Games. This feature was greatly enjoyed by a large group of boys and young men.

The concert of the Schubert Male Quartette of Boston, assisted by Dorothy Berry Carpenter, on Monday evening was attended by an enthusiastic audience which taxed the capacity of the Congregational Church, and was generally acclaimed the treat of the anniversary. The rendering of the "Vocal March," "Arion Waltz," "Aloha" and "Songs of Home" by the quartette were enthusiastically greeted and many encores were responded to. Dr. Ames, in his rendering of the "Roses of Picardy" and the work of the bass, Mr. McGowan, were very well received. Miss Carpenter, the reader, took the audience by storm in the recital of "Daddy Long Legs," "A Model Letter" and "A Joy Ride."

Tuesday was the great day of the anniversary, beginning with a band concert at 9:30 a. m. by the Barrington-Northwood Band, E. L. Wiggin, director. At 11 a. m., without delay, the anniversary parade, one of the finest ever held in this section, started. It was headed by Chief Marshal William S. Davis and Assistant Marshal, George B. Leighton, followed by the Barrington-Northwood Band. In the rear of the Band marched the combined John P. Hale Council of Barrington and the B. W. Jenness Council of Strafford, Junior O. U.

A. M., there being about one hundred men in line, an array of thirty-three beautifully decorated floats, followed by a detachment of World War Veterans in line of march and Civil War Veterans in automobiles. Automobiles lined both sides of the line of march for nearly half a mile, the line of march being from Oak Hill Cemetery through the East Village and a counter march back through the East Village to the Congregational Church. The judges of the parade, Mr. C. C. Copeland of Boston, Mr. Newall of Boston and Mr. Thomas C. Ham of New York, awarded the prizes as follows according to (1) appropriateness, (2) detail, (3) originality: First prize, West Barrington—a log cabin, the interior decorated with old-fashioned furniture and implements, the detail complete even to a fire place. Second prize, Fred Stone—a beautifully decorated team with historic background. Third prize, John P. Hale Council, Junior O. U. A. M.—a large truck decorated with national colors with four soldiers guarding the Goddess of Liberty. Fourth prize, Madbury Industries—a decorated truck with a complete barnyard scene. Other floats deserving particular mention were the beautiful Girls' Club Car, the Congregational Church, the advertising car of A. L. Calef, the complete blacksmith shop of William Palmer and the Woman's Club. All of the floats showed originality and tasty design and were liberally applauded as they passed the waiting throng.

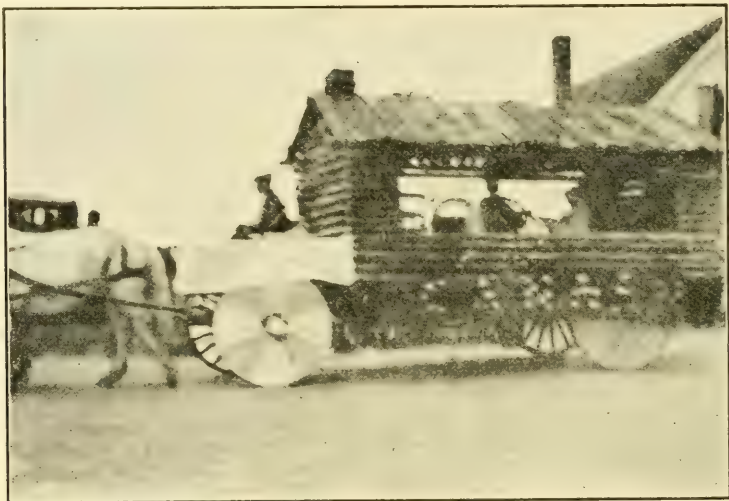
During the picnic dinner hour a most enjoyable occasion was had, especially by those renewing old acquaintances and recounting old tales.

At 1:30 p. m. the Old Home exercises took place. These were opened by a selection by the band and prayer by Rev. Francis O. Tyler. The address of welcome was delivered by Charles A. Tib-

betts, President of the Day. "The Old Garrison," a poem written by Robert Boodey Caverly, the famous local poet, about the old Cate Garrison, was recited by his grand-nephew, Master Robert Caverly of Strafford. The historic address of the day was delivered by Mr. John Scales of Dover. In his introductory remarks of twenty-five minutes, he spoke of the first impressions he received, when he came to Barrington to reside, 70 years ago, on the Judge Hale Farm.

miles to the west was the Land of Canaan.

Mr. Scales next explained why the town came to be called Barrington. The town of Portsmouth repaired the frigate of the Royal Navy, named Barrington. The tax payers got their pay from the Provincial Assembly by its making them a gift of a tract of land, six miles wide along the west line of Dover, and extending back twelve miles into the wilderness; beyond, the wilderness extended to Canada.



WEST BARRINGTON FLOAT—FIRST PRIZE

He came from his native home in Nottingham, where he was born, in a house that had been in the possession of the Scales family a hundred years. It was the first frame house built in that town, which is the same age as Barrington. Mr. Scales said that the route of removal from Nottingham to Barrington was through Ireland, France, via the Wild Cat road, to the historic Province Road, over Waldron's Hill, to the valley of the Isinglass River, and made the final stop at Mt. Misery. Two miles to the north was Sodom and three

Each tax payer, of record of 1720, '21, '22, had a number of acres in proportion to his tax. In this connection he gave an interesting account of the beginning of the settlement.

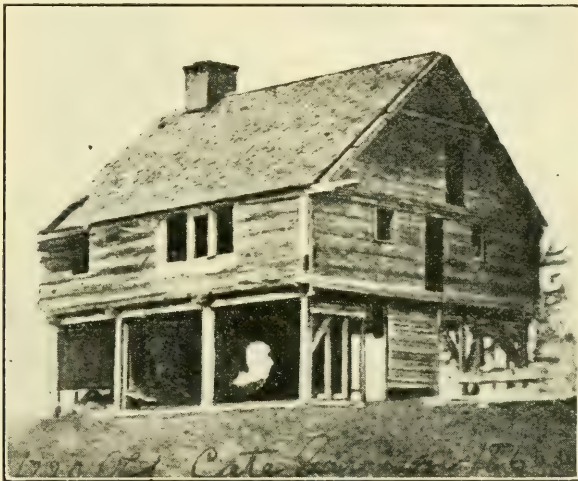
One of the early settlers was Capt. Mark Hunking, a distinguished sea captain and merchant of Portsmouth. He built a large colonial mansion near Winkley's Pond, not far from the Madbury line. Captain Hunking became one of the leading citizens, and died in that house in 1782. He owned negro slaves; one was Agnes, who

died in 1840, aged 100 years. The other was Richard, whose marriage to Julia, negro servant of Col. Stephen Evans of Dover, is on record on page 174, Vol. I, of Dover Historical Collections. The whole story of Captain Hunking was very interesting.

Mr. Scales gave an extended account of how Major Samuel Hale of Portsmouth bought 720 acres of land, in one tract, and gave it to his three sons, Samuel, Thomas Wright and William Hale. Each

where the lumber was abundant all around them. The Hale Brothers were mighty men and the story Mr. Scales told was very interesting.

Mr. Scales spoke of the men who were conspicuous in the Indian wars; also of those who have a brave record in the Revolution; also those in the War of 1812. Of those in the Civil War he gave several very fine sketches. Among the number was Col. John W. Kingman, Col. Daniel Hall, Col.



THE CATE GARRISON HOUSE

son had a third. That purchase was made near the close of the Revolution, and the sons came up there about 1780. Samuel and William had a store, where the Judge Hale house now is, which now bears the ridiculous name of Norumbega. The account books that they kept are now extant. Mr. Scales gave extracts from the pages, showing what was bought and sold. One of the never-failing articles was rum, usually bought in pint quantities. The Hale Brothers also became largely engaged in ship-building, having a ship-yard right there on the farm,

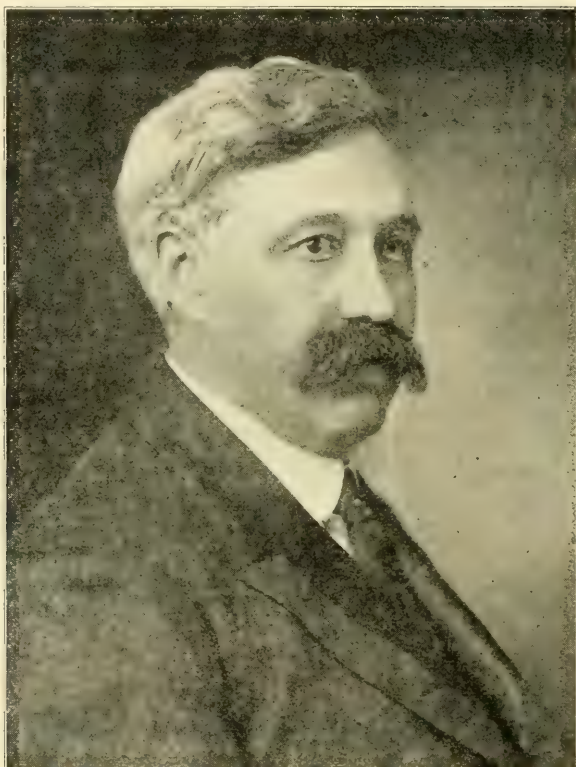
Andrew H. Young, Captain Lewis H. Buzzell. He spoke of Barrington's great scholars and college men, of whom the town has a fine record. One of these was Professor Sylvester Waterhouse, who for forty years was Professor of Greek in Washington University, St. Louis, Missouri. Probably there was no instructor in any college or university who was his superior in this department of learning. Mr. Scales closed with a very interesting story of the success and remarkable career of the late Frank Jones of Portsmouth, who was the only millionaire that Barrington

ever gave birth to. The story was amusing as well as interesting.

Following a very well-rendered duet by Mrs. Caverly and Miss Graham of Strafford, there were several short addresses given by Ex-Gov. Samuel D. Felker and prominent sons of Barrington. By a curious coincidence all of the

mistic view of rural New England, particularly emphasising what wonderful advantages came to the farmer by way of modern invention.

Mr. Austin H. Decatur, of the firm of Decatur and Hopkins of Boston, after a bit of reminiscing concerning his boyhood spent in Barrington, spoke of the great



HON. SAMUEL D. FELKER

speakers except A. L. Felker were former pupils of Mr. Scales, the previous speaker, when he was principal of the old Franklin Academy in Dover.

Ex-Governor Felker in his remarks of introduction spoke of Barrington as being the native town of his parents and of the events of his boyhood that occurred in Barrington. He then gave a very opti-

stimates that business had taken during recent years. He emphasized the necessity of better education in rural districts, the value of community spirit and co-operation. He spoke very highly of the Community House project and urged that it be carried out, pledging his continued support.

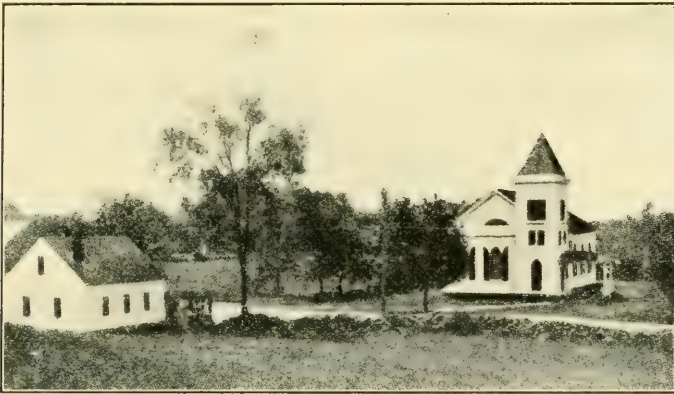
Ex-Mayor Frank B. Preston of Rochester laid before his audience

an eloquent delineation of conditions which were a distinct menace to the country. He referred to conditions attending the fall of great empires of history, and compared those conditions with conditions in America today.

The State Commissioner of Agriculture, Andrew L. Felker, decried the depopulation and decline of rural New Hampshire in favor of the industrial centers. He branded this policy as short-sighted and unwise. He expressed the desire that he might some day see the farmer and all agricultural pur-

speeches, selections were rendered by Mrs. Caverly and Miss Graham. Also the Scotch song sung by Master Robert Caverly in costume was enthusiastically received.

In announcing the ball game which followed the exercise, Mr. George S. Ham of Durham exhibited the Old Garrison Bat which was won by the Old Garrison Nine, when Barrington was county champion, in 1868. He mentioned those who played on the old nine and recounted many of the anecdotes concerning them. Mr. Ham expressed the wish that the Barrington nine might win



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, EAST BARRINGTON

suits flourish as they did formerly. He praised the "old red school-house" and spoke of the great men who were products of these institutions.

Professor Frank W. Preston of New Hampton spoke of the value of the practical side of education. He made particular mention of the old "Rough and Ready Debating Society" which so many years flourished at Pond Hill. He noted that four of the men on the platform with him were attendants of that old society. He recited a poem which he had composed many years before.

During the interval between

that day. Mr. A. B. Locke was the only member of the old nine present at the exercises.

The ball game at 3:30 p. m. was at Oak Hill Field between Barrington and Strafford. From the beginning it proved to be a pitchers' battle between Fisher of Barrington and Miller of Strafford. Fisher had the edge on Miller, striking out twenty-two of the batsmen facing him. His team, however, failed to bat and field properly, so Barrington lost by the score of 5-3. It was hotly contested throughout and much enjoyed by a particularly noisy group of rooters.

The anniversary ball, in the evening, was scheduled for Calef's Hall,

but the hall proved inadequate, so dancing on the lawns was enjoyed until a late hour.

It is estimated that upwards to two thousand people were in town all day Tuesday, and to a person they agreed that they had had an excellent time.

The following poem was written by Herbert D. Caverly, Clerk of the Roger Williams Baptist Church of Providence, Rhode Island, in commemoration of the occasion.

Oh! Barrington, fair Barrington,
I am thinking of you today.
'Twas among your hills and rocky rills
That I was wont to play.

Two hundred years have passed away
Since your fair name you bore,

But the name is just as dear to me
As any gone before.

The honored ones who founded you,
And here viewed the sunset sky,
Have now gone to their reward
Where sunsets never die.

They braved the hardships and the
storms,
Till their hair was silvery gray,
And for the heroic deeds of yore
We honor them today.

There's history still for you to make,
Ye sons of noble sire.
So keep the Barrington standard high
And ever send it higher.

JUST DREAMING

By Frederick W. Fowler.

Just dreaming of moonlight and you,
Of a song sweet and low stealing through,
Of waters of calm, and the wonderful charm
Of a dear boyhood day that I knew.

Just dreaming of woodland and dell,
Emblazoned by youth's magic spell,
Of meadow and hill, and the cool shaded rill
Of a land that I once knew so well.

Just dreaming of air-castles fair,
With a world of romance in the air,
Of power and fame, and a world honored name.
Of wealth and of freedom from care.

Just dreaming of servants at call,
Of success and enjoyment to pall,
Of great things to be that were coming to me—
Dreaming, just dreaming, that's all.

THE PROCESSION OF DISCONTENT

By Wilam M. Stuart

"He didn't want to go, 'n' that's all there's to it. If he wanted to go, he'd go, wouldn't he?"

William Channing Lawrence spoke not as one having authority, but as one having a grouch. Nor was his caustic remark addressed to anyone in particular. As Miss Fleming would have said, he was solitary and alone—if we expect the presence of one Pete, a dog of no particular race, color or previous condition of aptitude.

It was the twelfth anniversary of William's birth and in honor of the day he had been relieved from the customary labor about the farm. But he had hoped for more—a great deal more. At the county-seat, ten miles distant, a circus was scheduled to function on this beautiful spring day and he had futilely thought to beguile his father into taking him there.

"Nothing doing, Willie," Lawrence, Sr., had said. "I'm too infernal busy to waste a whole day looking at clowns and monkeys. But I'll make you an offer. If you'll walk the straight and narrow path for the entire forenoon and stick around without hearing distance so's to help me if I need you, I'll fix it up with Brown's folks so you can go with them to the circus in the afternoon. They're going to drive the car. You won't be able to hear the calliope nor see the parade, but you'll be in at the big show."

"I'll walk that path all right, Dad. Leave it to me. Where is it? And can I take Pete with me?"

"You and Pete are a bad combination to walk any path except the one that leads to destruction. What I meant was, you must cut out all your usual stunts—behave yourself all the forenoon, if you want

to go to the circus in the afternoon."

"Oh!" breathed Willie with relief, "that's easy. Don't I always behave, Dad?"

Lawrence coughed behind his hand. "Well, holidays—too much liberty—sometimes have a bad effect on you," he answered. "You want to watch your step. Mind—no tricks or funny stunts. The penaty is—stay at home."

Although the lure of the calliope and the red-coated bandmen was strong, Willie reflected, in substance if not in the exact words, that "half a loaf is better than no bread," and accordingly tried to resign himself to the hard fate of a forenoon of inactivity.

Hence it came to pass that the joy of the lad was not unmixed with sorrow and regret as he strolled about the paternal acres seeking the wherewithal to amuse himself until such time as neighbor Brown should fare forth with his noisy four-cylindereed conveyance.

But where is the red-blooded boy of twelve who would fail to respond to the call of out-of-doors and the satisfying sense of sweet liberty? Therefore, into a face where intelligence and freckles were mingled, there gradually came a look of quasi-content.

As he passed the granary on his way to nowhere in particular, his eyes were attracted by a beautiful red window-casing that had recently been placed in the building. He was strangely fascinated by it and an irresistible urge moved him to hit it with a stone. There was no special reason why he should hit it—other than its proximity to the window. But this fact

added the zest of hazard that his soul craved. He had no desire to break the window, but thoughts of the probable attitude of his fond parent in case he unfortunately did so gave to it the lure of adventure. He felt that he must hit that casing.

Searching out a nice pebble, he drew back his arm. A thrill probably akin to that experienced by William Tell on a certain legendary occasion coursed up his spine. He fairly tingled with excitement.

The stone rebounded from the building one foot from the right of the window.

"I kin do better'n that, can't I, Pete, old stockin'?" observed Willie anxiously as he reached for more ammunition.

All further hazy plans for the forenoon's entertainment were now subordinated to the absolute necessity of hitting that casing as soon as possible. He knew the could hit it. He must.

Pete wagged the remnant of a once glorious tail and beamed with all the sympathy that a single good eye could convey. His moist, excited panting lent strength to his companion's arm.

The next stone did not rebound from the side of the building.

It crashed through the window.

A startled shout resounded from the depths of the structure and the cause of the boy's earthly pilgrimage emerged, his face flushed with passion.

"Willie!" he bellowed, "did you throw that stone?"

"Yes," replied the lad fearfully and George Washingtonally.

"At your old tricks again, eh? Don't you remember what I told you? Well, just for that you will take thirty cents out of your bank to pay for the window. It's too bad you can't have a holiday without trying to tear everything up by the roots. I'd tan your hide

if it wasn't your birthday. Now go and feed the brindle calf. Maybe a little work'll be good for your mind."

A trifle subdued, Willie filled with whey the new shiny tin bucket—purchased the day before—and slowly approached the habitat of the brindle critter aforesaid.

His calfship snorted loudly at the advance of boy and dog, batted a couple of times, jumped into the air and half strangled himself with the restraining rope in his frantic efforts to indicate his joy beseemingly according to the calfish code.

Placing the bucket before the enthusiastic quadruped, Willie watched him plunge his head in and audibly quaff the nourishing fluid. The animal stamped his feet with bliss, blowed like a porpoise and bunted the vessel. The bail lay against his head in juxtaposition to one of his incipient horns.

The boy was curious to know what would happen if the bail were slipped over the horn.

He accordingly slipped the bail over the horn.

The calf, in order to breathe, soon attempted to withdraw his head for an instant from the bucket. That handy utensil followed even where the calf's head did lead. It stuck closer than a brother.

Instantly the erstwhile confident calf became demoralized with fear. His morale vanished. He emitted a terrified snort, flourished his tail, humped his back and charged blindly across the stable. The rope parted under the strain and he struck the wall like a shell from a French 75. The new bucket crumpled into an unrecognizable mass of tin.

But a sudden presence intervened. The father stood beside the son.

"What is the trouble?" he asked

in other than honeyed tones.

"The calf got the bail over his horn and it scairt him," answered Willie truthfully.

"Willie, didn't you put the bail over his horn on purpose?"

"Yes."

"Fifty cents more out of your bank to pay for the pail," thundered the elder Lawrence. "It's mighty queer you can't have a little liberty without abusing it. Just one more sculip and instead of spending the afternoon at the circus, you'll spend it sprouting potatoes in the cellar. Now come and help me tag the sheep."

"If we'd a gone to the cirkiss when we ought to, all this trouble wouldn't of happened," grumbled the disconsolate lad as he reluctantly followed his angry parent.

With abbreviated tail drooping in sympathy with his masters's mood, the ubiquitous Pete acted as rear guard to the procession of discontent which wended its way toward the sheep-fold.

"Your job is to catch the sheep in that pen and lead them to me as I need 'em," the father announced. "See that you hold 'em fast and don't let any get away. I don't feel like chasing sheep all over the farm."

The first sheep was promptly caught and thrown to the ground. The farmer bent over her, sheep-shears in hand and hat on the ground. His bald head glistened with perspiration. It was very hot.

A consuming curiosity to know just what the sultan of the flock in an adjoining pen would do, if released, swept over Willie. He felt that he must know. But thoughts of his rapid devolution from the heights of liberty to the depths of servitude gave him pause and somewhat cooled his ardor. The threat of the potato-bin was not pleasant, either. Then curiosity got the upper hand again. At all hazards it

must be satisfied--come what might.

He glanced at his father. That person was absorbed with his task. Willie opened the gate of the sultan's pen and the doughty animal stalked majestically forth.

For a time the lord of the flock considered the crouching attitude of Mr. Lawrence in silence. He seemed to commune with himself. Was this posture a challenge to combat? Apparently it was even so, for the man's head was thrust out belligerently and it glistened in the sunlight.

The spirit of the ram was troubled within him. Yea, as he considered, he waxed exceeding wrath. His lower lip began to twitch, he shook his head, baaed softly, stamped his feet and backed up as far as the limits of the barnyard would permit.

Then before the excited eyes of William Channing Lawrence the sheep launched himself full upon the poll of the reverend parent.

Confusion, worse confounded, reigned for a space.

A life replete with battles lost had tended to render Pete a pacifist. But now the din of conflict caused his old time spirit to flame. With fine abandon he hurled himself into the fray and was speedily engulfed in the vortex of man and beast.

Then to the fascinated eyes of Willie there appeared in rapid succession the pugnacious head of the ram, the determined face of the faithful dog and the bald head of the father. Over the swirling mass a cloud of dust mercifully settled and, though he was fain to tell how the battle fared, he could not. Torn by conflicting emotions, he could but wait and hope for the best.

There came a sudden gleam of polished steel. The warlike sultan, smitten amidship by the sheep-shears wielded by a muscular arm,

emitted a grunt of pain and detached himself from the hurly-burly.

The tumult and the shouting died, while the farmer arose from the ruck with a changed countenance.

"Will-yum," he cried in accents wild, "is my head all stove in?"

Then before the son could answer, the light of battle entered the father's eyes. He seized a club and advanced upon the sultan who had made a strategic retreat into a corner of the barnyard fence and was there waging a rear-guard action with the now thoroughly bellicose Pete. Into this carnage the farmer sprang and there proceeded to instil respect for the human species into the troubled mind of the sheep.

After this task had been suitably accomplished, Willie heard the voice of his father ask in tones wherein suspicion lurked:

"Will-yum, how did he get out?"

But William Channing Lawrence had passed around the corner of the barn. He had no curiosity to ascertain what would ensue if he remained. He knew. And, besides, he was struggling with duty and desire.

On the one hand he could hear the voice of Duty calling in clarion tones from the potato-bin; on the other was the lure of Clark's woods, where in a little brook many hungry trout lay in wait. He felt in his pocket. Yes, the line was there. Although Paradise, disguised in the habiliment of a circus, had been irretrievably lost, sanctuary from the wrath to come abode temporarily in the sylvan shades.

His hesitation was brief. Whistling to Pete, he vaulted lightly over the fence and ran across the meadow toward the mass of bright green foliage that swayed gently before the breath of the pleasant May zephyrs.

EXTINCTUS AMABITUR IDEM

By Helen Adams Parker

He leaned upon his stick, and he tottered when he walked,
And his words came slow and falteringly—the little that he
he talked—

And when he died the minister hadn't much to say,
And the neighbors filed out of the church the same old way.

But one of them who'd loved him, and was glad he'd gone
to rest,
For he knew how bare his life was—just a feeble spark at
best—

Crossed over to the empty house with nothing there for
looks,
And saw ranged on an old brown desk, his little line of
books.

He took a Latin Horace, all thumb-marked, worn, and thin,
And opening, read with filling eyes, a passage marked
within:

Extinctus amabitur idem—and written down below—

Though dead he shall be loved the same,—his words, a
trembling row.

INDIAN SUMMER

By Laura Garland Carr

In November Mother Nature
Has her babies safe in bed—
Well packed and softly covered in
Beneath her leafy spread.

She knows they will be snug and warm—
No need to vigil keep—
What harm can find a way to them
When winter's snows are deep?

And so she turns to leave them—
Smiling backward all the while;
And this is Indian summer—
Nature's tender goodbye smile.

LATE NOVEMBER

By George Quinter

The oak shakes off a leaf or two
And settles itself for the winter;
It is eager for the snow blanket
About its roots
And for the north wind,
That kindles a weird melody
Against its widespread branches.

There are footprints in the mud
Where November rain has beat;
A bear has been this way,
Seeking a den....

The hill beyond the gray wood
Is still a rusty green....

SEPARATION

By Helene Mullins

These fields,
The tall, dark trees,
And restless streams
Are poignant thoughts
Of you
That gnaw
Ceaselessly
At my heart,
And.. bit by bit..
Crumble it
Away.

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

Another school year has begun. Both of our normal schools are overcrowded, with prospective teachers unable to find housing in dormitories and forced to get less out of their course because floating on the edge of the current of school life, rather than in the full stream. Requests for money to build new dormitories at Plymouth and Keene are likely to come before the next General Court.

Our institutions of collegiate rank are victims of the same overcrowding. New Hampshire College, grown in plant and efficiency to proportions of which we may be proud, has over 1,000 students, more than she can care for to the best advantage. Dartmouth, after two or three decades of tremendous expansion, finds herself in a condition requiring the taking of stock.

At the opening of the Dartmouth year, President Hopkins startled the student body (and the country as well) by this statement:

"Too many men are going to college. The opportunities for securing an education by way of the college course are definitely a privilege and not at all a universal right. The funds available for appropriation to the uses of institutions of higher learning are not limitless and can not be made so, whether their origin be sought in the resources of public taxation or in the securable benefactions for the enhancing of private endowments.

"It consequently becomes essential that a working theory be sought that will co-operate with some degree of accuracy to define individuals who shall make up the group to whom, in justice to the public good, the privilege shall be extended, and to specify those from whom the privilege should be withheld.

"This is a two-fold necessity, on the one hand, that men incapable of profiting by the advantages which the college offers, or

indisposed, shall not be withdrawn from useful work to spend their time profitlessly, in idleness acquiring false standards of living, and on the other hand that the contribution which the college is capable of making to the lives of competent men and through them to society shall not be too largely lessened by the slackening of pace due to the presence of men indifferent or wanting in capacity."

In the nation-wide discussion that followed Dr. Hopkins' revolutionary statement, there was approval as well as disapproval. Some educators deny that there are too many college men, yet there are many close observers who agree that in our colleges there are a surprisingly large percentage of those who cannot, or will not, profit by an attempt to master the education provided by such institutions. The shrewdest critics of Dr. Hopkins point out the fact that, granting his premise, some test must be found satisfactorily to determine those eligible to the "aristocracy of brains" to which he would restrict the privileges of our costly higher education.

Some of the undergraduate comment upon the situation has so much common sense as to deserve mention. It is to the effect that no college should admit more students than may be given the full advantages of life in dormitories, commons and chapel, and no more than, with the existing plant, may be given instruction in groups small enough to get the maximum individual benefit with the minimum of the defects of mass education.

The Town of Dublin celebrated on October 12, the hundredth anniversary of its library, said to be the oldest public library in the United States. Prior to 1822, there existed in many town libraries owned by private societies, but not open

free to the public. Dublin had two such, each with a few hundred volumes—one owned by a society of men, the other by a society of women. The fact that gives Dublin distinction is that in 1822 the two libraries were united as one, augmented, and made available to all of the citizens of the community. The united library was at first known as the Dublin Juvenile Library, and was intended primarily to encourage the education of children. The leading spirit in the movement was the Reverend Levi W. Leonard, who became the first volunteer librarian. Dublin and the state do well to mark this anniversary year. It is worth notice that the adjoining town of Peterborough in 1833 organized the first free public library to be maintained by taxation.

It is an encouraging sign that the people of New Hampshire are each year doing more to make the outdoor attractions of our state more available. Last month State Forester Foster told in this magazine about the new Willey House Cabins which will do much to encourage enjoyment of the grandeur of the Crawford Notch. The Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, besides opening up the Lost River to many thousands of visitors annually, has co-operated with the state in making public reserves in various beauty spots, notably the tops of Monadnock, Sunapee and Kearsarge.

Within a few weeks the state has received from Mr. Joel H. Poole, in memory of his son Arthur, the gift of a strip of land for road purposes which will make the Monadnock reservation more accessible. During Old Home Week the Tory Hill Woman's Club started an enterprise to repair the old road on the Warner side of Kearsarge. Everybody took hold with a will. Some gave money, some contributed labor,

others lent horses, teams, transportation, tools. A road-making bee was held. The result is an automobile road to the Halfway House, which will doubtless next year be continued to the "Garden," where the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests has located a log cabin. One ambitious automobile reached that spot this fall.

The year has also seen a beginning of the work on the projected trail to connect Monadnock and Sunapee Mountains by way of the state forest acquired in Washington last year. The trail will within a few years be an actuality, and may then be continued to Kearsarge, whence its next objectives should be Ragged and the state forest on Cardigan. Not many years hence the Granite State may by trail thus lure the trampler from the Massachusetts line and connect him by the White Mountain trails with the rugged north-land of New Hampshire, thence across to join the splendid Green Mountain trail of Vermont.

Politics in New Hampshire shows signs of off-year anaemia. It seems impossible for the average voter to acquire enthusiasm about home problems, even when there is to be elected a legislature which will have to deal with rather unusual questions of taxation and budget. Both political parties, at their late September elections, adopted platforms setting forth at length their claims to the voter's confidence and their aims for the future. The Republicans cite the record of Governor Brown's administration in keeping every state department and institution within its appropriation, in carrying the new Portsmouth bridge to its present stage without issuing the bonds provided for that purpose, and in reducing the state debt by more than a million dollars.

The main line of cleavage between the parties is upon the forty-eight hour question. The Democrats declare unequivocally for the immediate enactment of a law making forty-eight hours the maximum working-week for women and children. The Republicans concede the ideality of such a law, but raise the question of its practical bearing upon local industries competing with those in which a longer week obtains in other states. They favor a national forty-eight hour law, and advocate a special legislative committee to investigate and report; during the next session of our General Court, the facts which bear upon the advisability of New Hampshire enacting a similar State law.

Both parties are making special efforts to reach and organize the new women voters. If there be any apathy among the freshly enfranchised, it will not be due to lack of encouragement. The non-partisan League of Woman Voters is working throughout the state to arouse interest and intelligence in the exercise of the franchise. The most outstanding example of their activities was a recent school of citizenship in Keene.

An interesting by-product of a sluggish campaign was the situation resulting from the defeat of Fred A. Jones by John W. Barker for the Republican nomination in the fifth senatorial district. Soon after the primary, doubt was expressed as to the eligibility of Mr. Barker to serve. The constitution of New Hampshire provides that no person shall be a senator unless he has for seven years next before his election been an inhabitant of the district.

Mr. Barker, a native of England, had been actually resident in Lebanon for more than seven years, but had completed his naturalization only two years ago. The question of

eligibility turned upon the interpretation of the word "inhabitant." Should it be defined as "resident" or "citizen"?

The Republican State Committee discussed the problem. At first the friends of Mr. Jones were inclined to press the question, but, it appearing that Mr. Barker did not doubt his eligibility and Mr. Jones having declined to make it a personal matter, the committee decided to do nothing. Upon this an individual voter in the district petitioned the Ballot Commissioners to keep the name of Mr. Barker from the ballot.

It was late October before a hearing was had and a decision reached. The Commissioners, Attorney General Oscar L. Young and Harry F. Lake, Esq., (the third member of the board, Harry J. Brown, Esq., not sitting because of illness), decided adversely to Mr. Barker.

The question was immediately taken to the Supreme Court upon a writ of certiorari. There was a hearing on October 30, and an opinion was handed down on the following day declaring Mr. Barker ineligible. Immediately upon the decision of the Ballot Commissioners, the Republican State Committee nominated Ora A. Brown of Ashland to fill the vacancy, and as a result of the Supreme Court decision his name will go before the voters of the fifth district on November 7.

The strike situation, as it affects New Hampshire is still far from clarified. Coal is being mined, but not much is yet available; so that good old-fashioned wood-smoke is seen ascending from the majority of the chimney-spouts. As the weather grows colder the pinch will become felt.

The railroad strike is not settled in New Hampshire, whatever be the situation elsewhere. The Concord engine-house and shops being the largest in the state, the capital city

has felt the effects of this strike more than any other place. Practically every Concord shopman left his work on July 1. The few who remained were generally guarded to and from the shops. Strike-breakers began to come in within a few days. As they were principally, if not wholly, housed within the railroad enclosure, there was comparatively little occasion for trouble on the streets.

Of such trouble there was, however, a little—two or three assaults in the early days. A night raid at the shops, by parties as yet unapprehended, resulted in some of the strike-breakers being driven out of town.

As a result of conferences with the Mayor of Concord, Governor Brown called out two companies of the National Guard. Whether or not they were needed, has been the subject of keen controversy. Whether the City of Concord should pay for the troops, has also given rise to contention. Up to date the city has paid tens of thousands of dollars. The troops were withdrawn late in October, after the Chamber of Commerce had urged that they were no longer necessary.

Meanwhile the same sort of talk has been going on in Concord as in other railroad centers during the strike. On the one side the railroads have claimed everything was normal. On the other the strikers have claimed impairment of rolling-stock to the point of danger to the lives of trainmen and travelers. They have published lists of late trains. They have criticized the waste of railroad money in housing, feeding, bedding and entertaining the "scabs," besides paying them overtime.

The "scabs" meanwhile have been sifted and settled, and, with the few who stuck and the few strikers who have returned, are represented by the railroad as a permanent force, whom they have allowed to organize in an independent association for the purpose of making agreements.

A peculiar situation exists here, as elsewhere; it is believed that the shop work is being done in part by men who struck on other lines and are "scabbing" here. Another interesting thing is the claim of certain artisans that their business has been seriously damaged by the the striking shopmen underbidding for work on mechanical jobs. The merchants find the strikers naturally with less than normal ability to buy, and the strike-breakers within the railroad enclosure do not find normal opportunity to spend their wages. Moreover, if the strikers are not to go back to work, the community will face the necessity of a general shaking-down—some jobless men moving out and leaving unpaid bills, new men taking their places with inevitable experimenting with credits, the sale of homesteads (perhaps at loss), the problem of housing the new-comers, the general difficulties of assimilating in bulk and immediately several hundred new families.

With these problems in mind, it is understood that some Concord business men are trying to bring the strikers and the railroad into some sort of agreement. What may be accomplished, with one group bound to win and the other confident of victory, is among the unknowable things. The situation is regarded by many people as sufficient proof, from the standpoint of community interest, of the public damage done by industrial warfare.

The textile strike goes on in New Hampshire, except at some points, as it has since last winter. Because of the longer duration of the trouble, the community losses have been more keenly felt than in the railroad contest. Due to the overshadowing size of the Amoskeag Mills, the textile strike has rather centered in Manchester. Long ago the strike, which began because the mills required a cut in wages, with the 54-hour week, became a deadlock. While the work-

ers might possibly have accepted the wage-cut with a 48-hour week, they have steadily refused to go back to a 54-hour week even with a proffered return to the old wage. The mill managers have been adamant. Various futile attempts have been made on the part of the public to accommodate the parties. The last was an abject failure. A committee under city auspices invited the two sides to send representatives to meet each other. Both agreed, but October 17, the day fixed for the meeting, the strikers' delegates declined to attend the meeting because strike-breakers were among the company's delegates. Bishop Guertin, as we go to press, is exerting his influence to get a resumption of work on the basis of 51 hours a week at the old wage until February 1, before which a permanent arrangement would be hoped for. At Somersworth agreement has been reached on a 51 1-2 hour week.

Later advices are that the Amoskeag employees accepted Bishop Guertin's proposition, but the corporation declared itself unable to adopt

the shorter work-week in view of southern Competition on the 55-and-60-hour basis.

Thus the war goes on. Both sides lose money; the community suffers; and the community has small information as to the validity of the claims and counterclaims made by the contestants in the hope of winning popular support, which in the end is recognized as a pretty valuable asset to either side.

Representatives of fourteen Chambers of Commerce and Boards of Trade met at Tilton on October 18, and took steps toward the organization of a State Chamber of Commerce. One of the principal objects of the organization will be to cooperate with the New Hampshire Publicity Commission in raising \$100,000 to advertise New Hampshire. The new organization will also take up the study of traffic on the highways in the hope of working out some sensible and consistent method of handling traffic throughout the State.

SONNET

By Louise P. Guyol

I am a lover of the commonplace,
 The calm monotonous things of every day:
 The sun that sets the same red-golden way
 So many times a year; the dew-and-lace
 Of cobwebbed lawns at dawn; the silver trace
 Of the moon's high career; the flaunt and play
 In tulip-gardens each recurrent May;
 Women, and men; a child's adorable face.

I never set great store on rarity—
 However often seen, can beauty fail?
 An ordinary bluebird seems to me
 As lovely as the peacock's haughty tail.
 Not educated—well, that's no disgrace,
 It's kind to kind; I love the commonplace.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

BAREFOOT. DAYS AND SUNDOWN SONGS, by Raymond Huse. Published by the author at Concord with the Rumford Press imprint. \$1.00.

This book by a New Hampshire man, for a number of years prominent in the pulpit life of Concord, is a collection of homely and unassuming verse. The reviewer is disarmed by the opening lines of the stanzas entitled "To My Critic:"

You need not tell me, critic dear,
Because you see I know it,
I have too much preacher blood
To be your kind of poet!"

The "preacher blood" courses strongly through most of the two score poems in this collection. The very first in the little book is a bit of poetry which prettily hides a lesson.

When the sun has passed the hilltops,
And the solemn shadows creep
Slowly down the purple mountain,
Then from out the mystic deep
Of the ocean of the twilight
Notes of music float along.
Daylight is the time for action,
Sunset is the time for song.

But the reviewer must not quote; the reader should have the pleasure of discovering for himself the shrewdly simple way in which Mr. Huse clothes his thoughts. The preacher has not forgotten his barefoot days, or the ways in which boys react to life; he has touched them up with a bit of mature, but reminiscent philosophy. Clever indeed is the playing of experience against adolescence in "When a Youth First Takes to Rhyming."

This little volume betrays the author as an appreciative lover of Nature in her every-day moods, which are interpreted in simple and homely, but apt, phrase. In one verse he speaks of Riley as having

"heard the notes
That rise from common sod."

It is these very notes that Mr. Huse evokes.

INDIAN LEGENDS IN VERSE, by William C. T. Adams, Superintendent of Schools at Keene and formerly Professor of Education at the Plymouth Normal School.

Dr. Adams has put into metrical form about twenty Indian legends, including such of special local appeal as those of Pemigewasset, Passaconaway, Chocorua and Monadnock. For most of them he has adopted the form of verse used in "Hiawatha." Prefixed to most of the verse are prose treatments of the same legends. There is an introduction upon Indian characteristics and customs. The book is aimed to reach the child when he is at the mental age of the mature savage, when, in fact, the child, is at the primitive stage of development. There are illustrations by Beatrice B. Adams and the book is from the press of the W. B. Ranney Company of Concord.

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN HISTORY AND STORY FOR CHILDREN, by Grace Edith Kingsland, Secretary, New Hampshire Public Library Commission.

Children's Book Week, which comes annually in November, is designed to interest parents and friends in making better and more books (with the emphasis on "better") easily accessible to children. This may be done both by building up the child's own library by gifts on Christmas, birthdays, and other special days, and by seeing that the local public library is well supplied with books suitable for juvenile patrons.

A magazine devoted to the state may well consider at this season what books dealing with New Hampshire in a manner likely to appeal to young

people are available. Unfortunately, these are few in number and often slight in content. Some are among the forgotten books of a previous generation, such as "A Book for New Hampshire Children, in Familiar Letters from a Father," published anonymously by Richard Grant of Exeter in 1823, later attributed to Hosea Hildreth who was for some time professor of mathematics at Phillips Exeter Academy. One paragraph runs: "Nothing indeed can be more gloomy than the State Prison. If you were to go into it, to see how it looks, it would make you shudder. There are now about fifty wicked persons in it; but I do hope that no New Hampshire child that reads this letter will ever behave so bad as to be locked up in that dreadful place."

At this time Peterborough was famous because "there are more manufactories than in any other town in the state." He also says, "We have in New Hampshire a great many saw-mills and corn-mills (commonly called grist-mills), a considerable number of manufactories for making cotton cloth and woolen cloth, and a few for making nails. We have ten, or twelve Banks, where money is kept to let out to people that wish to hire money. All New Hampshire people are generally pretty good to work, though there are some in every town that are lazy and idle, and spend their time a dram-shops (commonly called "grog-shops"). But these are considered very naughty people. Their poor little children often go ragged, and sometimes have no bread to eat."

These extracts will show that this book will appeal only to adults curious about manners and customs of early days and to the exceptional child. There is great need for a similar current book about our history and industries for use in schools. At the eleventh hour request of the editor of this magazine, I have compiled very hastily a few titles available in many libraries as well as in the State

Library, although some of them are no longer in print. It does not pretend to be a complete list and doubtless many a reader will miss his childhood favorite and exclaim, "How could she overlook that!" Such readers can help to make a more valuable future list by sending these titles to the writer. Stories with scenes laid in the state have not been included unless they had some historical or descriptive value.

ABBOTT, JACOB. Franconia stories. 10v.

Quaint stories of child life on a farm in the Franconia region in 1820. Still liked by children in spite of their avowed purpose to "develop the moral sentiments in the human heart in early youth."

ADAMS, WILLIAM C. T. Indian Legends in verse. c1922.

Several of the poems are founded on our Indian legends. See review elsewhere.

ALDRICH, THOMAS BAILEY. Story of a Bad Boy. c1870.

Based on the boyhood life of the author in Portsmouth. "Tom" and his friends are natural fun-loving boys. Equally popular with children and adults, it is a book that will never grow old.

BREWSTER, EDITH G. Some three hundred years ago. c1922.

Pictures "what children who lived on our shores when forests were cleared for home-making. . . . might have done in the midst of the true and thrilling happenings" of history Stories center around Portsmouth and neighboring towns. Author is a resident of Portsmouth.

BROWN, GEORGE WALDO. Hero of the hills; a tale of the Captive Ground, St. Francis, and life in the northern wilderness in the days of the pioneers. c1901.

Life in New Hampshire just before

the Revolution. John Stark and other real characters appear throughout its pages. Author claims to have kept as near actual facts as does the average historian. The scene of his *Woodranger* is also in New Hampshire at a slightly earlier period.

COFFIN, CHARLES CARLETON. Old times in the colonies. c1880.

Readable history of colonial times for children in the upper grades. Has three chapters on the settlement of New Hampshire and several pages about John Stark. Author was born in Boscawen in 1823.

CRAM, WILLIAM EVERETT. Little beasts of field and wood. c1899.

****.— More little beasts of field and wood. 1912.

Delightful books about wild creatures for children of ten years and upward. Observations were made in and around the author's native region, South Hampton.

DUDLEY, ALBERTUS TRUE. Following the ball. c1903.

Scene of this book, as well as of the three other titles in the series, is laid at Phillips Exeter Academy, where the author was formerly a teacher.

FASSETT, JAMES H. Colonial life in New Hampshire. c1899.

The only history of early New Hampshire for children.

HARRIS, AMANDA B. Old time school days. c1886.

While written for adults, children of to-day will enjoy learning how very different the rural schools of the early 19th century were from those they attend. The author, a native of Warner, drew on her memory for this account of school houses, games, and pupils of former days.

JOHNSON, CLIFTON. New England; a human interest reader. 1917.

The history, industries, and nat-

ural beauties of the New England states, as well as anecdotes and brief biographies of their famous men and women, are given in a lively style. For children of 11 years and over.

ROBINSON, MRS. ANNA DOUGLAS GREEN. In the poverty year; a story of life in New Hampshire in 1816. c1901.

The true story of a year in which drouth and frost brought much suffering, woven around 12-year old Philomena and her kindly neighbors.

ROBINSON, MRS. ANNA DOUGLAS GREEN. Peter and Polly. c1876.

The 13-year old twins in the autumn of 1775 went from Massachusetts to stay with relatives in a "thrifty New Hampshire town" while their father fought for freedom. Good picture of home life, bringing in what the revolutionary war meant to our forefathers and their families.

ROLLINS, FRANK WEST. Ring in the cliff. c1888.

Scene of this story by a former governor is laid in Portsmouth and vicinity. The boy hero builds a boat in which he goes fishing at the Isles of Shoals and incidentally discovers buried treasures on Star Island.

SMITH, MRS. MARY PRUDENCE WELLS. Four on a farm. 1901.

Four New York children pass a jolly summer on a New Hampshire farm. For children of 10-12 years.

----- Their canoe trip. c1889.

The trip made by two boys began at a lake in Franconia and continued down the Piscataquog and Merrimack Rivers on to Boston by the numerous inland rivers in Massachusetts.

EDITORIAL

Last July, Mrs. Edith Bird Bass of Peterborough unexpectedly found herself the owner of THE GRANITE MONTHLY. Mr. Pearson, the former owner, had stipulated that he should relinquish the conduct of the magazine with the September issue. Not feeling able, on account of prior duties, to assume active editorial and business charge of the magazine immediately, Mrs. Bass prevailed upon the writer to act as editor until January, 1923. Although Mrs. Bass has, by personal letter to the patrons of the magazine, made known these facts, it may be fitting for the acting editor to make some announcement in the magazine itself.

In the last two months the writer has been impressed anew with the fact that THE GRANITE MONTHLY, in spite of its moderate circulation, has a firm hold upon its readers and contributors. This is fortunate, because the undertaking is not, in the nature of things, one which can be financially profitable, but must be viewed as a sort of co-operative undertaking in which many join for the maintenance of a magazine devoted to the past, present and future of New Hampshire.

The subscribers and advertisers

are playing an indispensable part by furnishing the funds with which to pay the printer, the engraver and the postmaster. Quite as important a role is that of the contributors, from whom comes voluntarily a stream of history, essay, fiction and verse for which no editor can fail to be thankful.

Mrs. Bass intends to maintain the general policy of the magazine and has in mind a number of features which cannot fail to interest our readers. These will be announced from time to time.

In spite of the fact that the field of the magazine is limited, there is practically no limit to the attractiveness which it can attain in both material and dress, provided only that the circulation can be so widened as to furnish the necessary funds to pay the increased production costs. Plans are already forming with a view to enlarging the circulation. This is a matter in which every reader of the magazine may be of assistance. Can you not carry your present co-operation a step further and, by suggestions to your friends and to us, help us to enlarge the public which we reach and thereby enhance the value of the magazine?

ELWIN L. PAGE.

SUBSTITUTE

By Helene Mullins

I left the gates of my heart open
For Love to enter,
But lo! a mountebank has strayed
Within its portals,
And I cannot drive him out.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

CHARLES C. BUFFUM

Charles C. Buffum, Register of Deeds for Cheshire County, died of heart failure while driving his car through the City of Cambridge, Massachusetts, on October 16.

Mr. Buffum was a native of East Dorset, Vermont, the son of Parris E. and Ann R. Buffum, and was born February 4, 1849. He was educated in the schools of East Dorset, and moved to Keene at the age of twenty-two. For some time he was employed by the Cheshire Railroad, then was for seven years assistant postmaster. In April, 1883, he assumed the office of Register of Deeds. Had he lived to the end of the present term, he would have had forty years of continuous service. He was a candidate for re-election this month.

As a Register of Deeds, Mr. Buffum was painstaking and progressive. During his administration of the office he was active in re-copying and re-indexing the records and in adopting such modern methods as would make the registry of greater value to the public.

Mr. Buffum took an active part in the life of Keene. He was a member of the Unitarian Church, its treasurer for several years and interested in its activities. He was a Mason in his fraternal affiliations. He was at one time treasurer of the Union School District of Keene and for some years a member of the Board of Education. He had also been treasurer of the Elliott Hospital. From time to time he served as Special Justice of the Keene Police Court. Formerly a director of the Keene Savings Bank, he was at the time of his death a trustee of the Cheshire County Savings Bank.

In 1873, Mr. Buffum was married to Sarah, the daughter of Warren Wilson. She survives him, as do three sons; James Caleb of Webster, Massachusetts; Robert Earle of Boston; and Charles Edward of Boston.

JOSEPH H. KILLOURHY

On October 19, there died at Laconia, as the result of an automobile accident a few days before, Major Joseph H. Killourhy of the staff of Governor Brown. Major Killourhy was one of the most popular of the younger men in central New Hampshire. He was born in Meredith about forty-five years ago, but had lived in Laconia since early boyhood. His attractive personal qualities and his activity in sports and military affairs made him a wide circle of firm friends, not only in La-

conia, but also throughout the state. He was in constant demand as referee or umpire at games, and was at one time director of the athletics at the State College.



MAJOR J. H. KILLOURHY

He was for twenty years in the engineering department of the City of Laconia, but left his work in 1917 and enlisted in the military service as a private in the Twenty-Third Engineers. He served at St. Mihiel, and after the drive was commissioned Second Lieutenant. On March 9, 1919, he was promoted to First Lieutenant. He served in the Argonne drive to the end and was in Germany with the army of occupation.

Major Killourhy was a leading spirit in organizing Frank W. Wilkins Post, No. 1, American Legion of Laconia, and was its first commander. He was recognized as one of the most powerful Legion men in the state and was junior vice-commander of the state department. Upon the recent re-organization of the National Guard, he was commissioned Captain of Battery C, 197th Artillery, Anti-Aircraft.

He was a member of Laconia Council, Knights of Columbus, of Laconia Lodge of Elks and Interlaken Grange.

There survive his widow, Mary, and seven children, Margaret, Gladys, Frances, Dorothy, Ursula, Joseph H., Jr., and Raymond

LIFE'S EVENTIDE

By Alida Cogswell True

Can it be we are nearing life's eventide?
The day has not seemed long—
The morning bright ne'er hinted of night,
So glad it was with song.

At noontide we paused by the wayside,—
Looking back o'er the winding lane—
It's sunlit path showed no aftermath
Of shadow, of sorrow or pain.

After the noon, more oft we have paused,
And find we have lost on the way
A companion—a friend—who nearing the road's end
Disappeared—leaving shadowed the day.

Now we wonder why we hastened—
Why stinted our word and song—
For now when we may, they are gone away,—
These friends for whose presence we long.

ALONE

By Marie Wilson

She walked upon the shore—
Alone!
The gray-blue sky drew near
the deeper waves;
Her figure scanted, breezed—
close. Dark hued,
She, wave and sky—
Alone!

The afternoon of day—
The afternoon of life—
Yet hours shy of close,
Yet years to fly like this—
Sky, wave and she—
Alone!



Courtesy of J. J. Lannin Company

TABLE ROCK—DIXVILLE NOTCH

THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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METALAK.

A TRUE STORY.

By Gertrude Weeks Marshall.

Through the brilliant autumn wilderness, magnificently gay in coloring,
Grand with mighty trees, but within its depths deadly lurking dangers,
Once travelled a band of Indians, small remnant of a tribe once numerous.
Their bronze and sinewy bodies swayed with the forest shadows,
Their paint and feathery ornaments blended with the forest hues;
To the cold north had they been driven by the encroaching Whites,
But were seeking new homes by the sweet waters of the Umbagog.
Long and arduous, over hills and across lakes, had been their journey,
To avoid, in the valleys, settlements of watchful, fearless pioneers
And still reach the Notch, where the mountains were cleft in twain,
Giving easy passage to the region beyond, rich in game and fish.
Metalak, once chief and bravest warrior, now with age feeble,
But in counsel wise and able, walked in the rear with aged braves,
Squaws and various Indian luggage queer, borne by the stoutest.
As they neared the basin before the Notch, surrounded by mountains high,
Where towers old Table-rock, like an altar reared by giant hands
Nigh to Heaven, Metalak, fatigued by the day's long, tiresome journey,
Stumbled and fell over a broken branch, that across the trail had fallen
In such a way that the sharp end pierced his eye, its vision destroying.
Silently he endured the agony while the squaws ran to aid him
And with primitive but skilful surgery the torturing branch removed.
Silent, while to a cooling spring they swiftly and smoothly carried him
And cleansed the wound and bound it with healing herbs known to them.
Then the tribe made night encampment and a circle of blazing fires built
Which protected from prowling beasts, and also cooked their game;
Afterward in council gathered, to decide if best by morning's light
To bear Metalak with them onward, only on the way to die,
Or tarry awhile for his death, then with loud and savage ceremony
Bury him in the shadow of Table-rock. Then said Metalak faintly:
"My people, delay not your journey for me; near are winter's frosts.
You must hasten wigwams, food and clothing to prepare by the Umbagog.
Like the tree by lightning blasted, soon will I be, stark and lifeless.
Like a wild beast, with a deadly wound, I would die alone."
So, at sunrise, with the stoicism of their race, alone in the wilderness,
They left him. All day suffering he lay by the grateful spring water.
Night came, cold and pale. Over Table-rock the silver moon rose.
Her clear light brought into relief the black vastness of the unbroken
forest.

Pityingly her beams seemed to shine upon the brave old warrior
Prostrate on the frosty ground. At last, his mind by pain disordered,
He rose, and wandered down the old trail, often in other days pursued,

Down the Mohawk Valley to the base of Mount Monadnock (Spirit Mountain),

Thence up the Connecticut. He passed, unheeded, the homes of settlers,
Until at last, starved and exhausted, against a cabin door he fell,
The settler's wife, just lighting candles in the early autumn twilight,
Heard the noise at the door; there she found the poor old Indian.
In her strong young arms she carried him to the settle by the fire,
And of broth and liquor made him drink, which, with the warmth, revived him.

There among those strange white people, once enemies, now his friends,
Metalak was nursed back to life, sightless, but new and pleasant.
Many Indian ways he taught them, life in the wilds to ease,
Indian methods of clearing land, clever snares for birds and beasts,
Sugar to obtain from maple sap, to make the useful snowshoe,
And the soft fringed moccasin, also the graceful swift canoe.
Many years he lived among them, striving their kindness to repay,
Peaceful and contented, until, gently, Manitou called him to the "Happy Hunting Ground."

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[Note: Mrs. Marshall furnishes a memorandum regarding the story of Metalak which may interest the reader unfamiliar with the local setting. The Mohawk Valley of New Hampshire extends from East Colebrook to Colebrook Village. Monadnock Mountain is across the Connecticut in Vermont. Metalak, after the accident related in the story, found his way unaided to Stewartstown, where he was found at the door of Mrs. Samuel Weeks. Later the town of Stewartstown cared for him.]

THE ALIEN

By Lilian Sue Keech

I know a lane where the sweetbrier blows,
Clinging to the old stone wall.
Where, in the spring, the violet grows,
And black birds to their sweethearts call.

The trumpet vine clings to the tree,
The dogwood wears its mantle, white.
The butterfly flits fancy free,
And weds the flowers in its flight.

I know a lane—'tis far away—
Where grows the wild sweetbrier.
And what to me are orchids gay,
Or Jacqueminot's dull fire?

I'd rather be a milkmaid, free,
My bare feet in the dew.
Than wear the gold that's driven me
Far from that lane and--you.

THE INDIAN STREAM WAR

By Mary R. P. Hatch

[Mrs. Hatch, who is a novelist and playwright now living in Massachusetts, here presents in fictional form a bit of history which she first heard from the older generation when she resided many years ago in northern New Hampshire. The tale of the Indian Stream Territory reads almost like fiction even in the historical records. Mrs. Hatch gives it the reality of the personal touch.]

Mrs. Pilsbury sat knitting in her high-backed rocker. She was in her ninety-third year, but apparently as strong as ever. She had renewed her youth, or so she said, in knitting for the soldiers, a pair for every year of her age, and now that the war was over she still knit for the poor people of the desolated French countries. "Only to think on't," she said to the Irving girls, "and I didn't use to know there was sech a place as Belgium. It's live and learn, sure enough."

Judge Irving's daughters were spending a few of the summer weeks in the country to rest from arduous days in Washington. They had been in France many months, working in canteens, and one had driven her own car for the Red Cross, while the other had helped in the hospital. Both had become engaged, one to a French officer, Count Declarine, and the other to a government official high in the confidence of the President. Having done so well for themselves and their country, they felt that a rest in the place where their father first saw light would do them good. So here they were, sitting on the back porch munching winter apples and talking to Mrs. Pilsbury. Back in the kitchen they could hear Mandy stepping briskly from pantry to kitchen, occasionally calling loudly to Ephraim who was having a brief rest from the spring planting.

"I do 'no' 'bout putting the west field into oats," he said. "I'm sort-

er studying on't, Mandy," they heard him say.

"You know better'n I do 'bout that," replied Mandy.

"What say?"

"You know a sight better'n I do what to plant and what not to plant," was Mandy's reply in a high-pitched tone.

"Pity he's so deaf," said Mrs. Pilsbury. "I can hear a sight better'n I uster, seems ef."

"Father says you break every record in keeping young", said Ethel. "It's the nicest thing in the world to live so long and to pile up experiences of four or five generations and to know all about our great grandparents."

"I've lived through five wars. Less see: there was the Mexican War, the Injun Stream War, the Civil War, the Spanish War, and this War, the last that ever was."

"What about the Indian Stream War? I never heard anything about that."

"Didn't your pa ever tell you about that? Wall, it was a real, actual war and folks was killed and all that, but I guess folks don't know much about it in a gen'ral way."

"Tell us about it, dear Mrs. Pilsbury, won't you?"

"If you never heard on't it stands me in hand to tell you. But I can't understand how it is your pa never knew about it. His fathers' uncle went to it; and so did Peter Muzzy and Eli Cole, both on em neighbors of his grandsir."

"Perhaps he knows, but I never heard him speak of it."

"Wall, it happened in the Injun Stream Country, jest on the aide of Canady, 'bout thirty miles from here. I was up there at the time sewing for old Mis Peters in the line house. 'Twas right on the line bewixt Canady and the Territory,

and so they called it the 'line house'.

"Them Peterses was a quarrelsome set, father and sons, and it was Ephraim Peters that set the fuss a goin'. Born smugglers, the whole on 'em. In 1812 old Peters used to keep a tailor's shop in the line house, and he'd buy sights of broadcloth, pretendin' to make it up into suits of close. He did, some on't, but the most on't his boys Ephraim and Henry'd carry in packs through the woods in the night to Hoskins' hut, and some men would meet 'em there with sledges or pungs and carry the goods to Portland and Boston. It was easy, you see, bein' so fur off, and next to no houses 'round there. But the smugglin' was found out, being carried on 'round the line, and Government sent up some malishy men. There was a lot of fighting betwixt 'em and a good many men was killed, first and last, for they went armed to the teeth all the time, as the sayin' is. Henry died of a wound he got.

"About this time, Amos Bounce of Canaan, Vermont, used to git permits to take cattle into Canady. He owned a saw-mill there. But after a while folks said he fetched in as many cattle as he took over, but sold 'em to the Britishers. So the custom house officers got old Lef-tenent Demmit to guard the line, so he couldn't take over no more. Wall, Bounce, he come along with a yoke of cattle and persisted in goin' over. Demmit, actin' on orders, shot him down. They 'rested Demmit, the civil 'thorities did, and carried him to jail. But he got away and took to the woods and lived there all winter. The nex' summer Bounce's friends found him, in August it was, and they shot him through the back. Then they fetched him out of the woods and carried him to Guildhall in a two-horse wagon. Your pa's folks must 'a' seen him go by. Folks said he

was cheated shameful on the way; anyway he was dreadfully jolted and throwed into the cart like a log. Miss Ellis, she told me with her own lips about it, and how they stopped to her house for water and how she mentioned she would carry some to Demmit, and how they wouldn't let her. He died soon after he got to Guildhall.

"Government took it up and sent a comp'ny of regular soldiers up that put a stop to smugglin' of all sorts. Bounce's son, Henry, was took up to be tried for treason, but, bein' so young, never fetched to trial. But all this, you see, sorter set the Injun Stream folks to sword's p'int with the States and made 'em friendly to Canaday, and when the committee from the States and Canady tried to set the boundary line betwix' 'em, why they couldn't, or wouldn't, agree. The settlers all 'sposed they was in New Hampshire, but the Canadians claimed all the land west of Injun Stream, and that was jest about half of Injun Stream Territory, as it was called.

"Canady built roads and laid out a township and seemed determined to have it, hit er miss. The Peterses and Bounces, and a lot more, wanted to go with Canady. There was two hundred and eighty-five people there and they had eight hundred and forty-seven acres of land under cultivation. They claimed their deeds under Philip, a chief of the St. Francis tribe of Injuns, and the survey that was made by Jeremiah Eames. You know the Eames that are descended from old Jeremiah. I told you folks about his seein' Mis Eames, his wife, under the ellum tree when she come to him after she was killed by fallin' down the sullen stairs. Wall, old Jeremiah Eames drawed up most of the old deeds of them, times, and it was him that made the

survey of the Canadian line, bein' as how he was a great surveyor, too.

"Everything got dreadful onsettled—some makin' out they was in Canady and some contendin' for the States. If a settler owed a debt and a sheriff tried to collect it, why he stood out and the neighbors took sides. Canady about this time sorter took charge and made some of the settlers do malishy duty. This was in 1831, when I was about five years old. But I rec'lec' wall hearin' folks that about it.

"Them that was for the States got scat and applied for help, but before they got it a separate government was talked of. The custom house officers taxed 'em with dooties, and this set 'em all by the ears; so what did they do on July the ninth, in the year of our Lord 1832, but set up a government of their own. I rec'lec' mother's tellin'me about it jest as plain as if it was yisterdy. She said how Miss Peters had 'em all there, and mother went up to help. She didn't set down to the table, but her and Mis Peters heerd it talked over whilst they was waitin' on the table. It was all planned then. They called the government 'The United Inhabitants of Injun Stream,' and it was to be in force till the boundary line was settled. They had an assembly and a council. Eph Peters was one of the council, and mother said she never should forget the airs he put on, if she got to be a hundud. They had made up their minds, they said, to resist New Hampshire anyway.

"'We'll show 'em,' Eph said, 'we aint goin' to be tred on.' But land sakes alive! They didn't know what they was a doin'. When the news got to Concord in a week or two, why the Governor and his Council said right off that sech doin's wan't to be allowed. So they

sent a letter to Sheriff White—Anabel White, you think so much of is his great granddaughter—and in that letter claim was laid to Injun Stream Territory in the name of the United States, and they said they should enforce the laws there.

"There was great excitement all along the line, and to all the houses where lived the ones that wanted to go back to smugglin'. Mother said she heerd it all talked over lots of times, how if Injun Stream was nootral it would be the makin' of them all, and Ephraim Peters went a horseback up an' down the settlement tryin' for to stir 'em up to resist. Eph's wife went gaddin' about the neighbors a-tryin' to stir up the women folks, and the council met that night and voted to abide by their laws instid of the United States, and so it went on all winter. The United States must 'a' ben turrible shiftless to 'low it, but the snow was deep and the stages coundn't run, so mebbe the Governor and Council didn't really know how the Injun Stream folks was cuttin' up.

"Anyway, smugglin' twas took up agin, that I know, for one day I peeked into a closet that happened to be unlocked—mother had sent me to borry some seleratus—and I see stacks and stacks of broadcloth and silks and velvets; and that very night Nickleson Bennett, the chore boy to the Peterses, was woke up in the night by strange sounds, so he told father. He got up and peeked out his winder and he see Peters and his wife jest as plain as day, and he said they was a handin' out them goods to two men in a long pung sleigh. He told father he stood at the head of the ladder he clumb up by, and the end on't almost teched Mis Peters, so you see they wan't fur apart, and he couldn't ben mistook. But they never spoke, none on 'em, not one word, leaswhile he stood there, so

he told father. Livin' as the Peterses did, with one side in Canady and t'other in the States made smugglin' dreadful easy.

"One of the Peterses' great friends was Justice Ellinwood of Hereford. He lived next house to the Peterses on the Canady side, and most folks 'spicioned he had a hand in the smugglin' business. Justice Ellinwood was allowed to serve writs in the Territory, but the Coos county sheriff was forbid, and Ellinwood made speeches time and agin urgin' the people to resist if he ever tried. So when the sheriffs, there was three on 'em, come to serve a writ on Ephraim Peters, why he swore he wouldn't turn out no property to be 'tached, and so the sheriffs 'rested him and was takin' him away when the Bounces come up and rescued him from their hands. It was right in the door yard; I see it all from our back door. Mis Peters happened to see me, so she sent me over to Ellinwood's to tell him about it, and he set right down and drewed up a warrant in the name of Great Britain against the sheriffs.

"Bein' that Blanchard was the only one that lived to Injun Stream, the others comin' from Canaan and Stewartown, jest Blanchard was 'rested by a force of about fifteen men and took to Canady for trial. But Mr. Haynes, Blanchard's neighbor, as soon as he was told, got on his hoss and started for Colebrook, notifyin' the men folks all along the way that Blanchard was took by the Britishers. The men all armed, and in a little while three hundud men 'sembled at Canaan and they was sent out different ways to find and rescue Blanchard.

"Mis Peters was turrible excited, and she ast me to stay and run arands for her. First she sent me over to Mis Haynes' to borry some yeast, jest as if nothin' had hap-

pened, and she told me to stay and find out what I could. Bein' a child so, of course I didn't know nothin' about law and justice, and I liked to know things. Mis Haynes was second cousin to Mis Peters on the father's side, and they neighbored considerable, though they wan't no great friends, and the menfolks scerce ever spoke to each other when they could help it. I was glad to go, for I thought it a good chance, and I staid most all day. Mother said I might when I dodged in through the back way to ask her. I was there when Blanchard come back with Mr. Haynes. and I heard all about the rescue.

"Blanchard was within a mild of Ellinwood's house, where they was takin' him, when they was met by eight men on horseback, all of 'em armed, that had come to find him. They ordered that Blanchard be give up, but no, they refused. They all talked and parleyed, telling them of the three hundud men up Canaan way, and finally they give up Blanchard. Not a blow was struck and not a shot fired. But a reward of five dollars was offered for the capture of Peters, bein' as how he was an old offender, and two officers, Aldrich and Hurlbert, started right off to find him, but as soon as they crossed the line, Ellinwood with a dozen men at his heels, met them and ordered them back off his grounds. He ordered his men to 'rest Aldrich and Hurlbert, but Hurlbert drewed a pistol and Aldrich advised Ellinwood not to go nigh Hurlbert for he might git shot. Then Ellinwood told one of his men to take Aldrich's horse by the bridle and he tried for to 'rest him, but Aldrich fit him off with his sword, and then Ellinwood and his men begun to throw stones. Two stones hit Hurlbert, and upon that he fired and hit one of the men. Up come thirty or forty men from Canaan, and Ellinwood got scat and run in-

to the woods, Aldrich after him. After they had quite a squirmish, they took Ellinwood and fetched him to Colebrook, but in a few hours they let him go. Edgar Aldrich is the son of the one that took Ellinwood.

"Wall, Canady took it up, and so did the States, and there was great excitement all round. The Adjutant General, he ordered into service, to help the sheriff of Coos County, a captain, lieutenant, one ensign, one sergeant, two musicians and forty-two privates for three months, if they was needed. I've seen the list many a time. I can name mor'n half on 'em now. The order was give at six o'clock to the colonel and at three o'clock next mornin' twenty men had come, some on 'em travelin' nineteen miles afoot. This was in November, 1835. I saw 'em march by and they looked grand, I tell ye. The officers had a sword and belt, with a plume on their caps. The uniform was blue trimmed with red. Some of the men had on malishy suits, and the horses was dressed out as gay as the men.

"There was some fightin' and some was 'rested. Canady 'thorities threatened, and Governor Badger said he would order out more troops if they was needed; but after awhile the troubles sorter died out, some movin' across the line into Canady and the rest thinkin' it best to submit. The line house was shet up. Some of the settlers made claims that wan't fixed up till 1840, when Webster settled with Great Britian. Less see, it was called the Webster-Ash-

burton Treaty, and in it the line was laid down as the States claimed. And now here I been knittin' for the allies over there, and the French and Injuns and Britishers and Canadians all fightin' together. My land, how things do change, don't they?"

"How can you remember so much?" asked one of the girls.

"Why, I hain't nothin' to do but remember nowadays. I set and set, and things come back jest as clear as when they happened, a sight clearer than what happened last week. When you are children the things you see and hear make a great impression, and I was allers a great hand to ask questions, and father and mother wan't seldom ever too much in a hurry to tell me. I'll tell you sometime some stories that father used to tell us childun settin' round the fireplace, mother spinning on the big wheel and father whittlin' out axehelves or sugar taps or hoe handles. He was jest as busy evenin's as mother was."

Mrs. Pillsbury finished her sock and tale together, both yarns proving of long duration, saying with true authors' egotism, "I call that story a good deal better than some you read nowadays, for it's true. I wonder if Mandy don't want me to help her with the ironin'. She is stepping considerable fine and makin' some noise, so I guess I'd better go."

"You promised to tell us about an old-fashioned dance sometime."

"You mean a junket. Yes, I'll tell you about one we had when I was a girl at Square Doolittle's."

MEMORIES

By Katharine Sawin Oakes

Meadow-set among the hills,
Pine-screened from the river,
Lulled at dusk by whippoorwills
And the veeries' silver thrills
Of swinging song a-quiver,—

Century-old, the farmhouse lifts
Ripened planks and spaces;
Smokes from ancient chimney rifts;—
Scorns the winter's savage drifts;—
Summer's sun outfaces.

At one corner stands a shrub
Lilac-sweet in Junetime,
And the garden is a club
Where the bumblebees all rub
Shoulders in the noontime.

Phlox is there and mignonette,
Balsam, purple pansy,
Larkspur, lilies, Bouncing Bet,
Peonies and,—backward set,—
Hollyhocks and tansy.

Often, summer afternoons,
By the damask roses,
Grandma sews and hums old tunes,
Sometimes knitting as she croons,—
Grandpa reads and dozes.

All within the house is neat,—
Front hall to back entry,—
Clean and cool and country-sweet,
Shaded from the sun and heat.—
Silence for a sentry.

Spacious rooms, low-ceiled and dim,
Painted floors, broad-boarded,
Chairs and tables old and trim,
Little woodstoves squatting grim,—
'Gainst the winter hoarded.

Landscaped walls their scenes repeat
Up the slim-railed stairway
To slant roofs where raindrops beat,—
Summer evenings,—quick retreat
To slumber's pleasant fairway.

From the ell the steep back stairs
 Toward the kitchen stumble,—
 Fragrant from its morning cares,
 It leisurely for tea prepares
 With the kettle's grumble.

In the milk room, pans are set,
 Shining cool and dimly;—
 Ranged in creamy silhouette,
 Big and little crocks beset
 Shadowed shelves so primly.

Just inside the woodshed door,
 The dinner bell hangs,—teeming
 With summons for an eager corps
 From mowing field or threshing floor
 To hearty dishes steaming.

Where the barn casts ample shade,
 Leo lies a-panting,
 Resting from a far crusade,
 Heedless of the hens' parade,—
 The swallow's squeaky chanting.

High within, sweet-smeling mows
 With clovered hay are drifted;—
 The linter mute, until the cows,
 Herded home at evening, drowse
 Above milk streams down sifted.

Mossy-rimmed, the old trough stands
 With icy water streaming,—
 Brown depths shot with silvery bands
 Of minnows caught by childish hands,—
 A-dart and thinly gleaming.

Ah! that brook, that, alder-grown,
 Through the pasture wandered,
 Murmuring in undertone
 As it slipped o'er sand and stone,
 Wise thoughts, gayly pondered.

* * * *

*They are distant many a day,—
 All these scenes and faces,—
 Time has swept them far away,
 Love will cherish them alway
 In the heart's high places.*

THE OLD DOVER LANDING

By John B. Stevens.

We shall be able to see ancient Dover as a whole, when Mr. Scales' history is published. But writers of newspaper sandwiches, magazine tales, sketches and gropings, may still be expected to find something new and interesting.

The popular history of an old New England town has a large element of anecdote, plainness and coarseness in it. Stray waifs—straws in the intellectual atmosphere—not infrequently afford material for the most efficacious treatment.

Always there will be occupation for the tradition hunter's leisure hours and lighter moods. For years to come the Water Side and Tuttle Square are likely to yield traces of color and suggestion.

The stories will not smell of the lamp. They are likely to address the sensibilities rather than the intellect of readers. One hundred years ago, neither the Landing nor Tuttle Square was a literary center. With few exceptions, the people did not apprehend books. From generation to generation every son was a chip of the old block. They were plodders, and it was not difficult to manage them. Common opinion only nibbled at the rights of labor, leaving many things to the minister.

The Old Landing has more human interest than any other part of Dover. From the sea to the great north country, the best route was through the ancient town. For purpose of trade everything wanted in the lonely region was unloaded on the Landing wharves. The people of the riverside realized this advantage. They built schooners and gondolas and established a line of communication throughout the state.

The alternate bustle and languor of the Landing streets and stores

and open places, the old-fashioned taverns and underground bars—cool in summer and aflame with comfort in winter, sailors from Boston and Portsmouth, all furnish material for the sketch-writer. And we may rest assured that the primitive yarns told before yawning fireplaces, piled high with timber from dismantled ships, have not wholly passed into oblivion. However, it must be admitted, that much lies buried under new crusts and may never be discovered.

From the town pump to where John Williams' store stood, Main street reeks with memories of the olden times. Even so far down as the closely packed lane, later known as Linton's, the interest extends.

Agent Williams, Superintendent Paul, Editor Bragg, Captain Rogers, Dr. Joseph H. Smith, John P. Hale, B. P. Shillaber and Charles Gordon Ames, with others of note, lived at different times in the neighborhood. Matters are different now. But all has not been said. It is far from easy to overstate the rudeness of the old days. But the buildings they set up must be allowed to redound to the honesty of the period. Grim and grimed to-day, an air of permanence still remains.

The painter, 'Gookin, turned many a dollar down there. He sketched everybody; crumbling warehouses, boat shelters, schooners, gondolas, the ripples, reflections and gleams of the river. Thanks to his brush we know just how the leading inhabitants looked. But there was a finer mind at work. At the highest pitch of the locality's activity, the peering eyes and listening ears of the boy Quint were busy. And to him we are indebted for what we really know about the

dateless head of Dover tide-water.

A very old man, whose people lived close to this river long before our second war with Great Britain, gave us much information regarding the Landing. We have not been so fortunate as to Tuttle Square. But when the Tufts memorabilia becomes available, doubtless some wonderful stories will come to light. The old man spoken of said the ancient people, up and down Main street, went to extremes. They were either excessively well-to-do or extremely poor. There was no middle class, so no general sense of propriety existed. The butchers often slaughtered hogs on the Square. The auctioneer stood on the watering trough. Frequently a battle-royal at fisticuffs delayed proper use of the street. And between whiles terriers killed rats, and there were cock-fights in the vicinity.

But patience measurably brought about better conditions. Time takes hold of human nature as no man has yet. As years went on, and when their daughters found employment in the mills, the people became more refined, dressed their meat at proper places, and conducted their pugilistic combats on the wharves. And now the raw hand of improvement is spreading its rule over all the locality. This will

cost something. The point of many an old story will be blunted. The prosy cotton mills are helping out the spoliation. The whirl of a spindle cramps the antiquary's hand.

The demon rum has been exercised without bill or book. This is not all. The old buildings must go. Though strong enough to sustain themselves for a thousand years to come, within another generation very few will be in existence. The original inhabitants died out, and one at a time three nationalities have come in. There is some danger of tameness and dulness, but the language of the ballfield and fistic arena may offer restraint.

At any rate the Landing is a notable melting pot. Moreover, the impression is gaining, that some day we shall be proud of the ancient Landing. There Dover's battle for better living began. There it started on a plane low enough for us to see the stages of advancement. Landing hearts were easily exalted. They instinctively throbbed and burned in hours of national danger. Their tough thews and sinews filled uniforms in every great struggle. The wine of their lives has been spilt on all of our tented fields. And the sea has had no braver sailors. All this it may be well to remember.

IN THE GARDEN

By Alice Leigh

Strange comfort I have drawn from these:
 Gypsy colors on swaying trees;
 The fall of crisped leaves on the grass,
 The touch of tendrils as I pass;
 The scattered flame of asters, tall
 Against a somber graying wall;
 The way of wind with roses—
 Swiftly their wonder about me closes,
 As if a sudden, deep belief
 Had laid cool fingers on my grief.

OUTDOOR SPORTS IN COLONIAL TIMES

By Samuel Copp Worthen

[Mr. Worthen, of New Hampshire family connections, is a resident of New Jersey and practises law in New York City. He kindly allows us the use of this paper, which was prepared for a meeting of the Sons of the American Revolution, of which he is the genealogist in his home state.]

A devotee of our woods and streams has remarked that many astonishing cures have been made by "that most effective of surgical instruments, the gun"; and that the fishing-pole has cheated death of more victims than the apothecary's pestle and pill-box. Though exaggerated, this statement contains a germ of truth. Outdoor sports strengthen the muscles, soothe the nerves, accelerate the circulation of the blood and produce a subtle impression upon mind and character. They have always been justly regarded as an important factor in the development of national virility. Hence a brief glance at the favorite sports of the colonists prior to the struggle for independence may not be without interest.

A pessimistic Englishman, writing soon after the war, reported that there was plenty of shooting in the United States, but little that could be called hunting. There were (he said) no greyhounds, no hares with the manners and habits of the home-grown product, and scarcely a pack of hounds in America! He complained that hunters did not follow deer but shot them from ambush like Indians. He evidently thought all was wrong which did not conform exactly to the rules prescribed in the tight little Isle of Britain. The colonists for the most part preferred to abandon stereotyped traditions and to act in a manner suited to the new conditions by which they were surrounded.

Deer were hunted in a variety of ways. Sometimes the hunters posted themselves on knolls or other

commanding positions and waited for the deer to pass within shooting distance of their "stations," after they had been driven from cover by men and dogs. Others sought their haunts by the shores of lakes and rivers; or in Indian fashion attracted them by moving to and fro in the tall grass, alternately imitating the cry of the male and raising into view the head and horns of a full-grown buck. This sport was not devoid of danger, for deer will fight desperately when wounded or at bay, leaping up and striking with their sharp-edged hoofs. The numbers killed will be indicated by the fact that in 1764 over 25,000 deer skins were shipped from New York and Philadelphia.

The critic above quoted might have felt more at home if he had witnessed a fox hunt in Virginia. This was a favorite sport from Maryland southward, but little practiced elsewhere. Gay parties rode to the hounds over hill and dale, through swamp and thicket, in the approved English fashion, all striving to be in at the death of their cunning and resourceful, if not very ferocious, prey. No doubt Washington frequently took part in this invigorating pastime. Other typical sports in the south were cock-fighting and horse-racing. The races were regarded as the great events of the year. Planters came in from all parts of the country to enter their horses in the "quarter-races" or to contest for a purse in three-mile heats. Shops were closed and streets deserted, and for hours the roads leading to the race-course were choked with horses, vehicles and pedestrians. Then as in later days, however, gatherings for the enjoyment of this fine sport were too often marred by an excessive manifestation of the gambling

spirit, and by drunkenness and fighting among the lower elements of the population.

In the North hunting and fishing, target shooting, snowshoeing and field sports, such as running and jumping, were popular diversions. It is not easy to draw a dividing line between sports and useful activities, as the two were often combined. For example, a "raising," when the whole countryside turned out to help a neighbor put up a house or barn, was made a highly festive occasion. Joy was added to the proceedings by copious drafts of cider or New England rum. Shouts of mirth arose as the canteen was passed from mouth to mouth, and when the building was completed one of the party would dedicate or christen it by climbing to the top, repeating some rude couplet and breaking a bottle or attaching a branch of a tree to the gable.

Trips through the frozen wilderness on snowshoes were not always made purely for sport, though constituting the best of outdoor exercise. The snowshoe men of early days were the main defense of the settlements against marauding savages. On snowshoes the backwoodsmen of the north sallied forth to track the lordly moose to his lair and engage him in single combat. Thus equipped they pushed across the icy wastes with trap and gun in quest of the fur-bearing animals.

Sometimes expeditions were directed against wolves and bears, and were almost as much in the nature of defensive warfare as sport. Wolves came down in famished packs from Canada, killing sheep and pigs and other domestic animals and rendering it unsafe for children to go to school unattended. Bears were also regarded as troublesome enemies, and bounties were paid for their destruction.

The best time to hunt bears was

in the early part of the winter, after the snow had come, but while they could still find nuts for food and had not yet sought their dens for the the remainder of the cold season. Dogs were trained to track them down, snap at their heels and dodge back in time to avoid their teeth and claws. Thus they were held until the hunters came up. Sometimes a bear would take refuge in a tree. When besieged there he would not try to escape by sliding down the trunk, but would roll up, precipitate himself suddenly from some high branch to the ground and trundle away like a hoop into the woods. If cornered or wounded these animals would fight savagely and were capable of making things lively for their human as well as their canine opponents.

The men and boys of our Northern climes also delighted in such minor sports as angling for trout and pickerel; spearing "suckers" as they swarmed up the brooks and streams in the springtime, or the flashing salmon as they strove to leap obstructing water-falls; and thoroughly enjoyed creeping through rain and freezing cold in quest of the much prized canvas-back.

A volume would be required to do justice to my subject. This very incomplete account may, however, convey some idea of the part played by open-air sports in moulding the minds and bodies of our colonial ancestors. Much stress has been laid upon the lessons which they learned during their long conflicts with the French and Indians and the discipline which they derived from the hardships and privations incident to frontier life but outdoor sports, such as those above described, no doubt aided materially in building up a race of strong, resourceful men fit to cope with the trained armies of Britain on the field of battle.

A BROOK IN THE WOODS

(Late Afternoon in Autumn)

By Charles Wharton Stork

Smoothly, swiftly the brook swirls by,
And through the tree-tops the paling sky
Wistfully smiles and watches it go,—
Wonders why it must always flow:
Joy lies in seeing, and joy in loving;
Joy is in being, not in moving,—
So broods the sky. The stout old trees
Wonder too as they stand at ease,
Stare at the shadowy surface black
That goes and goes and never comes back,
Or in some pool where the light falls through
See themselves and the filmy blue
Of the sky. "Whirl on!" the trees then scoff,
"You can't even whirl our image off."
But bluff and staunch as the great trees stand,
They drop through many a listless hand,
Bit by bit and fold upon fold,
Their raiment of crimson and cloth- of-gold.
And this is the song that the brook bears deep
In its liquid heart, while it seems asleep:

I can not tell why I have to run,
When the pausing-time of the year has begun,
When the winds are drowsing and birds are few,
When all is strange, but nothing new,
When Death is more tender than ever Life was;
And yet I may never take breath, because—
Because, because—shall I never know why,
When Nature's footsteps are lingering, I
Must hurry, must hurry, and never be still?
The little fish in my depths are chill;
They go to hide in the good brown mud,
And my water-plants droop with the sinking flood
Of the vital warmth from the world and me.
But I do not pause, though more stealthily
I seem to go; I am hushed to hear
The last half-sigh of the failing year.

BATH--A TOWN THAT WAS

By Kate J. Kimball

"Bath? Where is Bath?" The question was asked a few years ago, by the head of a New Hampshire school for boys—a school of national fame.

Bath is in Grafton county forty-one miles from Dartmouth College, eighty-two from Concord, thirty from Mount Washington, and one hundred fifty from Boston. (These are not the numbers used by conductors that take up mileage on the trains of the Boston and Maine.)

The town is pleasantly located in the valley of the Connecticut. The Ammonoosuc River enters its borders near the northeast corner; and, after pursuing a circuitous course and receiving the waters of the Wild Ammonoosuc four miles from its mouth, flows into the Connecticut at the southwest angle of the town. Near the confluence of these rivers Mount Gardner rises with a bold ascent, and extends in a northeasterly direction, nearly parallel with the Connecticut River, the whole length of the town.

Bath was first surveyed in 1760 by marking its corners and designating it as Number 10. In 1761 a charter was granted to sixty-two men. One of the provisions of the charter was that every grantee should plant and cultivate within the term of five years, five acres for every fifty acres of his grant. This provision not having been complied with, the original charter was forfeited, and a second one granted in 1769. This priceless document is said to be still in existence.

The first Town Meeting was held in 1784. In 1785 delegates from twelve towns met at the house of William Eastman in Bath and chose Major John Young as a member of the General Court to be convened at Portsmouth, Meshech

Weare, then being president, as the executive head of the state was styled under the Constitution of 1784. This William Eastman was the son of Hannah Eastman who was taken captive by Indians at the same time Hannah Dustin was captured. Mrs. Eastman was taken to Canada, where her husband found her after a search of three years. The Indians rarely killed white women on account of their superiority to squaws in the noble art of cooking.

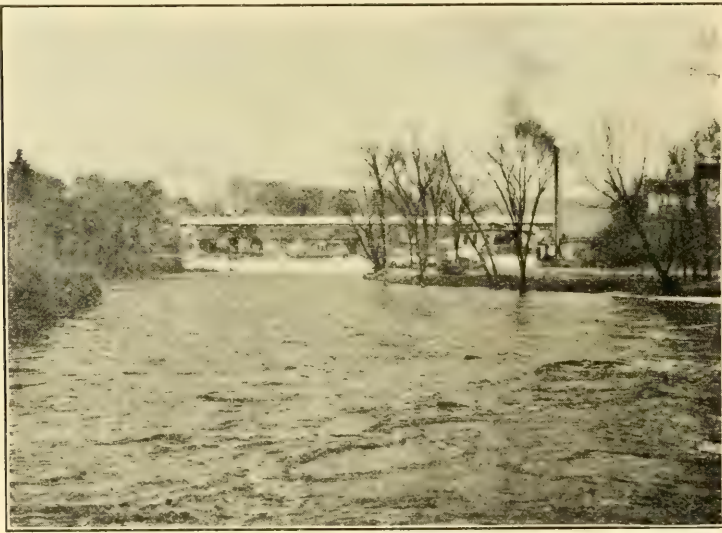
In 1793, three towns, Bath, Lisbon and Lincoln, united in choosing a Representative, and these three towns continued to form one Representative District until 1800 when Bath alone sent a Representative.

Champlain, the noted French explorer, is said to have been the first white man to set foot upon the soil of what is now New Hampshire. This occurred in July, 1605, but the first settlement was not made until 1623. The North Country, or Cohos, as this part of the state was called in early times, was settled late on account of fear of depredations by the French and Indians, coming down from Canada. Daniel Webster once said in a public speech, "My elder brothers and sisters were born in a log cabin, reared among the snow drifts of New Hampshire at so early a period (1761) that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the settlements on the rivers of Canada."

The first settler in Bath was Andrew Gardner who came in 1765, and for him Mount Gardner was named. At one time there were no less than nine families living on the

mountain. The first settler in the village was Jaaziel Harriman. He was the first man that brought his family with him. The Harrimans were the first settlers that came to the North Country by the way of Salisbury, where the Websters lived. The pioneers employed an old hunter to guide them through the wilderness, and they were four days performing the journey from Concord.

The first vegetables raised in town were planted by Mercy Harriman, then nine years of age, who carried the soil in her apron to the top of the rock, and there made her garden. Wolves, bear, deer and moose were prevalent in considerable numbers, and the spot for the garden was chosen on account of its elevation in preference to the fertile land near the brook, later called Payson Brook which flows through



UP THE RIVER—BATH

A pitch of 500 acres was voted in 1767 to Harriman, and he owned all the land on which the village now stands. The abstract of title to all village property goes back to him, and the falls were long known as Harriman Falls. The first birth in town was that of his daughter, Mary; and the first death, that of his little son, two years of age, by accident. This little fellow was the first person buried in the village cemetery. The Harrimans camped near the two rivers; and there were four wigwams, occupied by red people, between their cabin and the Wild Ammonoosuc.

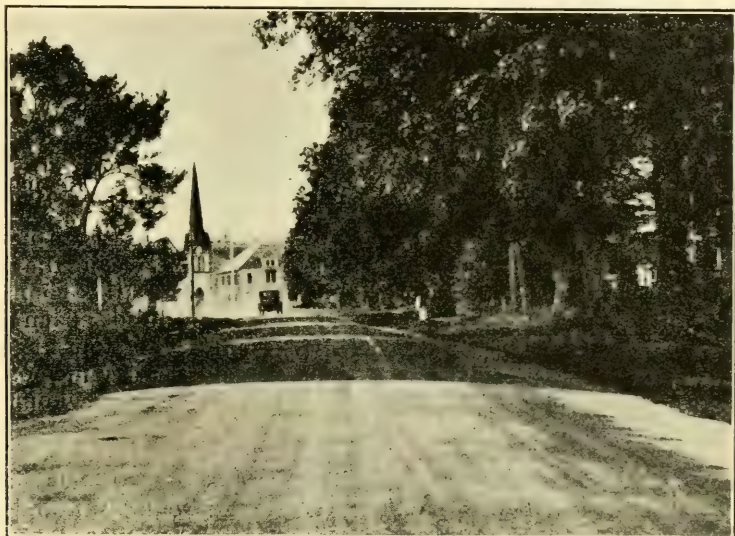
the meadow. Mercy later married a man by the name of Carr, and died at Corinth, Vermont in 1847 at the age of eighty-nine. Eighty-nine! Another link in the chain of evidence that gardening is conducive to longevity.

The Harrimans lived in Bath but two years, when they removed to Chester, New Hampshire. The removal was due to Mrs. Harriman's dread of Indians. She was a brave woman; but when, in the absence of her husband who had gone to procure provisions, four savages, decorated with paint, invaded the privacy of her bedroom where she was

sleeping with her young children; and when she was obliged to rise from her couch at night to hurl torches of blazing pine knots among the wolves to drive them from her cabin, she decided that she preferred to live where there were more white people.

Mercy was as courageous as her mother. Seeing some Indians approaching, both parents being absent, she hastened the younger

Bath has not always been the quiet little hamlet it now is. In its period of greatest prosperity, from 1820 to 1850, it was the most important town in the North Country. Its prosperity was due to its fertile soil (it being one of the best agricultural towns in the state), its water power, central location, the integrity and energy of its inhabitants, and the large proportion of wealthy men. In 1830 its popula-



THE STREET—BATH

children into a kind of closet that was partitioned off by a blanket in one corner of the room, hid one of them in a barrel of feathers, another under a washtub, and herself retired under the bed with the baby—feeding it sugar and water to keep it quiet. The Indians came in, looked around; and, perceiving no one, took some tallow, and went off. Mrs. Harriman sometimes helped her husband in securing provisions. A young moose, swimming across the river, no sooner reached the shore than she seized it, cut its throat with a knife, and added meat to her larder.

tion was 1,626, nearly three times what it is now. In 1844 there were 380 names on the check list—not including women!

The first appropriation for a public school was in 1786, when it was voted to raise sixty bushels of wheat for the support of a teacher. In 1830 there were in all the public schools of the town 531 pupils. There are now 163.

For many years an academy was in a flourishing condition, which, in 1852, gave employment to nine instructors, and numbered one hundred students.

The three villages of the town—

the Upper, the Lower, and Swift-water—were centers of trade and business for miles around. Nor was activity wanting in other parts of the town. There were ten saw-mills, a brick yard, many starch factories, clothing, grist and clap-board mills; nail, whetstone, woolen and bedstead factories; and—*mirabile dictu*—two whiskey distilleries.

Money was not in early times plentiful. It was difficult for a small farmer to get hold of enough coin to pay his "rates"—the word he used for taxes. A system of barter was employed in ordinary business. It is related that a man once took an egg to a store to exchange for a darning needle for his good wife. As was customary at that time when a trade had been consummated, the customer was invited by the merchant to take a drink. The usual three fingers of whiskey were poured into a glass, but the customer did not immediately drink it. He finally said, "I usually take an egg in my whiskey." Whereupon the merchant gave him the identical egg he had brought to pay for the darning needle. When broken, it transpired that the egg held two yolks. Whereupon the customer said, "I think I ought to have two darning needles." Yankee acquisitiveness!

When the Revolutionary War broke out not less than forty-six men of the not yet organized township enlisted, while the whole population was less than seventy families. In the military history of the town, the family of Bedel is most conspicuous, no less than eight of that name having entered the Revolutionary War; and three—father, son and grandson—were generals in the Revolutionary War, the War of 1812, and the Civil War, respectively; and they were all men of extraordinary fidelity and bravery. Timothy, the eldest, raised four regiments for the Revolutionary

War, two of which he commanded and led to Canada; his son, Moody, accompanied his father in both expeditions to Canada, and later distinguished himself in the brilliant sortie at Fort Erie in the War of 1812; and the grandson, John, when a young man of twenty-five enlisted in the Mexican War. The last command of his mother to him as he bade her farewell was "not to return home shot in the back." John also served valiantly in the Civil War, and a bronze monument in the cemetery to his memory bears the inscription: "Erected by his surviving comrades of the 3rd N. H. Volunteers for his sterling integrity, undaunted courage, and heroic devotion to his country." Bath furnished her quota for the Mexican War; more than her quota for the War between the States; and, though greatly depleted in population, a round dozen for the World War, who fought bravely on land and sea, some of whom enlisted, and one of whom fell in battle.

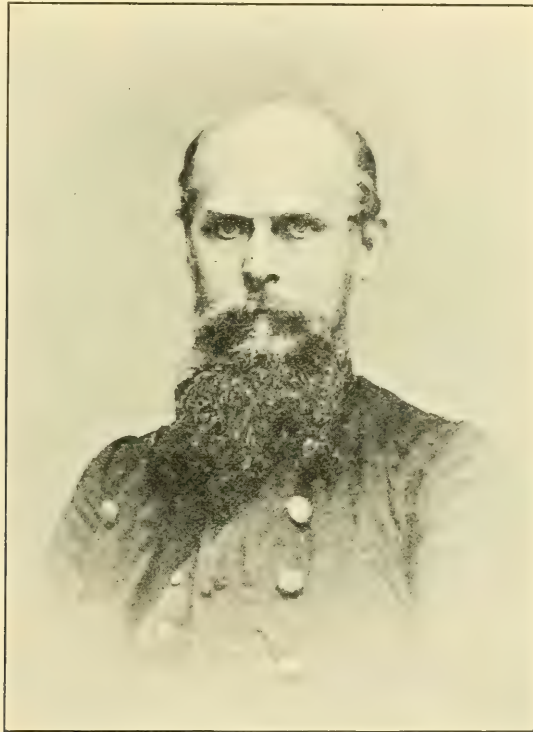
In early years Bath always had one or two good hotels; and the large brick hotel, built and owned by the Carletons, was long known as the best between Boston and Canada. In the hall connected with this hotel, were held long ago many refined dances, for which the musicians came from Boston in horse-drawn stage coaches, the journey occupying three days, and the price of a ticket to a dance was five dollars!

Less than three weeks after Bath was organized the town voted that four bushels of wheat a day be allowed a clergyman for his services. The first building for religious services was a shanty-like affair, which later burned down. The first meeting house was erected at West Bath, and completed in 1805. The site is now marked by a cairn of stones. The first sermon was

preached in this church by Reverend David Sutherland. Mr. Sutherland ministered to the church and people thirty-eight years, and resided here until his death in 1855.

Father Sutherland, as he was endearingly called, was a remarkable man. Though living in Puritan times, religion as exemplified by him, was never sad. He was a

State Legislature; before a small collection of rural people on a hillside; or in Boston, New York, or Philadelphia churches, where he sometimes preached, and to one of which he was earnestly entreated to minister permanently. He once preached before an audience of ten thousand people assembled to witness a hanging.



GENERAL JOHN BEDEL

man of winning personality. He had a kind heart and the charity that thinketh no evil. The prominent traits of his character were humility, benevolence and sympathy. His sermons, though extemporaneous, were adapted to an audience which greatly varied. He acquitted himself equally well before his own church people; before the General Association; before the

In New Hampshire imprisonment for debt was not abolished until 1841. In 1805 Russell Freeman who had been a Councilor in the state and speaker of the House of Representatives, was imprisoned in the Haverhill jail for debt. Two other men were confined in the same room for the same cause. Josiah Burnham, one of the debtors, a quarrelsome and brutal fellow,

enraged at the complaints made of his ravenous appetite and ungovernable passions, fell upon Mr. Freeman and his companion and murdered them both. He was tried, and hanged for the crime the following year. It was upon this occasion that Mr. Sutherland's services were sought.

At the time of Mr. Sutherland's ministry in Bath, the support of the church was part of the business of the town. Of the salary voted him in Town Meeting he never received more than three-fourths of the stipulated sum, as he declined to take anything from those who favored other denominations than the Congregational, and from those who were unwilling or unable to pay. Indeed if it came to his ears that any had paid grudgingly, he actually returned to them the sums they had paid. If it had not been for a small property brought to him by his wife, he declared he would have been reduced to absolute poverty. Yet when he had ministered in the town twenty years, he went into Town Meeting and asked to have his salary reduced, giving as his reason that as produce had fallen in value, it might not be convenient for many to pay the sums assessed upon them.

From 1833 to 1843 there were in Bath four churches, and all were well filled on Sundays. Christmas was ignored as a relic of Popery, but on Fast Days and Thanksgivings every human being went to church. This deep interest in religion had not wholly passed in my own childhood. It seems to me now that the atmosphere at that time was composed of three elements—religion, education, and oxygen with an immense difference in stress—ponderously on the first; a little less on the second; and none at all on the third, which was furnished by nature, and to which no thought was given.

The highest civil office held by an

inhabitant of Bath was that of Member of Congress, two men having served in the House of Representatives—Mr. James H. Johnson, two terms, and Mr. Harry Hibbard, three terms. Mr. Hibbard was a lawyer prominent in his profession, and an intimate friend of Franklin Pierce. Upon the accession of Pierce to the Presidency, Mr. Hibbard was tendered several positions, including a seat on the Supreme Bench of the State—all of which he refused on account of ill health.

I well remember the visit paid to Mr. Hibbard by the ex-President. The great man attended church and bowed his head in prayer. A Puritan stands upright when he prays. Few, if any, in the little church had ever seen a head bowed, and the matter was discussed. Some were of the opinion that reverence held no part in the inclination, and that the visitor was simply overcome by a slight faintness from which he soon recovered.

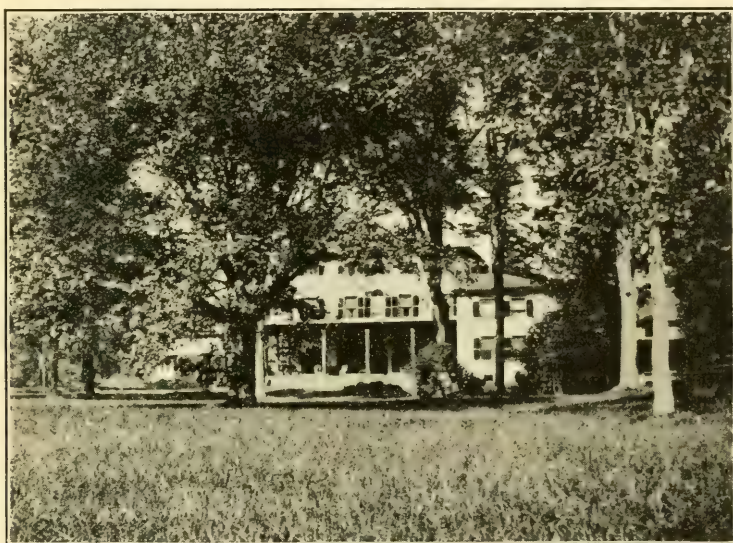
The highest judicial office ever held by an inhabitant of Bath was that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the State—an honor conferred upon Andrew Salter Woods, the first native of Bath to practice law.

The first physician came to Bath in 1790—Doctor Isaac Moore. Many others practised in the town for longer or shorter periods. Though all were successful, the most beloved and those who remained longest were Doctor John French, who came from Landaff in 1822; and William Child, a native of the town who died in 1918, aged eighty-four. Doctor Child served as surgeon in the Civil War, and witnessed the assassination of President Lincoln. Bath for many years was noted for the ability and number of its lawyers, at one time no less than thirteen dwelling within its limits.

The most prominent family in the village was that of Moses Paul

Payson. He came in 1798 and soon acquired a large and successful practice. Mr. Payson was polished, graceful, easy yet dignified in manner, a perfect presiding officer. He took great interest in town affairs and filled many offices—both low and high. His means were ample and he built first a large frame house for his dwelling, and later in 1810 the spacious brick house still known as the Payson Place. He

ous Judge Livermore of Holderness. Arthur came to Bath about 1840, lived in the town seventeen years, and afterward went to Ireland as consul. After the Livermores left the house was rented in sections to various people, and in the sixties it was bought by D. K. Jackman who occupied it as his home until his death in 1877. Mr. Jackman added greatly to the comfort and beauty of the house by putting in



THE PAYSON PLACE

was a classical scholar, and familiar with the buildings of antiquity. He knew the Parthenon, every line in which, by actual measurement, is a curve. The expression of his taste is seen in the beautiful arched doors and central windows, the curves in the facade, the stairway, and interior partitions. Mrs. Payson was a woman of great personal beauty, charming in manner, and a gracious hostess. Of their five children only one reached middle life, and no lineal descendants are now living.

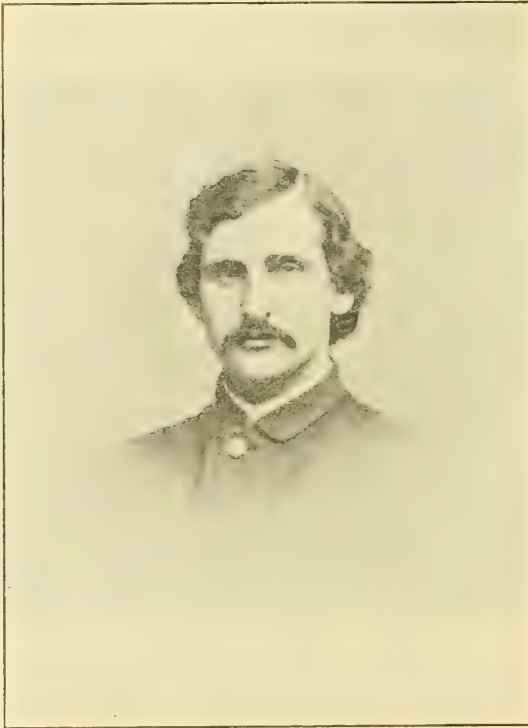
After the Paysons the next owner and occupant of the house was Arthur Livermore, son of the fam-

modern appliances, and building a porch around it. For nearly forty years after his family left it, the house was unoccupied. It has now been restored, and is used as a hotel.

Other interesting old buildings in Bath are the Brick Store, symmetrical in construction and formerly lighted by large windows, each containing sixty-four small square panes of glass, and the brick houses at The Upper Village in the English style of architecture. Two families prominent at The Upper Village for many years were the Hutchins and Goodall families. Of the former, Arthur Hutchins was conspicuous

in ability and character, beloved of all who knew him, and, when the news came that he had fallen in the Battle of the Wilderness, a young man with life all before him, it seemed as if the whole town went into mourning. Of the Goodall family, a son Francis Henry, received the rare Congressional medal

in whom all had unbounded confidence. Many had placed their entire accumulations in his hands, as Savings Banks had not been established. Thousands of dollars were thus lost directly, and thousands more indirectly, by diverting trade to other towns. Another cause of the deterioration of the town was the de-



ARTHUR HUTCHINS

of Honor for his bravery in carrying under fire from the field of battle at Fredericksburg, to a place of safety, a wounded comrade.*

Bath has been visited by many serious floods and fires, but the decadence of the town was due in great part to the financial failure of a business man in the village

population of the farms. The building of the railways made the fertile prairie land of the interior of our country easy of access, and family after family left their homes in Bath never to return. More than half a century ago, a party was held in Grinnell, Iowa, to which all the people that had once lived in Bath were invited. Over sixty individuals were present.

That business in Bath will ever

*Mr. Goodall's career is described in the Granite Monthly for November, 1912.

revive is not to be expected. But the beautiful sites for cottages on all the roads leading out from the village, the lovely views, the springs of pure water on almost every hillside, the easy accessibility of all points of interest in the White

Mountains, and the hospitality of the inhabitants, lead to a not unreasonable expectation that the township in the near future will be the summer home of many people of moderate means.

MONADNOCK

By J. L. McLane, Jr.

(Charles MacVeagh Jr. was lost in a snow-storm on the slopes of the Mountain, February Fourteenth, 1920.)

Oh brooding presence of unchanging rest,
 Broad-shouldered Titan of primordial age,
 With thrushes singing at your leafy breast
 And hills and hamlets clustered at your knees—
 Slow-sloping summit cloaked about with trees,
 What portion have you in Time's heritage?
 What fetters bind your giant limbs of stone,
 Sinister Shadow, that you brood alone,
 All unattended in your lonely state—
 Sentinel of a realm inviolate?
 Was it because he loved you that you drew
 His spirit to you? Was it jealous pride
 Of his fleet-footed beauty as he grew
 Sweeter and stronger, that you called him hence,
 Wounding our hearts with wonder when he died
 In your unyielding snows dumb innocence?
 I cannot think that it was otherwise
 Than that you knew he loved you! Did you know
 That he was wearied of life's gilded lies—
 Earth's promises that cheat us as the dew
 Gathered from cobwebs by the hands of Day?
 Surely for this you called his heart away
 Up to the slopes he loved, the heights he knew
 Could bring him healing!— For his hurt heart found
 In that last silence, that white hush of snow,
 A way to further, finer life. Profound,
 Dark to my searching eyes your shadows grow:
 An ultimate enigma that will stay
 Sure with his love, until Death calls away
 A heart less noble and a soul less clear
 Into those starry, pathless realms he entered without fear.

SNOW

By Charles Nevers Holmes

[Mr. Holmes, a Massachusetts man of New Hampshire ancestry, is a long-time contributor whose reading has led him into unusual by-ways whence he has extracted much of the curious interest which this paper reflects. His allusion to the great storm of 1717 reminds us that it suggested to Cotton Mather the thought of the thaw which must follow. There resulted a lecture on the text, "He sendeth forth His Word, and melteth them." Mather noted a heavy snowfall on February 24 as well as on the earlier date. Even as late as March 7, Mather entered in his diary that business still had "an uncommon Stop upon it." Editor.]

A large part of the 1,700,000,000 people dwelling upon this little planet, which we call Earth, have never seen any snow; but a large part of the citizens dwelling in the United States have beheld snow, more or less of it. Indeed, winter's white mantle covers only about one-third of the 58,000,000 square miles of our world's land surface, varying greatly, of course, according to the seasons. In continental United States, snow sometimes falls in regions where it is unexpected, and the amount of snow-fall is different from year to year. Recently nature has been most prolific in snow storms, but we should remember that there is a record of a snow-fall during February 19 to 24, 1717, which had a depth of five to six feet.

Within the United States, the average annual fall of snow varies from ten to thirty feet in the West, and from eight feet in the East to no snow in the farthest South. However, even in tropical regions snow may exist upon high mountains; for example, not far from the equator, there is perpetual snow at a height of about 18,000 feet (about three, and four tenth miles). In the Himalaya Mountains this snow-line approximates, on the north side, 20,000 feet, whereas in the Rocky Mountains it approximates 11,000 feet. In Iceland,

near the Arctic Circle, the mountains are covered with perpetual snow at a height of about 3,000 feet, while, further north, the snow-line starts at about sea-level. In the northern hemisphere, snow has been seen to fall as far south as Canton, China (latitude 23°), whereas, in the southern hemisphere, it has fallen as far north as Sydney, Australia (latitude 34°).

As we well know, a cubic foot of snow will not yield, when melted, a cubic foot of water. Water, when frozen, expands in volume; for example, an iceberg is larger than an equal amount of water. Snow owing to the lightness of its structure, contains much less water than is contained by an equal amount of ice. As an illustration, seven or eight inches of very wet snow are equal to about an inch of rain, but it would require two or three feet of very dry snow to equal an inch of rain-fall. However, the average snow storm consists of about one-tenth water. That is to say, a snowfall of two feet is equal to a rainfall of about two and four-tenths inches. In other words, under usual conditions, a snow fall of two feet over the whole of continental United States, excluding Alaska and including southern regions where such a snow-fall is impossible, or an area of about three million square miles, would approximate a snow volume of 169 trillion cubic feet. That is, a snowfall of two feet would be equal to a cubical block ten miles in each dimension. If this huge cubical block could be placed beside Mt. Everest, the highest mountain in the world, it would loom more than four miles above Mt. Everest's summit.

Respecting the extraordinary snow storm of 1717, to which reference has already been made, the *Boston News Letter* (February 25th) published the following: "Besides sever-

al snows we had a great one on Monday the 18th current and on Wednesday the 20th it began to snow about noon and continued snowing till Friday the 22d, so that the snow lies in some parts of the streets about six foot high." With regard to this storm the Rev. John Cotton wrote to his father (February 27), "I went to Boston, & by reason of the late great & very deep snow I was detained there till yesterday. I got with difficulty to the ferry on Friday, but couldn't get over: went back to Mr. Belcher's where I lodged. Tried again the next day. Many of us went over the ferry, & held a council at Charlestown, & having heard of the great difficulty of a butcher, who was foundered, dug out, &c., we were quite discouraged: went back & lodged with abundance of heartiness at Mr. Belcher's. Mr. White & I trudged thro' up to the South, where I knew Mr. Colman was to preach in the forenoon, when he designed to give the separate character of Mr. Pemberton (who died February 13th). I ordered my horse over the ferry to Boston yesterday, designing to try Roxbury way—but was so discouraged by gentlemen in town, especially by the Governor, with whom I dined, that I was going to put up my horse and tarry till Thursday, and as I was going to do it I met Capt. Prentice, Stowell, &c., come down on purpose to break the way & conduct me home—which they kindly did and safely, last night."

This snowfall of six feet was indeed extraordinary, but it should be compared with the depth of snow that overtook Mr. and Mrs. Donner, who endeavored to reach California, in 1846. They had journeyed as far as the Sierra Nevada Mountains when a heavy snow storm descended upon them. Their fate is thus described by an old-time guide-book, Crofutt's Trans-continental Tourist: "During the night, the threatened storm burst over them in all its

fury. The old pines swayed and bent before the blast, bearing destruction and death on its snow-laden wings. The snow fell heavily and fast, as it can fall in those mountains. In the morning the terror-stricken emigrants beheld one vast expanse of snow, and the large white flakes falling thick and fast. Still there was hope. Some of the cattle and their horses remained. They could leave the wagons, and with the horses they might possibly cross the mountains.

"The balance of the party placed the children on the horses, and bade Mr. and Mrs. Donner a last good-by; and, after a long and perilous battle with the storm, they succeeded in crossing the mountains and reaching the valleys, where the danger was at an end. The storm continued, almost without intermission, for several weeks, and those who had crossed the Summit knew that an attempt to reach the imprisoned party would be futile, until the spring sun should melt away the icy barrier.

"Early in the spring a party of brave men started from the valley to bring out the prisoners, expecting to find them alive and well, for it was supposed that they had provisions enough to last them through the winter. After a desperate effort, which required weeks of toil and exposure, the party succeeded in scaling the mountains, and came to the camp of the Donners." However, this rescue party arrived too late. Both Mr. and Mrs. Donner had perished. There is one very interesting fact concerning this early tragedy of the West. The Donners had cut down some trees near their camp, and, of course, the heights of the resulting tree stumps indicated the depth of snow when these trees were cut. "Some of them are twenty feet in height."

In Dr. Hartwig's "The Polar World," published long ago, there is considerable information respecting snow. He writes, "Snow protects in an admirable manner the vegetation

of the higher latitudes against the cold of the long winter season. For snow is so bad a conductor of heat, that in mid-winter in the high latitude of 50° 50' (Rensselaer Bay), while the surface temperature was as low as -30°, Kane found at two feet deep a temperature of -8°, at four feet +2°, and at eight feet +26°, or no more than six degrees below the freezing-point of water. Thus covered by a warm crystal snow-mantle, the northern plants pass the long winter in a comparatively mild temperature, high enough to maintain their life, while, without, icy blasts—capable of converting mercury into a solid body—howl over the naked wilderness; and as the first snow-falls are more cellular and less condensed than the nearly impalpable powder of winter, Kane justly observes that no 'eider-down in the cradle of an infant is tucked in more kindly than the sleeping dress of winter about the feeble plant-life of the Arctic zone.' Thanks to this protection, and to the influence of a sun which for months circles above the horizon, even Washington, Grinnell Land and Spitzbergen are able to boast of flowers.

"It is impossible to form any thing like a correct estimate of the quantity of snow which annually falls in the highest latitudes. So much is certain that it can not be small, to judge by the violence and swelling of the rivers in spring. The summits of the hills, and the declivities exposed to the reigning winds, are constantly deprived of snow, which, however, fills up the bottom of the valleys to a considerable height. Great was Midden-

dorff's astonishment, while travelling over the tundra at the end of winter, to find it covered with no more than two inches, or at the very utmost half a foot, of snow; the dried stems of the Arctic plants everywhere peeping forth above its surface. This was the natural consequence of the north-easterly storms, which, sweeping over the naked plain, carry the snow along with them, and form the snow-waves, the compass of the northern namads.

"It is extremely probable that, on advancing towards the pole, the fall of snow gradually diminishes, as in the Alps, where its quantity likewise decreases on ascending above a certain height."

Not only scientists but also poets have described the snow. In conclusion, it seems fitting to quote from Whittier's "Snow-bound."

"Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow:
And ere the early bed-time came
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line
posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

So all night long the storm roared on:
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake, and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below,—
A universe of sky and snow!"

A GASOLINE TAX FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE

By Winthrop Wadleigh

[This voluntary contribution from a Dartmouth undergraduate is welcomed as showing that some of our students take an interest in current problems.—Editor.]

The present tax system in New Hampshire is being subjected to a great deal of investigation and criticism. The tax situation, to the minds of many, seems to be unjust in many respects, and agitation for a change will be in order when the State Legislature convenes at Concord in January.

A tax committee of three members was appointed by the Farm Bureau last spring to investigate the situation. Recently the committee reported on its findings. Among the many practical suggestions they made, a tax on gasoline seemed the most acceptable and the most likely to be favored by the legislature.

According to this plan, a tax of probably one or two cents would be levied on each gallon of gasoline sold to motorists in New Hampshire. The revenue thus obtained would go into the coffers of the State for the maintenance of highways. On account of this increased revenue the cost of registration could be lowered. This plan, I think, has three definite advantages.

In the first place, the foreign cars would pay something toward the maintenance of the highways. During the summer, the roads of New Hampshire are crowded with tourists travelling in the state. They wear out the roads to a marked degree, yet contribute little to their upkeep. Such a condition is obviously unjust to the tax payers who are forced to

pay for the roads the tourists wear out. A gasoline tax would render the situation much more equitable.

The second advantage is that the owner of a heavy car or truck would contribute much more than the owner of a light one. The heavy cars wear the roads out more, burn more gas, and this will force the habitual driver taxes. The heavy trucks to a large extent are responsible for the poor condition of the roads and a gasoline tax would force their owners to contribute their share towards the repairing of the damage they do.

The third advantage is that car owners who only drive a comparatively few miles in a season will not have to contribute more than their due share of taxes. As it is now, they pay just as much as though they drive every day in the year. With the registration fee reduced, they will pay more nearly in proportion to the distance they drive and this will force the habitual driver to pay his share toward the maintenance of highways. At the present time, it costs more to put a car on the road in New Hampshire than any other state, and the reduction of the registration fee will make it cheaper for the occasional driver, but more expensive for the habitual driver. This obviously renders the situation much more just.

A gasoline tax has been tried out in other states, Connecticut for example. It has worked successfully there. No reason can be given why it will not work successfully in New Hampshire also. A high degree of probability exists that it will. It certainly should be given a trial.

THE SPENCE HOUSE

PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

By Joseph Foster, Rear Admiral (S. C.), U. S. Navy

(Retired)

In view of the coming tercentenary it would seem well that the recent erroneous identification of the "Joseph Whipple House" as the "Spence House," Portsmouth (a house of special historic note), which was printed and widely circulated, should be corrected for the general information of our present and absent sons and daughters.

Lot No. 30, "Lower Glebe Lands," at the N. E. corner of State and Chestnut streets, Portsmouth, N. H., is marked on the ancient "Glebe" record:

"M. Nelson, 1709."

"J. Whipple, 1788 and 1823."

Lot No. 39, "Lower Glebe Lands," Portsmouth, N. H., at the S. W. corner of State and Fleet streets, is marked on the same ancient record:

"J. Booth, 1709."

"J. Sherburne, 1730."

"Robt. Trail, 1799."

"Keith Spence (Spence), 1788."

"Mrs. Spence (Spence), 1823."

(Gurney's "Portsmouth Historic and Picturesque," Portsmouth, 1902, page 150. Also "Historical Calendar of Portsmouth, published by the Box Club of the North church, Portsmouth, N. H., Miss Frances A. Mathes and Mr. Charles A. Haslett, editors," Portsmouth, 1907, page 20.)

Mary Whipple, daughter of Captain William Whipple, senior, and his wife, Mary Cutt, and sister of General William Whipple, signer of the Declaration of Independence, was born in 1730, married Robert Trail, born in the Orkney Islands, a distinguished merchant of Portsmouth, Comptroller of the Port until the Revolution, and afterward Collector of the island of Bermuda; and resided in this house then and

now standing at the southwest corner of State and Fleet Streets, old No. 82, new No. 340 State Street. She survived her husband and died 3d October, 1791, age 61 years.

Robert and Mary (Whipple) Trail had three children, Robert, William and Mary. Robert and William went to Europe where they settled, and Mary married Keith Spence, Esquire, a merchant from Scotland who settled in Portsmouth—parents of Captain Robert Trail Spence, United States Navy, and grandparents of the late Commodore Charles Whipple Pickering, United States Navy of Portsmouth, and of James Russell Lowell, the distinguished essayist and poet, United States Minister to Spain and England.

Keith Spence of Portsmouth, N. H., purser, U. S. Navy, 1800-1805, "a gentleman justly held in high estimation for his probity, intelligence, and nice sense of honor," "was the bosom friend and mentor of Decatur ("Goldsbrough's Chronicle," Vol. 1, page 228.) He was Purser of the frigate Philadelphia, when that vessel was captured by the Tripolitans, 31st October, 1803 (Cooper, Vol. 1, page 225,) and was a prisoner in Tripoli during the attack of 7th August, 1804, in which his son distinguished himself. He died suddenly at New Orleans, and was buried there. Mrs. Spence survived her husband and died January 10, 1824, aged 69.

The stones of Mrs. Mary (Cutt) Whipple, Mrs. Trail and Mrs. Spence are in the North cemetery, Portsmouth, near that of their distinguished son, brother and uncle, General William Whipple, on the

rising ground near the center of the cemetery.

Robert Trail Spence, appointed Midshipman, United States Navy, 15th May, 1800, who distinguished himself in the attack on Tripoli, 7th August, 1804, as related in "Cooper's Naval History" died a Captain, United States Navy, 26th September, 1826. He took part in the defence of Baltimore, when attacked by the British in 1814, and was in command of the naval es-

tablishment at Baltimore for several years before his death, and is buried in Loudon Park cemetery, near that city.

Much additional information as to the Whipple and related families will be found in the "Presentation of Flags" and "Presentation of Portraits of Whipple and Farragut," included in the "Soldiers Memorial," Portsmouth, N. H., 1893-1921."

WILLOW TREE

By Alice Leigh

Willows, slender fingers swaying,
Tenuous, cleave the amber light;
Willows, long green fingers playing,
Tune phantom notes to wind-swept night.

Rippling, skipping, softly dipping,
Rhythmic, pulsing, dulcet, fond—
(Where the singers? Who the singers,
To her witching notes respond?)

Willows, slender fingers weaving
Tapestry with cunning skill;
Willows, long green fingers tracing,
Leave strange patterns, weird and chill;

Warp of silken green and amber
Shot with dusky shadows blue;
Woof of silver bird-notes lacing
In and out through and through.

(Where shall hang her mystic carpet
When her weaving task is through?)
Willows, slender fingers weaving
Secret carpets for the dew.

Willows, slender fingers closing
Tighter, tighter round my heart;
Twining, twisting, turning, thrusting
Our two worlds so far apart—

(Are you near me? Can you hear me?
Can you see the willow spread
Silken shadows for the dancers,
Can you hear their spectral tread?)

NEW HAMPSHIRE DAY BY DAY

The New Hampshire College last month offered fifteen reading courses by mail to those interested in agriculture and home economics. Any resident of New Hampshire may have this Extension Service free, either singly or as a member of a group study class. The courses offered are: Soils and Fertilizers; Farm Crops; Farm Stock; Orchard Management; Dairy Farming; Poultry Husbandry; Swine Husbandry; The Farm Wood Lot; Vegetable Gardening; Bee Keeping; Small Fruits; Farm Management; Feeding the Family; Clothing the Family; Household Management. Each course is based upon a simple, practicable textbook, supplemented by federal and state bulletins. Mr. J. C. Kendall of Durham is the director of the Extension Service.

Dartmouth College also is following up last year's extension course plans and has already engaged for a course in English literature for teachers and townspeople in Keene and in Brattleboro, Vermont. The system will probably be carried into other towns of New Hampshire and Vermont.

The election on November 7 developed into the most pronounced political overturn New Hampshire has seen in about half a century. Ten years ago Democratic success was due to a split in the Republican party. This year the Republicans were not disunited, nevertheless the Democrats elected the governor, one congressman and a clear majority in the lower branch of the Legislature. The Council remains Republican by four to one and the Senate by sixteen to eight. A peculiar situation, due to the constitutional rule that districts shall be divided in effect according

to wealth, gave the Democrats a majority of all the votes cast for councilors and senators, and allowed the Republicans to win a large majority of the seats.

The total vote for governor was: Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, Democrat, 72,834; Windsor H. Goodnow of Keene, Republican, 61,528. A Republican majority of over 31,000 two years ago was thus turned into a Democratic majority of over 11,000. There are several causes assigned for the turnover—the issue as to the forty-eight hour work-week for women and children (which was not met by Mr. Goodnow's eleventh-hour declaration that he would approve a forty-eight-hour bill if passed by the Legislature), the unpopular poll tax for women, which the Democrats promised to abolish, the discontent in the cities affected by the textile, railroad and paper strikes (all those cities went Democratic without reference to their prior partisan leanings), the general apathy of the confident Republicans, coupled with the effective work of the not-too-hopeful Democrats, the agreement of the two debt-burdened state committees not to use money for advertising.

In the First Congressional District, William N. Rogers, Democrat, of Wakefield, won by over 6,000 from John Scammon, Republican, of Exeter. In the Second District, Edward H. Wason, Republican, of Nashua, retained his seat by some over 3,500 majority over his fellow-townsmen, William H. Barry.

The defeat of G. Allen Putnam of Manchester leaves Benjamin H. Orr of Concord as the only avowed candidate for President of the Senate who escaped the Democratic landslide.

In view of the Democratic con-

trol of the House, all pre-election candidacies for Speaker and committee chairmanships pass by the board. Various suggestions have since election been made as to the speakership—William J. Ahern, for many years Democratic floor-leader and a skilled parliamentarian, former Senator Nathaniel E. Martin, former Congressmen Raymond B. Stevens. There are those, however, who would keep Mr. Ahern for the floor leadership and the head of the Appropriations Committee, Mr. Martin for the Judiciary and Mr. Stevens for Ways and Means—places for which these gentlemen have special aptitude—and give the speakership to one of several other possibilities.

The situation resulting from divided control of the executive and legislative departments is likely to result in the inability of the Democrats to assume full responsibility. It is doubtful whether Governor Fred H. Brown will be able to affix his signature to a forty-eight-hour law, not because he lacks the will to do so, but because the Legislature may not give him the opportunity to. It is surmised that some Democrats from the farming districts may decline to vote for such a bill. On the other hand, some Republicans are personally favorable to such legislation and find nothing in their party platform to forbid them following their bent. Possibly the Legislature may adopt the Republican platform suggestion and appoint a special committee to investigate the whole subject.

With four Republican Councilors to check him, the incoming Governor will find it difficult to make the customary partisan appointments to various state offices and commissions. This may result, in the opinion of some observers, in the avoidance of "trading" and the appointment of officials on the basis

of proved worth. Perhaps most important of all the appointments will be that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court to succeed the Honorable Frank N. Parsons, whose term expires by age limitation in 1924.

As the Democrats will have a majority in joint convention, the legislative election of Secretary of State and State Treasurer may result in the retirement of Messrs. Bean and Plummer. Enos K. Sawyer, President of the Senate in 1913 and a defeated candidate for the Council this year, is the most prominent candidate for Secretary of State, while George E. Farrand, State Treasurer during the Felker administration and just retired from the postmastership of Concord, is mentioned for return to his former place in the State House.

A well-attended meeting of the New Hampshire Civic Association in Manchester, on November 17, listened to an interesting discussion of the problem of New England railroad consolidation. Governor Albert O. Brown spoke briefly of the magnitude and seriousness of the question, but without committing himself to either suggestion that has been made—(1) the consolidation of all New England roads into one system and (2) the union of the northern and southern lines, respectively, with two of the great railways west of the Hudson. Prof. Cunningham of Harvard advocated the latter in an able speech. President Hustis of the Boston and Maine Railroad made some suggestions, and, while expressing the thought that consolidation was inevitable under the Transportation Act, doubted that now is the time for it. Professor William Z. Ripley sent an illuminating memorandum inclining to the all-New England group consolidation. A letter from President Todd of the Bangor

and Aroostook emphasized his well-known opposition to any consolidation. Altogether the meeting was most successful in getting before the Association the conflicting views and arguments bearing on what is perhaps the most vexed and momentous problem which New Hampshire faces.

Students of the vexing taxation problems of New Hampshire find little ground for hoping to redistribute the incidence of public burdens, or to bring under just taxation the intangibles which are now largely escaping, without constitutional amendment. It had been thought by most people impossible to alter the constitution without the delay of calling and holding a new convention. Governor Brown, the president of the 1918-1921 convention, has recently pointed out, however, that that convention adjourned last year to meet again at the call of the president. As president the Governor intimates that he would not assume, unadvised, the responsibility of reassembling that body, but apparently a request by the Legislature would have the effect of giving him warrant for doing so. Such a call, followed by prompt submission of an amendment to the people, might enable the voters to act upon the amendment next March, and thus open the way for legislation at the coming session of the General Court. Would the voters ratify an amendment? Citing their failure to do so twice in the last three years, some observers say "no." The more optimistic point out that much water has passed under the bridge during the last eighteen months, and place some reliance upon good organization to reverse former votes.

The strike situation, which we discussed last month, has cleared in part. The railroad shopmen are

still out, but President Hustis stated in mid-November that, as far as the railroad was concerned, it was already a closed book. Attempts, official and unofficial, to bring about a conference between the managers and the men have been so far fruitless. On the part of the managers the "everything normal" statement is said to have been used. The men, however, still claim that rolling-stock is not in condition to meet traffic demands and assert that the railroad has places for several hundred men which the strikers might fill. The attitude of the managers seems to be that, were this true (and they do not admit it), the return of strikers in considerable numbers would result in the new employees leaving—with the result that the strikers would win.

In the textile mills the last few weeks have apparently seen increasing activity, with more operatives at work and more looms running. After many rumors and denials of an impending breaking of the strike at Manchester, the most important happening for some time came with the statement on November 25 by Vice President Starr of the United Textile Workers that, with the Democratic victory at the polls, the forty-eight hour is assured. He then added to the strikers:

"With a full realization that my motives will be impugned by some, but with a deep and abiding conviction that I am doing what is right, I want to say further that I cannot find it in my heart to ask your devoted ranks to make further sacrifice and endure more suffering, more particularly as I know that the real and permanent victory for the 48-hour week is not to be won in the offices of the textile corporations but in the legislative halls of the state house."

Whether the strike, unwon in

forty-odd weeks by the customary tactics, has been won at the ballot-box, the early months of 1923 will determine. If so, a new strategy in industrial warfare will disclose possibilities. Following the state-

ment by Mr. Starr, the Amoskeag employes took a ballot and voted overwhelmingly to return to work. As fast as production can be resumed, the various departments of the mills are reopening.

A SONG OF HOPE

By Lyman S. Herrick

Each sunset has a sunrise,
 Each midnight has a morn;
 The day that April dieth,
 That day the May is born.
 The acorn in the darkness
 Molds so that the oak may rise;
 And by and by the worms that creep
 Will all be butterflies.
 There's no life lacks a love time,
 No year's without a spring.
 Every bird that builds a nest
 Well knows a song to sing
 That's full of hope, and takes life at it's best.

MARY, MOTHER

By Helen Adams Parker

Mary, Mother, smiling sweetly,
 On your baby looking down;
 Is your heart at rest completely,
 Like the smooth fold of your gown?

Or does a dim foreboding
 Of some trouble lurking near,
 Press upon your mind, corroding—
 Turning gladness into fear?

Mother Mary, keep on smiling;
 The sad hour has not begun,
 With a traitor's dark beguiling,
 Which awaits your little son.

EDITORIAL

What is poetry? We do not attempt to say. Fundamentally we agree with the donor of the Brookes More prize, who stipulated that the prize should not be awarded for free verse. Sometimes we fall into the drift of the times, and publish contributions by the modernists. That is our journalistic sense—we reflect the days doings.

Last month one of our most valued contributors, now serenely contemplating the future, sent us "one more bit of verse." With it was a note. "I'm afraid I am too antiquated for the new order of things," she wrote, "but I am looking to it with much interest."

Free verse is an experiment. Youth likes to experiment, and the youngsters are trying the new form. They cannot be denied their fling, but will they succeed in making poetry? Like our old friend, we are interested to see. Meanwhile, with Mr. More, we confess to liking the old

form better—even though we be deemed fogies.

There is a beauty in form; there is a beauty in thought. To both beauties claim can be made by much of the "old" poetry—but not all of it. While some of the "new" poetry has beauty of form and some has beauty of thought, only a little escapes a strain of ugliness in both. Our layman's advice to the experimenters is, not to give over the experiment, but not to continue it unless they sweat, as the old school sweated, to make their verse yield beauty of both form and thought. One or two modernists have so far measureably done it, but the school as a whole has not yet succeeded. The modernist challenges the reader, but the reader is not yet won.

Mr. William Stanley Braitwaite this year names in his list of magazine verse "The Poet," by John Rollin Stuart, published by us in the April, 1922, number.

BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

NEW HAMPSHIRE IN HISTORY, by Henry Harrison Metcalf. Published by the author at Concord, New Hampshire. \$1.00.

In this little volume of a few over one hundred pages, Mr. Metcalf seeks primarily to suggest what the Granite State has contributed to the development of the nation. While the aim is not to give the history of the state, the first quarter of the book is devoted to an outline of the principal events of our first century and a half. Then follows in brief compass, for the book is an evening's lecture somewhat amplified, a resume by states and professions of the activities of New Hampshire natives who have migrated to other states and there left an impress.

Inevitably the work is hardly more than a catalogue of the names of such sons and daughters of New Hampshire, with brief allusions to their principal claims to distinction. But it is a rather amazing catalogue which everybody interested in the state should read and keep for reference. New Hampshire's contribution has been larger and worthier than most of us imagine.

One cannot but admire the curiosity and industry which, in a long life of service to the state, Mr. Metcalf has exercised to catch and preserve this remarkable collection of names and facts. He has once more made us his debtor. Probably he alone had the equipment of knowledge and patience to do a work of

such untiring research and toil.

There are fourteen portraits of eminent natives of the state.

A. E.

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH, by Samuel S. Drury. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.25

A title which might better define the book would be "Thoughtful Advice for Youth"; but this advice is given kindly, always with due regard for the opinions of the reader; and while not entirely free from preaching, it is preaching by one who understands the viewpoint of youth and is strongly sympathetic with it. The volume could be used to advantage as a text book by parents, teachers and big brothers and sisters, and will surely be welcomed by this class. One can readily understand, too, how such a book might be immensely popular with youth itself wherever Dr. Drury's own strong personality is recognized and felt. The chapter on "My Manners" might well be published in pamphlet form and thus made available for larger distribution to the youth of this generation.

ERNEST P. CONLON

LEGENDS AND DEEDS OF YESTERDAY, G. Waldo Browne. Manchester, Standard Book Company. \$1.

Eighteen short tales, legendary and historical, are gathered in this little book. They belong to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and nearly all are of especial New Hampshire interest. Some are well-known, others are more obscure but of hardly less interest. They are good stories for any New Hampshire boy to know.

A. E.

INDIAN STORY HOUR, Rilma Marion Browne. Manchester, Standard Book Company. \$1.

First published two years ago, this book is now being given a new and somewhat enlarged edition with over twenty illustrations. Intended primarily for supplementary reading by children of the third to fifth grades, it includes some over twenty-five fables based upon Indian ideas. "How the Rabbit Lost His Tail" and and other stories in which animals talk and act like human beings will interest and amuse the children.

Special prices are offered to schools.

A. E.

TO THOSE WHO COME AFTER

By A. A. D.

Love the house!
Mellow and old,
Shelter her from hurt and cold.
Love the house.

Careful hands made every part
From hand wrought lock with craftman's art
To adz-hewn beams and massive frame,
Panelled wall and shuttered pane.
Built by love in years long past,
It withstood time and flood and blast
For it was founded on a rock—
Love the house.

Those who lived here bravely bore
 Sorrow when it crossed the door.
 Generously they shared
 All their laughter and their joys,
 Tenderly they cared
 For those who felt misfortune's shocks—
 Till an aroma sweet and fine,
 Like that of precious golden wine
 Stored for years in ancient crocks,
 Lingers round the house.

Love the garden!
 Love the peonies and phlox,
 Love the pinks and hollyhocks,
 Oh, love the garden!
 Bleeding-heart, youth-and-old-age,
 Lilacs, larkspur, mint and sage—
 Love the garden.
 Wormwood, bittersweet and rue,
 But heartsease, balsams grew here, too,
 So love the garden.

Love the fields!
 Sloping and broad
 With damp brown earth
 And sharp green grass,
 Oh, love them well until you know
 Where even weeds and wild fruits grow.
 They will yield
 More than grass and fruit and grain;
 A deeper wisdom you will gain
 Of frost and hail, vapours and snow,
 Blossoming trees, all things that grow.
 Cattle, beasts and creeping things,
 Flying clouds and stormy winds,
 All their secrets have to tell,
 So love the fields and love them well.

ANODYNE

By Francis Wayne MacVeagh

Over the curve of the world
 Day's galleon sails away.
 The sunset's banners are furled,
 The Twilight gray
 Walks in the blossoming orchards
 That crown the cliffs of the bay.

Gulls in the upper air
 Gleam and wheel as the stars;
 Waves breathe a drowsy prayer
 For ease of earth's aching scars.
 Down in the harbor the moon
 Stands mazed 'mid a thousand spars.

NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

HENRY COLE QUINBY

Henry Cole Quinby, son of Henry B. Quinby, former governor of New Hampshire, died on October 23, at his home in New York City, where he was one of the best known of the younger members of the bar. He was born at Lakeport on July 9, 1872, prepared for college at Chauncey Hall School, Boston, was graduated from Harvard in 1894 and then took the course at the Harvard Law School. He was given the master's degree by Bowdoin College in 1916.

Soon after the completion of his law course, he entered upon practice in New York, and was for a number of years associated with the late Joseph H. Choate. During the war he was an active member of the American Defense Society. For six years he was secretary of the Union League Club, and was one of its vice-presidents when he died.

Mr. Quinby was of literary tastes, a collector of rare books and manuscripts, and the compiler of his family genealogy. He was governor of the Society of Mayflower Descendants of New York State; president of the New Hampshire Society, secretary of the Grant Monument Association, and a member of the Harvard and Amateur Comedy Clubs and of the city and state bar associations.

The funeral services were held at St. Bartholomew's Protestant Episcopal Church and were in charge of the rector, the Reverend Leighton Parks. Large delegations attended from all of the organizations with which Mr. Quinby was associated, and they included many of the most prominent men in public and professional life.

Mr. Quinby leaves a wife, who, before her marriage, was Miss Florence Cole.

WALTER IRVING BLANCHARD

Dr. Walter Irving Blanchard, widely known physician, died at his Farmington home on October 31, his sixtieth birthday. He was the son of Amos and Frances Adelaide (Morse) Blanchard and was born in Concord, where he was educated in the public schools and prepared for college. After graduation from Dartmouth in 1884, he studied at the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City.

Following his medical training, Dr. Blanchard was for six years an interne at Bellevue Hospital in New York. He practised for twenty-one years in Boston, but had been back in his native state for some time. He was a member of the Maine, New Hampshire, and Massachu-

setts Medical Societies and of the American Medical Association. As a physician and citizen he was much loved.

Any notice of Dr. Blanchard would be incomplete without reference to his patriotic record during the World War. He early volunteered for the Red Cross medical service, in which he held a responsible position at Newport News. During the last of the "war drives" he performed excellent service as a speaker, in New Hampshire, where the fervor of his utterance commanded a warm response from his audiences.

Dr. Blanchard is survived by a widow, by one son, Agnew Blanchard of Washington, District of Columbia, and a brother, Mark Blanchard of Holbrook, Massachusetts.

DR. EDWIN G. ANNABLE

The death occurred on Nov. 11, 1922, at his home in Concord of Dr. Edwin Guilford Annable, for twenty-eight years in medical practice in the Capital City and the oldest of Concord's active practitioners. He continued his work in his profession up to the day before he was seized by the illness that ended his life after a duration of a week.

Edwin G. Annable was born on a farm in Newport, Province of Quebec, Dec. 2, 1840, but his father, Jacob Merrill Annable, and his mother, Eunice (Dean) Annable, were both New Englanders by birth who had moved into Canada to take up agricultural work. At the age of twenty, Edwin Annable returned to the country of his ancestors and established himself in Concord, where he was employed for some years by the old Prescott Organ Company and attained great skill as a cabinet worker. In 1877, he began to read medicine in the Concord office of the late Dr. George Cook, pursuing his studies at Dartmouth Medical College and the University of Vermont. He received his degree from the latter institution in June, 1880, and began the practice of medicine at Fitzwilliam, New Hampshire, as a partner of Dr. Silas Cummings. This partnership continued three years until the death of Doctor Cummings and the practice was maintained by Dr. Annable two years longer, when he removed to Norwich, Vermont. Here, he ministered to the population of a wide territory in Vermont and New Hampshire, but in 1894 he came back to Concord, where he maintained his medical practice to the last, serving patients not only in the city but in all the nearby towns and some who came to him from places forty and fifty miles away.

On June 9, 1863, he married Louisa Maria Farwell, daughter of Hon. William Farwell, long crown land agent at Robinson, P. Q. Had he lived until next June, their sixtieth wedding anniversary would have been observed. Besides his wife, Dr. Annable's survivors are his son, Rev. Edwin W. Annable of Worthington, Minnesota, three daughters, Mrs. Henry E. Roberts of Winchester, Massachusetts, Mrs. Curtis A. Chamberlin of East Concord, Mrs. Edward J. Parshley of Concord, two sisters, who live in California, twelve grandchildren and five great grandchildren.

He was a member of the South Congregational Church and Rumford Lodge of Odd Fellows of Concord, besides city and state medical societies.

E. J. P.

CHARLES UPHAM BELL

Charles Upham Bell died suddenly at his home in Andover, Massachusetts, on November 11. Judge Bell was born in Exeter February 24, 1843, the son of James and Judith A. (Upham) Bell. His ancestry, both paternal and maternal, was of great distinction. A note on the Bell family will be found in the October number of this magazine.

After studying at Kimball Union and Phillips Exeter Academies, Judge Bell attended Bowdoin College, whence he was graduated in 1863 and from which he was in later years the recipient of the honorary master's and doctor's degrees. His legal studies were pursued in the office of his cousin, the Honorable Charles H. Bell, at Exeter and at the Harvard Law School.

Admitted to the bar in 1866, he practised in Exeter until 1871, when he removed to Lawrence, where he was a member successively of the firms of White and Bell, Bell and Sherman and Bell and Eaton. He was elevated to the Massachusetts Superior Court by Governor Wolcott in 1898 and remained on the bench until his resignation in 1917. Since then he has from time to time presided over sessions in Essex County and was expecting to do so again during the week following his death.

Judge Bell, while in Lawrence, served as a member of the Common Council, and was City Solicitor from 1892 to 1898. In 1888, he was a presidential elector. For many years he was actively associated with the business of the Exeter Machine Works.

Judge Bell served in the Forty-second Massachusetts Volunteers near the close of the Civil War. He was a member of the Society of Colonial Wars, of the Sons of the American Revolution, of the Massachusetts Society of the Cincinnati and of the Grand Army of the Republic. He had been an overseer of Bowdoin College.

Judge Bell was twice married— first in 1872 to Helen M. Pitman of Laconia, who died in 1888 leaving four children, second to Elizabeth W. Pitman of Laconia who died six years ago.

He is survived by one son, Joseph P. Bell, a lawyer of Boston, and by three daughters, Mrs. George H. Driver of Lansford, Pennsylvania, and the Misses Alice L. and Mary W. Bell of Andover.

WILLIAM A. WHITNEY

There died at Peter Bent Brigham Hospital, Boston, on November 13, William A. Whitney. Although born in Boston fifty-nine years ago, the son of Justin and Jane (Taylor) Whitney, Mr. Whitney was essentially a New Hampshire man. After his education in the Boston public schools and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology (1887) and one year spent in water works construction in Maine, Mr. Whitney joined his uncle, John T. Emerson of Claremont, in the formation of the Emerson Paper Company. After supervising the construction of the company's mills at Sunapee, he was connected with their management until the sale of the plant a few years ago.

In 1891, he married Miss Shirley L. Robertson, daughter of John E. Robertson of Concord. Until his removal to Sunapee seven years ago, Mr. Whitney resided in Claremont, where he was for many years vestryman and warden of Trinity Church. At Sunapee he was active in the work of St. James's Church in the summer and of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the winter. He was president of the Sunapee Board of Trade, secretary and treasurer of the Lake Sunapee Yacht Club, trustee of the Sunapee Library and a member of the building committee for the new library. He was one of the most interested and active members of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests. Mr. Whitney is survived by his widow and by one son, John Robertson Whitney of Boston.

DOES NOT CIRCULATE

